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August 9, 1930

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

LOVERS' LANE

a new novel by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

AUGUST 9, 1930

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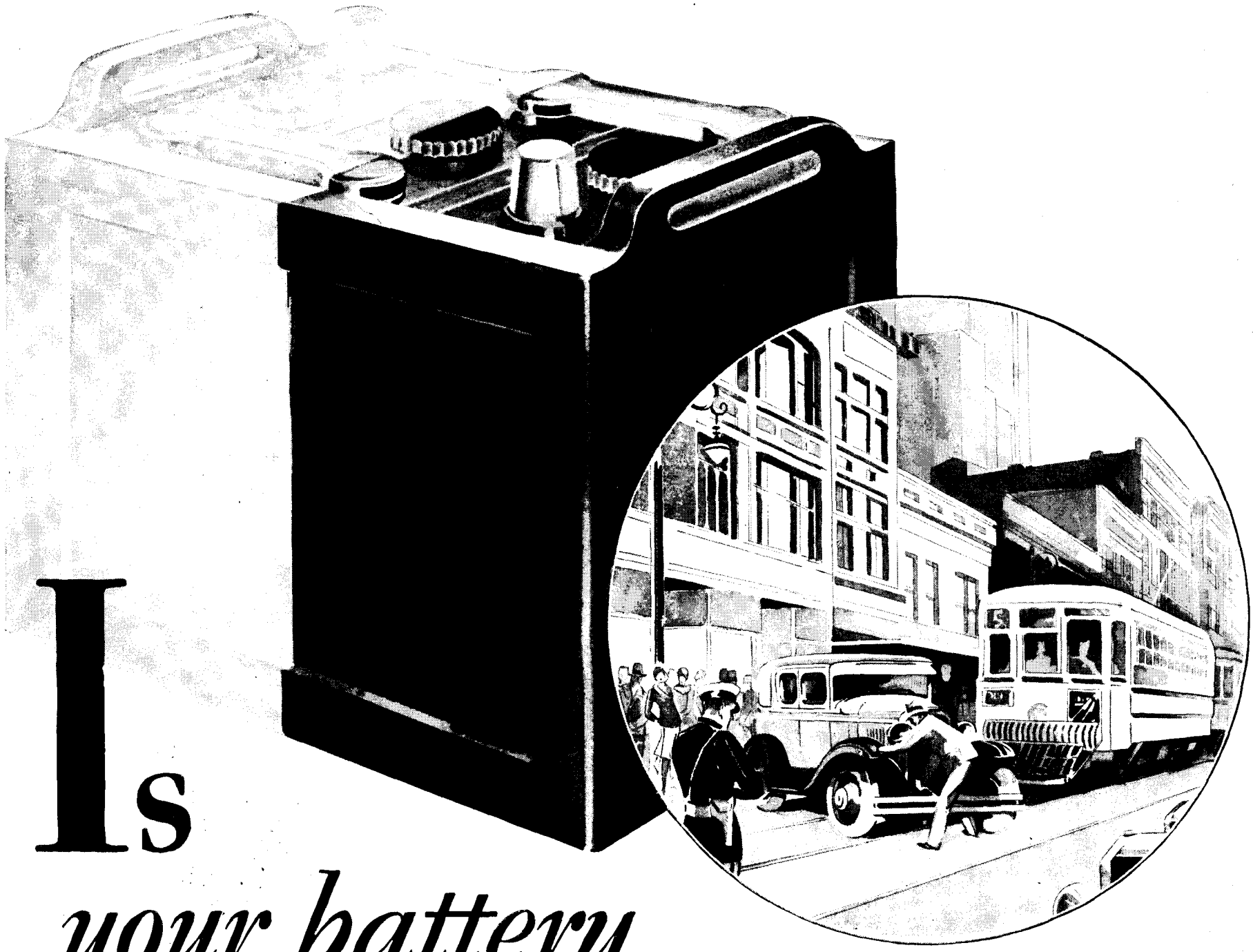

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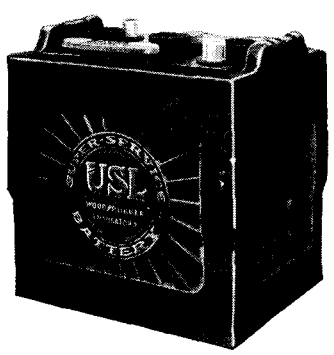

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

OUR youthful desire to be an actor was blasted by the trial of Harry K. Thaw. The great criminal lawyer, we realized, writes the play and acts it too. There's no pretense about his drama and he probably gets more money than an actor. And so we wrote immediately for details concerning the Pennsylvania bar examinations. Before the answer came we had decided to be an engineer.

But that long-dead desire is quickened again by reading "Atchison Always Wins!" a short story by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow and C. C. Waddell. Atchison is precisely the man we wanted tc be—suave, bullying, cajoling, swaying juries by his wiles of voice and manner; saving the innocent and punishing the guilty with a magnificent bit of stagecraft. Applause is permitted at the end.

—

THEN with your appetite for melodrama whetted read, in "Women Overdo It," the experiences of former Inspector Arthur A. Carey, who was for sixteen years chief of the Homicide Bureau of the New York Police Department.

The articles in Collier's are printed because we find them too interesting or thrilling or important to withhold from you. Most of them contain, lightly concealed by glamorous entertainment, useful facts which, steadily acquired and remembered week after week, set Collier's readers apart in any social gathering. From Inspector Carey, for instance, you learn that when murder is *over*done a woman surely figures in it. A useful fact indeed.

—

ATCHISON, the lawyer mentioned above, would have been a complete flop without a good voice. Where would your favorite movie star be if she hadn't found a suitable voice somewhere when the talkies came in? There's no use arguing about it, in public or private life the person with a beautiful voice trained to lie down and roll over can control any situation.

"Finding Your Voice," by Marie Beynon Ray, tells you how to cultivate that possession. Our only fear is that this article will augment the number, already too large, of those who call on the telephone and say, "Guess who this is!"

"DINNER GUEST," by Eric Hatch, is a love story. At first you will disapprove the young man as one of the idle rich. But, besides tradition, he inherited nothing but bills. He deserves a great deal of credit for making something of himself. The girl helped, of course. Girls always do.

—

AS EVERYONE seems to know, we have Kathleen Norris with us. . . . Carl Clausen's "Jaws of Circumstance" has the audience leaning forward in its seats. . . . There's a cruise to Brazil in "Riches Back of Rio," by Edward Tomlinson. . . . A visit to Bill Boeing of United Air Transport piloted by our own W. B. Courtney. . . . More fiction by James Francis Dwyer and Walter Davenport. . . . Grantland Rice, Milton C. Work—we stop but we haven't finished.

THIS WEEK

August 9, 1930

Cover—Robert Kearfott

Page 7—Kathleen Norris

LOVERS' LANE, Part I: A girl's desperate gamble against life.

Page 10—Owen P. White

THEY WOULDN'T FOOL YOU: Texas and Oklahoma make the most of national prohibition.

Page 12—Jay Gelzer

THE PERILOUS CITY: Virgil came from the country, from a district where bluffs are called.

Page 14—Louis Joseph Vance

SPEAKING OF WOMEN, Conclusion: Versennes demands satisfaction.

Page 16—Uncle Henry

TONGUE TIDE: The rising flood of oratory.

Page 17—Octavus Roy Cohen

THE CIRCUIT WRITER'S WIFE: The whole trouble started with a mash note.

Page 19—Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

THE SPARROW'S FALL: A rival whose weakness was invincible.

Page 20—Carl Clausen

JAWS OF CIRCUMSTANCE, Part III: In the shadow of the noose.

Page 22—Grantland Rice

THE PAPER CROWN: What price the championship?

Page 23—The Short Short Story

RIGHT NUMBER: By Bern ce Brown.

Page 24—W. B. Courtney

PONY BOY: Billy Campbell, star rider of the Pony Express, recalls the flash and glamour of the crack mail of the plains.

Page 27—Dana Burnet

A TOUCH OF ROMANCE: Magic in a dusty world.

Page 52—Word Hunt

A PROFITABLE HOBBY

Page 55—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? To outwit Chance.

Page 57—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD—" What happened to an idol.

Page 58—Editorial

WHY WE HAVE GANGS

Any Week

HER mother, a fine sturdy soul, requested us not to publish her name but doesn't object to our passing on this exceedingly interesting bit of intelligence from a sixteen-year-old student in a Yonkers, New York, high school.

The girl's English teacher told the class—twenty boys and girls—to write two thousand words on any public question or timely topic, keeping their chosen themes secret from her and each other.

On the designated day they delivered their manuscripts. Eighteen had chosen prohibition for their subject. One had elected the broad topic of crime, giving it a strong alcoholic flavor. The other wrote about war, with a distinct pacifistic bent.

"What was the prevailing attitude toward prohibition?" we asked the young woman.

"It was unanimous," she said. "We all think it's silly. All of us were against both prohibition laws and drinking—the first because they're silly and the second because it's sillier."

"Do any of you kids drink?" we asked.

"Yes," was her immediate reply. "One of the girls and two of the boys drink cocktails at times. But none of the rest of us. Don't like the taste, that's all. But we were all against the Eighteenth Amendment. It's an old folks' law."

WE HAVE several comments we'd like to make on the preceding, but don't want to spoil it. Therefore we turn to Mr. Teddy O'Donnell of Tacoma, who thinks Charley Paddock's theory that booze is beating our athletes is "as erroneous as it is superficial."

"We are losing more races, more matches, more championships and some of our vaunted athletic prestige," writes Mr. O'Donnell, "merely because the countries from which we formerly drew so much athletic strength via immigration, adoption and assimilation are now retaining their own athletes who are competing under their native flags. A variety of circumstances contribute. The gradual elimination of kaiserism in Europe has fetched the people out into the sunlight. The American Expeditionary Forces awakened them to American athletic methods, gave them the American viewpoint. The latest rule governing the Olympic games—that a competitor must represent the land of his birth—has kept the foreign athlete at home where, like all idols, he is imitated. And restricted immigration figures in it. Our own athletes are better today than ever. It's merely that they are meeting stiff opposition for the first time."

—

WE ARE authorized by a number of readers to deny that the United States Senate rebelled against the dial system of telephones because the members of that great body were forever getting their heads caught in the perforations in the dials.

—

"IF PRISON life is as dull as experience stories by ex-convicts," writes Mr. Owen A. Brathly of Boston, "it serves the crooks right."

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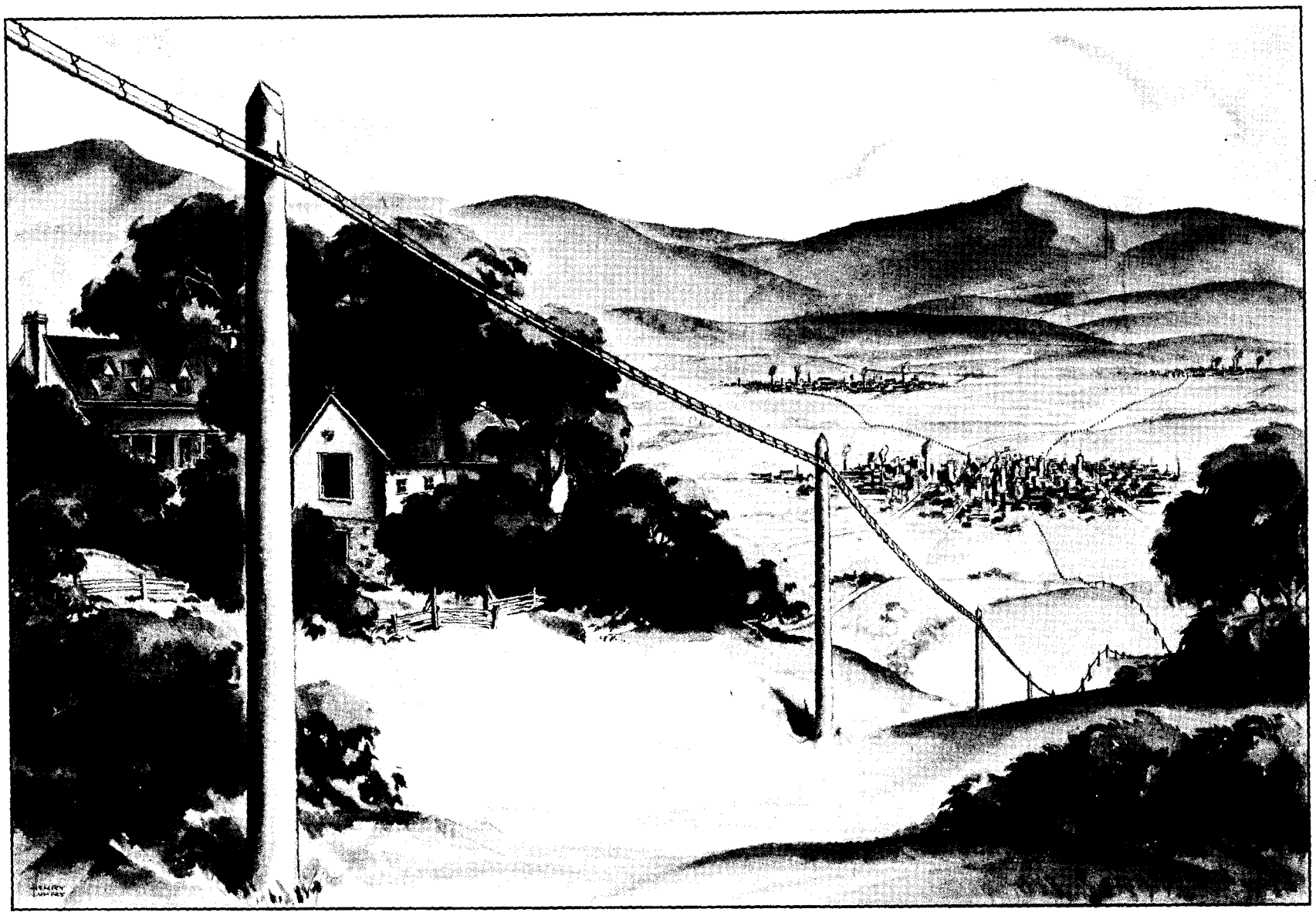

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Vast, to serve the nation . . . personal, to serve you

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

So THAT you may telephone from house to house in a Southern village, from farm to farm in the Middle West, or from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast—the Bell Telephone System *must* be large. Its work is to give adequate telephone service to one of the world's busiest and most widespread nations. There is 4000 million dollars' worth of telephone plant and equipment in the Bell System, any part of which is subject to your call day or night.

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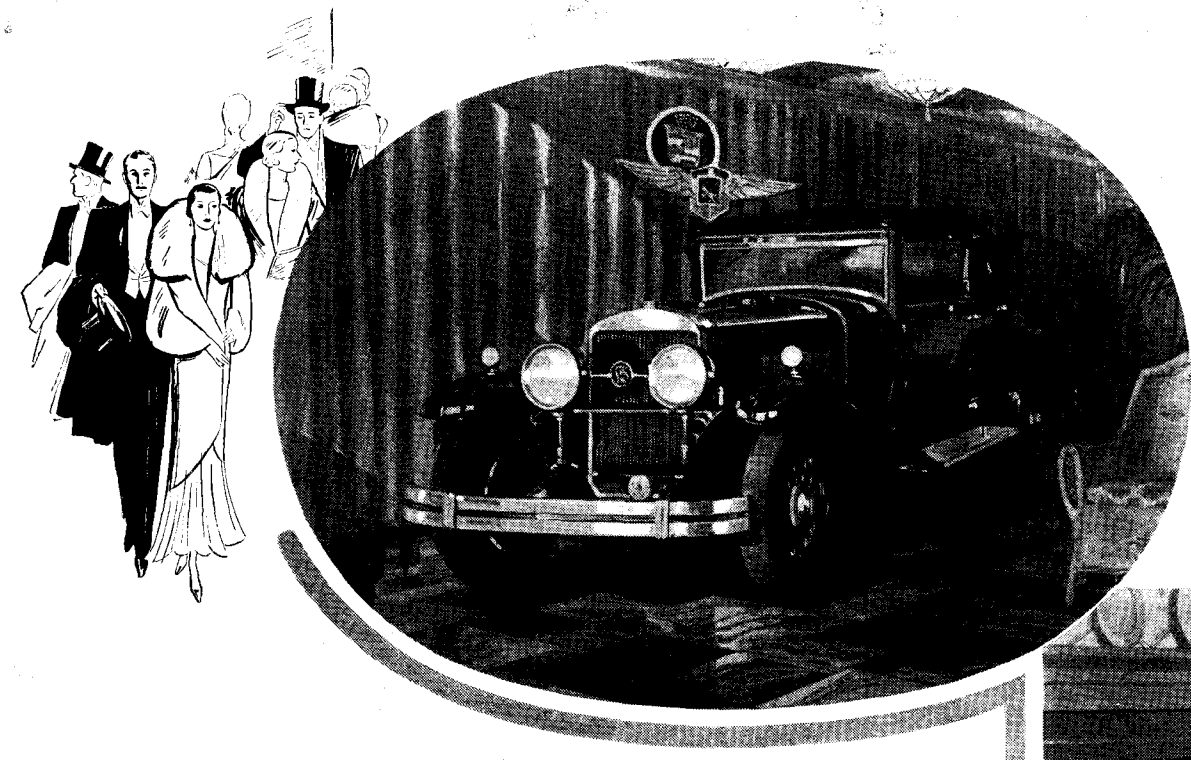
SNAP... DASH... EYE APPEAL

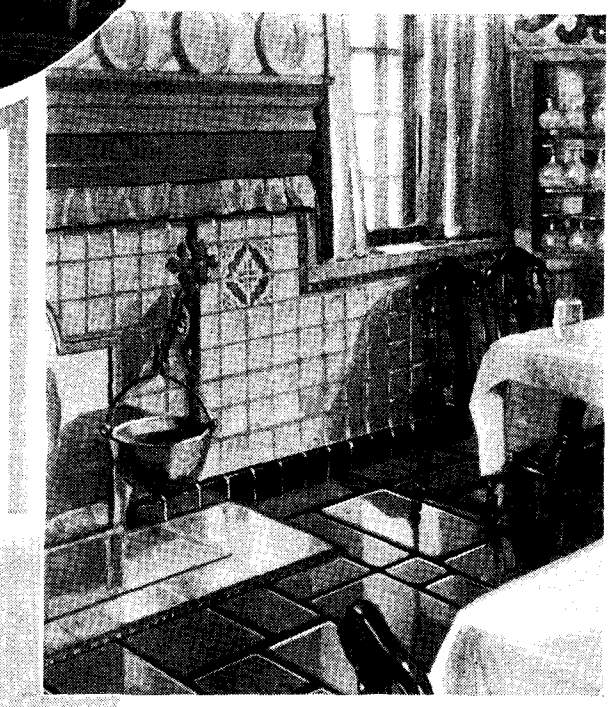


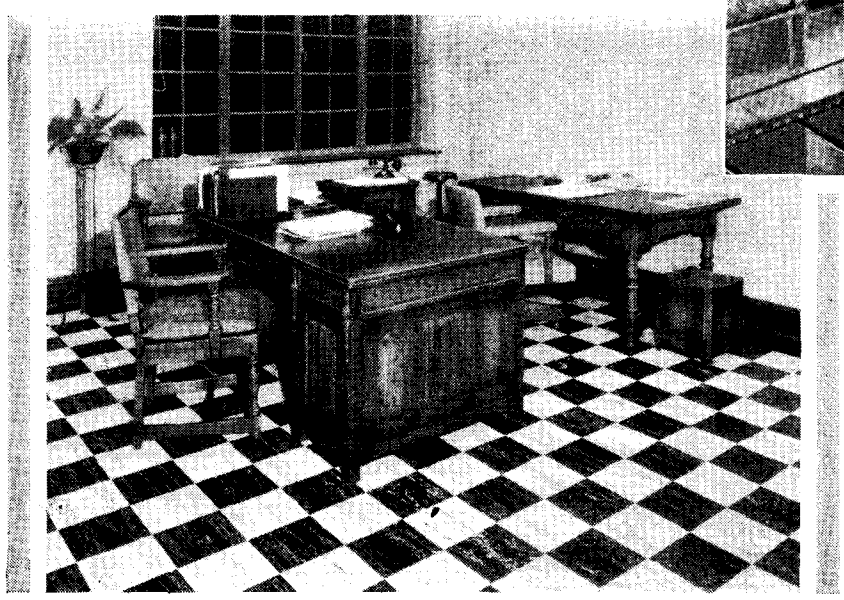
wherever the public walks

"TODAY BUSINESS MUST DRESS UP!" SAY NATION'S LEADERS OF INDUSTRY. THEIR OWN BUSINESS HOMES SHOW HOW ARMSTRONG'S CUSTOM-BUILT FLOORS AID THE SETTING ... AND THE SALE

"If you sell from the floor

let the floor help you sell!" This seems to be an axiom in the automobile industry. Studebaker, Hupmobile, Isotta-Fraschini, Packard, are only a few that have chosen Armstrong Floors for their salesrooms. Here you see still another—Uppercu Cadillac of White Plains, N. Y. Floor is Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum No. 62.





ROYALTY OF THE CINEMA KINGDOM *may well know Armstrong's Floors. Fox Film Corporation, for instance, find these floors have plenty of snap, dash, and eye-appeal for their interior scenes. Here you see the Munchers' Club of Fox Studios, where all the stars, directors, and story and song writers dine. Floor is Armstrong's Embossed Linoleum No. 6042.*

YOU SPEND SO MUCH *time in your office, why not make it a happy place to live in? One way to brighten it is to install a smart floor of Armstrong's Linoleum, as illustrated by this business interior of the Minneapolis Honeywell Heat Regulator Company. Floor selected is De Luxe Marble Inlaid No. 13020 cemented over linoleum lining felt.*

WHAT do you sell? Products across a counter? Service over a desk? Then take this tip from big business. Make your floors do sales as well as service duty.

It's neither difficult nor expensive today for a place of business to have such double-duty floors. Any linoleum merchant will show you scores of designs in Armstrong's Custom-Built Floors that suit your business home. You may even have a special effect fashioned for you exclusively.

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All Armstrong Floors are easy to clean, long-lasting, smart. They give to store, shop, or office—snap, dash, eye-appeal. More than just something to walk on, these modern floors for modern business make the setting help the sale. Our own floor stylists will gladly work with you to plan effective business interiors. They will help you decide what type of Armstrong Floor is best suited for your place of business, what colors and designs will be most appropriate. They will even help you plan the complete decorative treatment for walls, windows, and woodwork, if you wish.

NEW BOOK SENT FREE ... This expert service is fully explained in *"Public Floors of Enduring Beauty,"* a thirty-two-page book of floor facts, illustrated in full color. This book tells how to save floor cleaning expense, how to end floor repair worry, how to make your floors do the double job of selling and service. Let us send it to you. No charge. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 934 West End Ave., Lancaster, Pa. (Makers of cork products since 1860.)

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Collier's The National Weekly for August 9, 1930

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"Who cares?" he persisted morbidly. "We're down here at Squidgett; we'll live and die here." "You may," Dina conceded. "I won't!"

Kathleen Norris

begins the story of a boy and a girl who knew nothing of love, and less of the world, but were not afraid to learn—

Lovers' Lane

Copyright, 1930, by Kathleen Norris

THE kitchen was lighted by two kerosene lamps, which made it very hot on a hot summer night. Dina Mallet, when she had finished with the dishes—the mismated blue and brown and heavy gray-white dishes—and with the glasses—the thick fruit-jelly glasses that were used at Mrs. Robbins' for drinking purposes—and with the steel knives and forks, Dina usually found herself, when all this was done, soaking with perspiration, scented disagreeably with yellow soap and dishwater and cut onions, greasy as to fingers and apron, ruffled as to hair and thoroughly tired.

Her own room was an attic room, with a slanting roof and a glass lamp. It was not a tempting place at nine o'clock on a hot evening, and Dina customarily chose another for half an hour's breathing space before she went to bed—generally the upper step of the flight of stairs that led from the kitchen porch to the back yard.

She liked to sit there, leaning her young, tired body against the post, staring vaguely, unthinkingly away across the flat meadows, to the far eastern line of the mountains. The kitchen would be dark behind her now; dark and hot and odorous; sink, stove ashes mice and rotting wood all sending their sharp, bitter smells into the air.

But out on the steps the whole world was different. Under the high, hot moon that swam in the high, pale gray sky there was a sweetness of dew on dust, of tarweed along the railway tracks, of pepper trees, pungent and thin. If a breeze stirred, as sometimes a languid warm breeze did, it brought other scents—of piney eucalyptus, ripening apricots, fields of buckwheat.

It was a flat country. For miles and miles in every direction, all about the stark, square box of the Robbins boarding house, the level dry ranches were spread: fruit ranches, grain ranches, stretched south to the desert, and to unknown Los Angeles; stretched north to more ranches—and ranches—and ranches, that had baked under today's hot sun, and that were now panting, catching their breath under tonight's hot moon—going on and on, up to unknown San Francisco. Dina Mallet had never been in either city.

Even "town," that particular nearest town that bore the name of Squidgett, was three long miles away from the step where Dina sat resting in the beamy gray moonlight on a certain evening in June. Squidgett had a reputed population of eleven hundred souls, inclusive of the ranchers' families for a radius of some seven miles about. Squidgett had a drug store, a post office, a big general emporium with cool oiled floors and agreeable smells of sacked grain and machine oil and ginghams. Squidgett also had a town hall, and a wooden church, and a movie to which mixed shows, vaudeville and pictures, came every Wednesday and Saturday

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and Sunday nights, and on holidays.

Mrs. Robbins' table boarders sometimes walked into town to the pictures, or scrambled on somebody's disreputable old car to drive in. They were all laborers in the cement plant, of mixed nationalities, Mexican, Spanish, Italian, rough, big, sweaty fellows who jabbered in their own tongues. Mrs. Robbins told Dina often enough what would happen to her, Dina Mallet, if she ever got fresh with one of them.

Not that any of them besieged her. There were girls in town, yellow-headed, rouged girls with shining finger-nails and silk dresses. The laborers from the mills needed no consolation from a thin, shy, copper-headed little girl, always dressed in a grease-soaked gingham apron scented with ashes and onions, who invariably kept herself to herself.

The boarding house stood some fifty feet back from a dusty dirt road, across which, beyond a line of shabby cottonwoods, rose the railway embankment. Every night, at about ten o'clock, the great Sierra Limited swept by, the train that carried passengers to and fro between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

It was Dina's clock. When the Sierra Limited had come roaring out of the north, tunneling the hot darkness with its fiery eye, putting out the moon, flashing lighted windows like so many miraculous little pictures on the night, and when it was gone again, and the crossing bell on the highway had ceased its warning convulsive ding-dong, when the rails had stopped humming, and the semaphore's green eye had turned clear red, then Dina usually went to bed.

Sometimes she saw girls dining in the dining-car, or saw girls idling, stretched comfortably in the upholstered chairs of the airy club car. Happy girls in white, laughing with men, or giving orders to respectful colored waiters who were also cool in white.

THESE girls fascinated Dina. By the wildest effort of her imagination she was unable to picture what they were feeling, what it was like to travel on the Sierra Limited, and be all dressed in white.

On this particular June night that was to prove somewhat important in her life, Dina had been for some moments in her favorite seat, one arm locked about the banister post, her weary head resting against arm and post alike, her weary feet lifted clear of her worn slippers and wriggling free on the splintery steps; she had been some moments relaxed and quiet and supposing herself alone in the night when she saw that the young fellow they called Mont was on the lower step, motionless in the shadow.

She could not see him very clearly, there was not much moonlight tonight, there was a sort of hot gray dusk over the flat world; there were no mountains, even to the west. But there was no mistaking his long thin body and broad shoulders and his mop of dark hair.

"Is that you, Mont?" she asked idly.

"Yep," he answered, glancing over his shoulder, looking away again. They were both silent, weary, bored, for a long space.

"Hot, isn't it?"

"I'll say." Dina sighed and stirred wearily where she sat. "It was awful in the kitchen—" she mused aloud.

A pause. Then she added thoughtfully:

"I'll bet it was hot in your room, Mont. I'll bet you couldn't do much work tonight. You get all the kitchen smells in that room."

For a while the boy looked ahead of him, at the cottonwoods dim in green moonlight, at the long wall of the railroad embankment, at the rising levels of the fields.

"I can't work anywhere—any time," he said gloomily.

"I haven't even got anything I *can't* work at," Dina observed, after thought.

"Dina—" he began again, in a silence.

"Speakin' to me, Mont?"

"Yep. How old are you?"

"Nineteen in seven months and three days. I'll be nineteen on the twel'th of January."

The boy laughed mirthlessly.

"You've got it all worked out. What difference does it make?" he asked, with amused annoyance.

"What difference does it make how old you are?" she asked, surprised. "Why, I think it makes an awful lot!"

"It doesn't to me," he persisted morbidly. "Who cares? We're down here at Squidgett; we'll live and die here."

"You may," Dina conceded. "I won't!"

"Oh, is that so? How're you going to get out?"

"THAT'S part of it," Dina answered, thinking aloud. "I don't know."

"Part of what?" he asked.

"Well, that I *will* get out—" she answered, a little puzzled to express herself.

"I don't know—why the *hell* you stay here at all!" the boy said almost angrily.

"I'm not going to, much longer," Dina said.

"Well—you *are*—" he reminded her ungenerously.

"I sort of thought I had to," she explained, mildly surprised.

"How do you mean, had to?" he asked, with the same irritated impatience he had shown before.

"Aunt Floss is my guardian," the girl said. "If I went anywhere she could

"Oh, Mont," she said fervently, "maybe this is our chance. Maybe if we started right off tonight we'd find it all, friends and work and money"

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Mont devoted himself rigidly to guiding the rattling old vehicle, Dina jouncing companionably as the road swung up and down

Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson

git me back—she says so, and she says she would. Until I'm twenty-one, anyways."

He glanced sidewise, moodily.

"So you have to stick it out another two years?"

"Well, I *thought* I did," Dina answered, faintly hesitating.

"Thought you did?"

"I thought I'd have to wait until I was twenty-one, on account of her being my guardian."

"But now you don't think so?"

"Something has happened—" Dina volunteered, with a cautious backward glance at the house.

"I wish something would happen to me," Montgomery Brett said, putting his head down into his hands.

"My aunt always kept me kind of scared," the girl went on, "tellin' me what happens to girls in cities. It always sort of—scared me. I have no clothes, and no friends anywheres, and I can't do anything—much. My mother died when I wasn't but eight, and Papa was dead too, so I had to git to work pretty young. My Aunt Floss brang me—brought me out here."

"Do the Robbinses pay you anything?"

"She says she puts money in the bank for me every month."

"Ha!" Mont ejaculated scornfully.

"I don't think she does, either," Dina said mildly. "Did you say—what did you say?" she asked, as he made some sound.

"Nothing—" the boy said ungraciously.

Dina studied him for a moment in silence, herself only a dim shape in the widespread soft green light. Then she stood up, descended the steps, passed him and walked away toward the track, along the road, coming back again past the unpainted fence. She opened her arms wide, stretched herself to her full height, twisted the muscles of shoulders and hips about.

"I git rested—sittin' out here at night," she said simply, returning.

"There was a prize of five hundred dollars offered for a magazine cover design," Mont volunteered, suddenly, almost as much to his own surprise as to hers. "I had a good design—I'll bet even money the one they gave it to wasn't as good," he said darkly, as if to himself.

"When I've been out here a while, in the dark, I feel real rested again," Dina mused, in the pause. "You can sorter—sorter smell the world. You can smell tarweed—and that sort of slippery-elm smell, and dust—dust with dew on it. I'd almost rather be blind than not be able to smell things, wouldn't you, Mont? I'd much rather be deef, wouldn't you?"

THE boy paid no attention to this, and presently, recalled to the conversation, Dina asked:

"Who got it? Who got the prize?"

"I don't know. I know I didn't," Mont said.

She was up again, walking to and fro, staring upward at the green, moonlighted sky; she came back, and stood near him, as a colt might come to pasture bars in moonlight. A squarely built girl, not tall; full-breasted and slim of hips.

"What would you of done with it—all that money?"

"Exactly!" Mont said with a bitter laugh.

"No, I mean—what would you of?"

"Thrown it away, I suppose. But I don't think," he said, dropping his bantering tone, "I don't think I would. I think I would get a studio somewhere, and go after a Catlin Scholarship."

"A cat—?" she began respectfully, puzzled.

"You know what a scholarship is, Dina?"

"I don't know very much," she said, as a simple statement of fact. She sat down again on the step.

Lonely, sad, he felt a sudden need of her sympathy.

"All I can do is dish-washin'," she added, humbly.

Mont flung back his mop of dark hair, there was young agony in his voice.

"I could do anything," he said, defiantly, loudly. "I could paint pictures! What chance have I had? My father died when I was a kid, my mother married a feller who kicked me out when I was fifteen. I've had to do all sorts of work to eat. I never had a break! I've tried to get better jobs—I haven't got the clothes for them, I haven't got the schooling. If I had five hundred dollars—"

Dina said nothing. She remained a motionless shadow on the step beside him, facing him, awakening slowly to sympathy.

"I've never had twenty dollars at one time in my life!" he said.

Dina looked at him a long time before she spoke.

"Mont"—she said presently, in a sweet, hoarse echo of her usual voice, "I didn't know you felt this way."

"I don't—always," he answered surlily, and was still.

"You never said anything like that before."

He did not answer her.

"I don't know as you and I ever talked—" she pursued.

He interrupted impatiently: "What's the use of talking about it!"

"But do you mean you want to be a regular artist, Mont?" Dina persisted, fascinated.

"Sure I do! I could, too," he said stubbornly.

"But—but can anybody be an artist?" she asked.

Mont emitted a short angry laugh.

"I mean—could you, Mont?"

"Oh, you could do anything you wanted to, if you got a break!" he said.

"Oh, Mont, you don't think so?" she said, in so eager a tone that he turned to peer at her suspiciously.

"Think what?"

"You don't think that you can do anything you want to."

"I didn't say you could."

Dina was silent for a minute, still half turned on the step to face him; he could see the moonlight glitter in her eyes.

"That's what I meant when I said that something had happened," she said, mysteriously.

"How do you mean, that's what you meant?"

"That—that I have a book that says that."

"I don't get you," Mont said, unencouragingly.

"It says that you can do anything, if you have the will to believe."

"To believe what?"

"That. Just that. To believe that you have it."

"That you'll get it, you mean?"

"No," she corrected him firmly but mildly, "that you *have* it."

"Ha!" Mont muttered contemptuously, turning back to the moon again.

"You think about it, and you get it," Dina asseverated seriously, as if she were thinking aloud.

"That's all you have to do?"

"That's what it says."

"Well, I call it the bunk!" Mont said, after thought.

"You can call it what you like, but it isn't the bunk," Dina presently observed, with a touch of sharpness.

"All right—how do you work it?"

She had been staring at the moon; she turned in the gloom.

"How do I—what?"

"What do you say to yourself, how do you work it?"

SHE considered. He could not see her face, but from her voice, when she spoke, he knew that she was suddenly ashamed and self-conscious.

"Oh, I don't know!" she said, with an attempt at a laugh.

There was an interruption. A distant humming and roaring began far to the north, strengthened, deepened. The bell at the road crossing began to ring; the great eye of the south-bound flyer bored through the green dusk. Dina turned about to face the track; Mont saw her bushy head silhouetted against the bright light.

The train approached majestically, high upon its embankment, wheels grinding, shining windows cutting through the night. The diner rushed by, with the colored waiters still busy at the tables; the sleepers rushed by, with some windows dark, and travelers looking out of others; the club car, all

(*Continued on page 53*)

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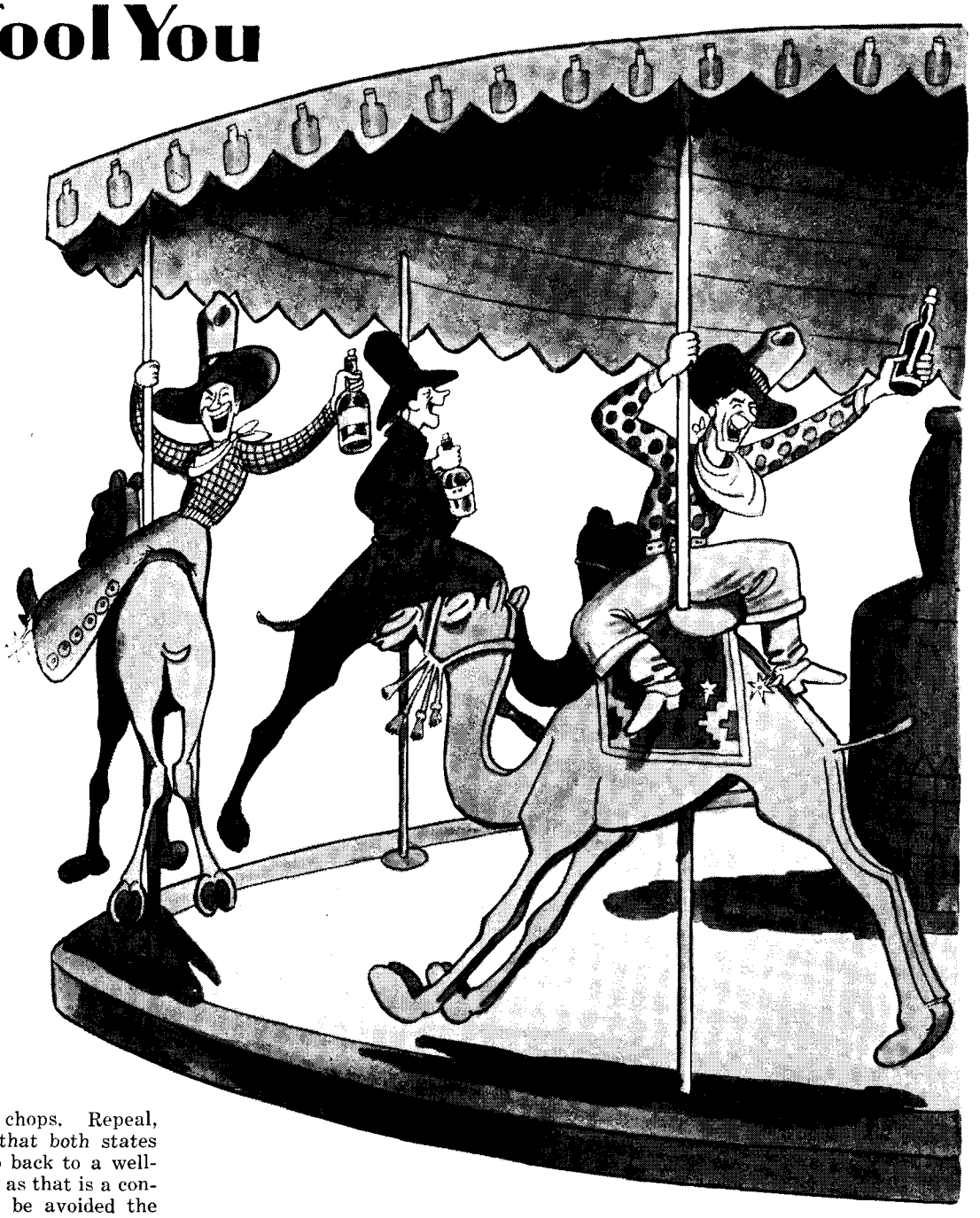
They Wouldn't Fool You

You've heard of the chameleon that died in convulsions when put on a Scotch plaid. Well, here are two states, Oklahoma and Texas, in which an investigator of the prohibition question might suffer in much the same way. They not only vote dry and drink wet, they vote dry in order to drink as they please. Here Mr. White tells you about it

By Owen P. White



"By *voting dry Oklahoma can stay wet* and in my opinion it will keep on voting

BACK in the old days, before a constitutionally created deluge of bad liquor inundated Oklahoma and Texas, there used to hang behind the bars in these two states little framed mottoes which read:

"There are four reasons why men drink:
Good wine, a friend, because they're dry,
Or any other reason why."

But what of today? Down there in a pair of states which have so often in recent years voted in favor of soda water and milk shakes can it be possible that the four reasons given above for imbibing hard liquor still apply? You bet they do; but not, of course, in the same ratio of importance as in former years. Good wine, for instance, is pretty hard to get and as mere friendship is no longer a guarantee of the quality of a man's corn those two reasons for liberally lappin' 'em up on both sides of the Red River are almost obsolete. But just look at the other two. "Because they're dry, or any other reason why" seems to cover a multitude of thirsts and furnishes everybody in two great commonwealths, young or old, with an excuse for treating just as he pleases the edicts of the poor old Eighteenth Amendment.

Nor, in discussing the *actual* prohibition sentiments of the two states mentioned and in contrasting them one with the other, would I make the above statement carelessly or without having discussed the question with men who lived there. I did that. I went to Oklahoma first, then to Texas and then back to Oklahoma again.

The Army of Revolt

In short—and because past experience has taught me that the best way to get at the *real liquor sentiment* of a state is to sniff the atmosphere of its homes, its hotels and its business offices—I smelled the breath of Oklahoma City, Tulsa and numerous other smaller places, compared the odor with that of Dallas, Houston, Austin and El Paso, and in the paragraphs which follow I will set down my conclusions.

Of course, I could set those conclusions down in four words. I could say —and not be successfully contradicted either—both states are wet, and let it go at that. But, as such a statement would refer only to the prevalence of the booze habit and would cast no ray of light on the actual prohibition sentiments of the addicts themselves, I must go quite a bit further in discussion of the problem.

To begin with, then, as a matter of fundamental honesty, every man and woman in Texas and Oklahoma, regardless of how he or she votes, who drinks liquor and thereby adds his or her bit to the alcoholic aroma of his or her local environment, necessarily belongs to the Grand Army of the Revolters which in those two mighty states is out for the purpose of nullifying the Eighteenth Amendment.

But remember this: in neither state is this vast organization of drinkers, captained as it is by bootleggers and home-brewers and composed largely of young men and women who have learned the art of tippling within the past ten years, advocating the *repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.* You bet they are not. They don't want it repealed. Under nullification, as it has been achieved in Texas and Oklahoma, it is as easy for anyone, minor, maid or male, to buy booze as it is to buy pork chops. Repeal, however, would mean that both states would automatically go back to a well-enforced dry status and as that is a consummation devoutly to be avoided the very idea of having it happen is one that is vigorously opposed by all sincere drinkers.

But, one may ask, have I any authority on which to base the foregoing broad assertion? I think I have. Knowing that prior to 1920 Texas and Oklahoma were both very dry, the former by a popular vote and the latter by a constitutional provision, and that since that disastrous year they have both voted DRY at every opportunity but are nevertheless today VERY WET, I naturally concluded that hidden away somewhere in this wholly contradictory set of facts lay the real truth as to the actual prohibition sentiment of the inhabitants. All that I had to do was dig it out.

Oklahoma, as all readers of lurid literature are well aware, has a drinking record—going back to the old territorial days—of which any native son, according to his personal views on the liquor question, can be either justly proud or mightily ashamed. In other words, prior to 1907, when Oklahoma, proudly boasting of a bone-dry constitution, attained to the glory of statehood, all of it, except the Indian reservations which were arid under Federal law, was as well equipped with barrooms, bartenders and brass rails as any portion of the habitable globe. But when statehood was achieved these things were abolished, and thereafter, for thirteen long years, except for a mere trickle of moonshine which came up from the southeastern corner of the state, there was very little solace for the thirsty. It was, in fact it still is, actually against the law for a physician to prescribe a teaspoonful of whisky for a dying patient.

Thus Oklahoma finally came to be even drier than Kansas—and then something happened. By constitutional *legislation* the Federal government transformed bootlegging from its lowly status as a locally conducted, penny-swapping enterprise into a national industry whose active agents at once swooped down upon Oklahoma, confident that in a land as dry as it was and as lush with money, they would find plenty of customers for their illicit wares. They were right. And as time has gone on they have become more so.

From year to year as Oklahoma, through successive oil discoveries, has become richer and richer it has likewise grown wetter and wetter until now he who lives there must be a poor man indeed who knows not his own bootlegger —and in many instances he knows her in the form of a good-looking woman.

Oklahoma Hospitality

Even strangers are not allowed to suffer in Oklahoma. Within an hour after I had registered at the swankiest and newest hotel in the Oil Capital of the world, a young and pretty girl knocked at my door to inquire if I wanted to buy any liquor. I thanked her and said no, but now I am wondering if this custom of happily greeting travelers is born of true Oklahoma hospitality or is the result of keen competition among the whisky traders.

But that's not the point. As one of the best-informed, richest and most popular men in Oklahoma explained to me, the point is that in that state, although everybody knows all about the unlimited distribution of booze, practically nobody is doing anything to stop it. "And yet," as this man went on to say, "it would be utterly impossible for any man in Oklahoma to get elected to any office whatsoever unless he ran on a bone-dry ticket."

"By *which you mean what?*" I inquired.

"By which I mean that by *voting dry Oklahoma can stay wet* and in my opinion it will keep on voting that way until it becomes convinced that it *is* going to be dried up, when it will hurriedly flop and cast an honest ballot. That ballot will be wet."

"And politics here has nothing to do with prohibition?"

"Not one thing on earth."

"But this state went strong for Hoover on the wet-and-dry issue at the last election, didn't it?"

"Not a bit of it. It didn't go *for* Hoover at all. It went *against* Smith, and not because he was either wet or a Democrat. You can figure out your own answer to that."

Later on I did figure it out, but not alone. Instead I went to another city, fully as moist as the first one, where I acquired much information through con-

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Illustrated by Herb Roth

that way until it becomes convinced that it *is* going to be dried up"

versation with members of society, business men, lawyers, editors and politicians. With one exception these people all told me the same story. One man who is an avowed Anti-Saloon Leaguer and dry propagandist, and whose efforts therefore merely tend to keep Oklahoma safe for the bootleggers, vehemently declared that prohibition is being successfully achieved in the state. But as I had already seen a lot of direct evidence to the contrary, I didn't agree with him and neither did any of the other men with whom I talked.

One of these others in particular, who as owner and publisher of one of the most influential and largest newspapers in the state has had much to do with the making and unmaking of senators, representatives and local officeholders, gave me a good deal of valuable information. In general he confirmed the impression already received, that the dry vote keeps Oklahoma wet, and thereafter he gave me what I think is a very intelligent and sane analysis of the ACTUAL prohibition sentiment of the state. In substance this is what I got out of him:

The Hoover victory was due not to antagonism toward liquor, but to religious prejudice. In cold words, that's that, and to prove it this man asked me to compare the readings of the alcoholic barometer of the fall of 1928 with those of today. Oklahoma is wetter now than it was then, and if that isn't enough to show that an overwhelming army of drys are not really in earnest about it—because with a bone-dry clause in their own constitution they certainly could have *local enforcement* if they wanted it—then consider this:

Oklahoma is going to have an election this fall. The hats of the various and sundry candidates are all in the ring. They are all avowed drys, and yet, as it was whispered to me and as I will whisper it to you, prohibition is NOT going to be made an issue in the coming campaign. But why not?

Hilariously Dismal

"Well, we understand each other down here," I was told, "and right now, when the Democrats are trying to stage a comeback after the religious disaster of 1928, we are not going to muddy the waters by stirring up the liquor question. That's why all the hats in the ring are marked 'dry.' Of course they are not though, and, except for the period of the emergency, neither are their owners, but after that, say in about two years from now, the situation may be entirely different."

"In what way?" I asked. "What do you mean by that?"

"Just this," replied my informant. "I suppose that in going around over this state you've noticed that things are in a pretty bad way, haven't you?"

"I certainly have," I answered. "Nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment in Oklahoma is almost complete; its crime record is excellent; its cities are teeming with female delinquents; more than one thousand of its citizens are hopelessly paralyzed from drinking Jamaica ginger; every day its dead wagons carry off a few more of its citizens who have succumbed to the effects of canned heat or pink slipper as they call it; its dope peddlers are rapidly becoming captains of industry while its boys and girls in happy emulation of their giddy elders are missing no chances, in fact they are continually making them, to enjoy all kinds of forbidden fruits. Have I observed correctly?"

"You have. You've pictured conditions in this state just about as they really are, and that's why I predicted a minute ago that within two years you'd see a change. It simply has to come. It's coming on now, it's coming rapidly, and it's easy to see why. In this state there are a whole lot of practical, sane-minded people who know that our local conditions are exactly what you outside observers say they are.

"In the beginning many of these people, probably the great majority of them, were sincere, honest, prohibitionists and even yet they are opposed to liquor, but they have had their eyes opened. They now realize that Federal prohibition won't work. As a noble experiment it has failed miserably in Oklahoma, and therefore the sensible drys, along with the sensible wets who never did want Federal prohibition anyhow, are willing to assist in bringing about a change.

"They are not going to fool with it at this coming election, though. None of us are. The time isn't quite ripe for it. What we want is for two more years to go by during which, we are confident, public sentiment will so crystallize itself against existing conditions that we can swing a majority to vote against them. But understand me. This will not necessarily be a vote against prohibition. It will be a vote against the intolerable conditions created by Federal prohibition. If it wants to go dry of its own accord Oklahoma can do so. In all probability it will do just that, and it will mean it too, but as things are now nothing, except disastrous results, is being achieved."

"But what about your militant propagandists?" I inquired. "Won't the drys that come under that heading get out and do their regular line of stuff in the coming campaign?"

"Thank God, no," answered the Oklahoman, "and for that I think there is just one very good reason. The most influential dry leaders in this state are sensible men and women who know that Federal prohibition has done Oklahoma more harm than good, and therefore the majority of them are perfectly willing to keep quiet about it."

The Words of a Prophet

Following my conversation with this gentleman I talked with many other men regarding the reversal of the dry sentiment in Oklahoma. These men are all prominent, they have all lived long in the state, they are all interested in its welfare and they are not rabid in their views on anything. Practically every one of them agreed with the opinions expressed above. They can see a change coming, a healthy change, and without a dissenting voice, although most of them are what one would term wet, they declared that Oklahoma will be a much better place to live in when it has less liquor.

And now that we have had Oklahoma presented to us, by its own citizens, as a state wherein prohibition sentiment, paradoxically speaking perhaps, is rapidly shifting around to a position of protest against itself, let us take a look at the situation in Texas.

As I pointed out in the preamble to this piece there is but one way to test the fundamental truth of a state's attitude toward liquor, and that is to smell its breath. Do that in Texas, and if the aroma doesn't analyze ten parts of nullification to one of enforcement I'll

(*Continued on page 52*)

I thanked her and said no, but now I am wondering about this custom of greeting travelers

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The Perilous

What happened when a boy from the country left home—and refused to be frightened back

IT WAS the hotel owner himself who gave Virgil Rand the job, and the hotel owner was tired and white.

"Ordinarily I wouldn't put a boy like you behind the desk," he hesitated, looking hard at Virgil.

"Reckon not," agreed Virgil, readily understanding that.

From where he sat he could see the clerk now on duty at the job which he passionately wanted to be his: slim, dark, polished in manner. He himself was a country boy without the ways of city men. His clothes were not good, his manner . . . but there his depreciation of himself stopped. His manner, if not as finished, was at least pleasantly friendly and the clerk now behind the desk was not at all friendly. To Virgil himself the clerk had been almost openly rude once he had ascertained that Virgil's presence had to do with getting a job.

"You're so *young*," said the hotel owner, and he said it almost hopelessly.

Virgil nodded.

He was young, of course, just turned twenty-one, although he felt much older after tramping city streets for three long weeks in an attempt to secure work, but up in the Missouri hills where he came from twenty-one wasn't as young as it seemed to be down here. Up in the hills a man was a man grown and carrying a man's responsibility long before he touched the fixed maturity of twenty-one.

He wanted to reassure the hotel owner, who was doubtless being betrayed into unfair judgment by city standards and the something deceptively youthful about his appearance.

"I been doing man's work a mighty long time," he declared earnestly. "My pap died when I was twelve."

Again the hotel owner hesitated.

"To put an untrained man behind the desk seems incredible folly, and yet I almost think you've something I want—" he broke off, frowning.

"If you'd give me a chance," said Virgil anxiously.

That was as near as he could come to a plea, and he was only brought to that by acute memory of the past three weeks, with his money dwindling fast and his searching for work entirely futile.

Sitting there waiting for the hotel owner to decide, he was unable to determine the exact cause of the collapse of his hopeful plans.

Up at Boone Hollow success had seemed inevitable as he and Serena planned. He'd come down to the city and get work, and after he'd saved a thousand dollars they could be married, making a down payment on old man Sabin's small but rich farm in the valley, and earning the rest of the purchase price of the farm from the farm itself. It had all seemed so easy, yet already he was brought to a point where, without this job in prospect, he would be compelled to return to Boone Hollow, hiring out to some one of the farmers there for a pittance, and, in view of his failure, presenting a ridiculous appearance.

Planning, in so far as he and Serena were concerned, had been necessary. The worn-out farm upon which his mother and himself had struggled for a living reverted to his Uncle Jim Ludlow with his mother's death, and Serena, as Joel Miller's stepdaughter and the eldest of a long line of little stepbrothers and stepsisters, had no prospects whatever except what she could achieve in the way of marriage. Considered in the light of marriage to himself those prospects were so dubious that Joel Miller had openly favored another suitor for Serena.

"You take Sam Hiller, my girl, or you're an out-and-out fool. Virgil's nothing but talk, and a female can't noways live on *talk!*"

THAT was Joel, bluntly advising Serena, and as the hotel owner's pause of uncertainty lengthened into awkward silence Virgil perceived that it was Joel's disbelief in his ability to provide for Serena which had driven him to desperate planning, and remembered how lightheartedly he had told Serena that the difference between one man's plenty and another man's lack was merely a matter of intelligent planning.

"The man who plans *makes* things happen, the others *let* things happen," he had told Serena. "If you'll wait for me, you will have more with me one day than you c'd ever have with Sam Hiller."

Serena had been indignant.

"I'll wait because I'll have more with *you*, Virgil, whether you have anything or not, than I could ever have with Sam Hiller!"

Serena loved him. Remembering Serena's declaration, remembering the pink of her cheeks, the flashing fervor of her dark eyes, a tiny pulse beat in Virgil's throat as he sat waiting for the verdict which would determine whether he still had a chance to vindicate Serena's faith in him or whether he must return to Boone Hollow with his tail between his legs like a hound dog venturing into unfriendly territory and soundly beaten there.

In spite of himself appeal crept into the steady blue eyes fixed upon the hotel owner, and abruptly the owner capitulated.

"I'm going to let you try it," he said. "After all, training is something which can be acquired, and what I need here is something inborn. The question in my mind is whether or not you'll stick."

"I'll stick," promised Virgil.

The hotel owner rapped with a nervous hand upon the glass top of his desk.

"I've lost three clerks in two weeks," he admitted, and Virgil perceived that the hand rapping the desk was trembling. "I can't *keep* anybody behind that desk." He stood up. "I'll take you out to the desk now. There won't be much time for the other clerk to break you in as he's leaving immediately, but the assistant manager will help."

TOGETHER they went out to where the slim, dark young man was sorting mail, and the eyebrows of the slim, dark young man lifted superciliously as he received his instructions.

He did not, decided Virgil, *like* the dark young man. He was glad he was not to be compelled to work with him, glad the dark young man would be leaving at the day's end.

"This is a tough job," informed the dark young man, whose name was Collins. "You'll be surprised to find in how many different ways this *is* a tough job!"

Something almost merry was in his manner, as if he glimpsed forthcoming discomfiture for Virgil and was pleased.

"You got another job?" inquired Virgil, but Collins, it seemed, hadn't another job, and Virgil pondered upon the singular lack of wisdom shown by Collins in quitting one job before he had secured another. Collins, although he was disagreeable, wasn't stupid, and yet he was doing a stupid thing.

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"I'll wait because I'll have more with *you*, Virgil, whether you have anything or not, than I ever could have with Sam," she had told him

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

City

By Jay Gelzer

Three clerks in two weeks . . . there must be a reason, decided Virgil, examining his surroundings. He'd have to find that reason and clear it up.

The "desk" was a small, square enclosure with a counter fronting out upon the lobby, a rack of mail compartments on one side, some shelves in back filled with an assortment of cigars, cigarettes and candy, and on the fourth side a telephone switchboard, behind which a blond telephone operator sat. Next to the switchboard, in the small amount of space remaining, was a combined cash register and billing machine.

The blond telephone girl smiled, and after a second's hesitation Virgil smiled back, finding momentary relief from the other clerk's dislike in the presence of someone he intuitively recognized as friendly.

There were no chairs, although he glanced about for one, and Collins, interpreting that glance, smiled sardonically.

"You won't need a chair," he informed. "You wouldn't have time to sit in it if you had one."

Over his shoulder Collins began to explain various details, and all morning Virgil continued to learn the endless routine which had to do with countless lives lived under one roof. At noon the assistant manager took over the desk while he went in with Collins to lunch.

The dining-room was attractive with its blue carpet and white walls. The waiters in their white uniforms were quiet and deft. Virgil saw the owner come in and sit down at a table with a pretty woman and a small child. He thought he was going to like it here, and said so, to be momentarily disturbed by Collins' cryptic smile.

"You won't like it here any better'n the rest of us," stated Collins definitely. "And I doubt if you stay any longer."

HE WOULD say no more, and presently they went back behind the desk, and an afternoon which seemed long until four o'clock and then amazingly short, began.

Late in the afternoon the owner stopped at the desk during a momentary lull.

"Country boy, aren't you?" he asked of Virgil.

"Yes, sir."

Collins laughed, and the owner fixed Collins with a stare.

"Country boys are apt to have both courage and loyalty," he observed. "And both are badly needed here."

At a few minutes before six Collins left, and briefly Virgil was alone until the assistant manager arrived.

"*You'll* be leaving before long," declared Collins at parting.

"Reckon not," said Virgil comfortably.

From behind her switchboard the blond operator leaned out to encourage him.

"Don't pay any attention to *him*—you're doing fine!"

The telephone on the counter rang and an old lady complained violently of lack of heat. Rang again immediately and an old gentleman complained quite as violently of too much heat. To both he promised hasty adjustment and the telephone girl laughed.

"Some people *have* to kick, so they'll seem important!"

Virgil smiled with her and felt the tautness of his nerves relax. He was going to like the telephone girl. As far as he could see, he was going to like everybody connected with his job aside from Collins, and Collins was gone.

"Six o'clock," said the telephone girl. "I've got special hours today and my relief's due here any minute. Did Collins tell you why he quit?"

Collins had not confided in him, replied Virgil, but the owner had mentioned three clerks leaving in two weeks.

"That's why you got a break," the blond girl informed him frankly. "And even if you *ain't* the type for behind a desk, maybe Hicks ain't so dumb at that!"

Hicks was the owner. He saw Mr. Hicks at that moment, disappearing into the dining-room. The telephone operator's relief arrived, and simultaneously a young woman with considerable paint and powder upon a pretty face rapped on the counter, demanding an evening paper and sending an appraising glance over him, which left him disturbed and confused.

"Country boy," decided the pretty young woman aloud. "But country boys have always been my weakness. May you stay with us longer than the others, Rube Adonis!"

SHE went off laughing, and the blond telephone operator, picking up her purse preparatory to departure, scowled.

"Laugh and grow fat!" she muttered, glancing after the disappearing young woman. "She's in 421, and Mr. Hicks is trying to get her out. This hotel caters to a better class of patrons than that."

The assistant manager appeared.

"I been thinkin' I'd like to get somethin' to eat and come back a while," suggested Virgil. "I've a heap to learn about this job."

The assistant manager, who was young and had a merry twinkle in his eye, pretended to be overcome.

"You really shouldn't say such things without warning, Rand. I might happen to have a weak heart and the shock would be fatal!"

Virgil perceived that the assistant manager was making fun of him, though not unpleasantly.

"I like to know about things," he explained seriously, and the assistant manager himself became serious, instructing him to get his dinner and return again.

THE dining-room had bloomed with shaded lamps since noon, and was fairly well filled with people. The women were all fashionably dressed. The men were freshly barbered and expensively tailored. Recognizing the tangible evidence of prosperity, Virgil was aware that his own clothes were undoubtedly shabby by contrast.

When he went back to the desk, the assistant manager greeted him in friendly fashion.

"I like you, boy," he declared. "I want to see you make good here, and I'm telling you straight out that you'll have to have other clothes."

Virgil looked down at himself, remembering that he had less than five dollars in actual money.

"I can see that," he admitted. "Things are different here."

"Upstairs in my closet is a perfectly good suit which no longer fits me," offered the other. "It would do nicely for a while."

Virgil stiffened.

Rands didn't accept charity, especially from strangers . . . suddenly he perceived that the assistant manager was being genuinely kind.

(*Continued on page 44*)

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Speaking of Women

By Louis Joseph Vance

The Story Thus Far:

LONA SCHELL, seeking to escape from her involved and shadowy past in America, travels to Europe under the name of Mary Lanchester, recently widowed. En route, she becomes part of a gay company comprising Tess and Tim Macready; Julien de Versennes, a French nobleman, who instantly falls in love with her; Phillips Canning, an American millionaire, and Rollo Tattersall, who is cynically aware of her notorious past.

Hoping to marry Versennes, Mrs. Lanchester wins Rollo's silence by her assurances of sincerity. But in Paris, despite her promise and her tacit understanding with Versennes, she manages a clandestine meeting with an engaging young Frenchman, who, it later develops, is Robert de Freycinet, the man who is betrothed to Versennes' charming daughter, Zoë, and who thereupon ignores her. She persists, however, and Zoë, instinctively on guard against the adventuress, observes this.

Julien invites Mrs. Lanchester to spend a few days at his château before the arrival of the rest of the party, and, hoping to find Robert there, she agrees. Robert again refuses to recognize a possible sweetheart in her, and, angered, she seeks to play off the artist Fuenterrabia against him. Fuenterrabia accepts her attentions with both eyes open.

Finding the artist altogether too aware of her purposes and worried by Robert's inaccessibility now that the rest of the guests have arrived, she demands a meeting with him after the others have retired, and forces him to admit he loves her. They are discovered by Zoë, who points out the imminent danger of a duel between Julien and Robert, and Mrs. Lanchester, frightened at last, leaves secretly for Paris, accompanied by the drunken Tim Macready and believing that Robert will shortly follow.

Tess had angrily thrust in at last and lifted Tim from his seat by an ear, and marched him off

Conclusion

THE cab brought the girl to the door at that turn of day when light no longer flows yet has not begun to ebb and the dusk that waits is a presentiment more than a shadow in the hour. No light shone behind the plates of glass with their bronze grills—it was not yet time—and when she saw the shades of every window level with the sills, giving the house that lorn look which houses wear when there is no life left in them but a crawl of caretakers, Zoë's heart misgave her and was heavier than ever with premonition of a sleeveless errand.

She addressed herself to the doorbell for all that and was gratefully surprised to have it answered promptly enough by a footman visibly dumfounded by this advent without more luggage than one small bag or any companion whatever.

"Monsieur le Comte forgot to warn us that mademoiselle was to be expected," he stammered; "otherwise—"

"My father is here?"

"But beyond doubt, mademoiselle—since night before last. He—"

"I mean, is he at home?"

"Mademoiselle will, I believe, find Monsieur le Comte in his study."

Zoë wanted to weep with relief. "Why is everything like this, then?" she all but sharply asked instead, with a comprehensive gesture taking exception to everything that helped to fog the domestic scene with its effect of dreary stagnation, the swept ungarnished floors, the glimpses of chambers where shapes of furniture under dust-cloths slept like torpid monsters.

"BY Monsieur le Comte's orders, mademoiselle. He instructed us to do nothing to show that he was again in residence. Monsieur le Comte," the man pursued, at once anxious and diffident, "has not left his apartment since his return—"

"He is not ill?"

"But slightly, in some peculiar way, I think, mademoiselle. He eats nothing—sends away untouched the trays we take him—does nothing but pace his study from dawn till dark and, for all we know, from dark till dawn. He sees nobody—for that matter, nobody has tried to see him—but he uses the telephone sometimes for hours on end—"

"Thank you, Charles. I will go to Monsieur le Comte at once."

She made short work of the stairs but, coming breathless to the study door, delayed a moment before knocking and was newly wrenched by pity to hear from within what the footman had forewarned her of, the nervous yet monotonous beat of footfalls which told of one in torment seeking in tedious repetition of action ease from the gnaw of emotion denied all outlet.

Zoë told herself she understood. Difficult though it might seem to conceive of anguish passing the hurt of her own heart, Julien's was the greater; she at least could find moments of self-forgetfulness in doing what one could to comfort him; for him there was no such solace possible, who didn't know, who didn't even dream, she too had seen all happiness and hope wrecked by the treachery of an unprincipled woman.

How strange! by the same woman . . .

More time was needed to deal with a fresh convulsion of love crying for its quittance and pride wounded to its quick before the girl was able to take a composed countenance into Julien's study.

She found him at halt in the middle of the room, where her knock had arrested his stride; hands rammed down into the pockets of a dressing-gown that looked as if he had slept in it or vainly tried to; slewing to her haggard eyes which, darkly ringed in a face drawn and dull, seemed to wish nothing so much as that their present evidence might turn out to be hallucination.

"I have come to you, Julien," Zoë quietly said, but without offering to approach her father. "Don't be angry with me. I had to."

M. DE VERSENNES slightly shook his head as if to rid it of a swarm of thoughts that buzzed like gnats, then, sharply rousing, crossed and with a low cry caught and crushed his daughter to him.

"My little Zoë!"

"I had to find you," she protested to his bosom; "I couldn't bear to stop on there at Quézac and think of you lost somewhere and friendless in your sorrow. It might have been different if we hadn't always meant so much

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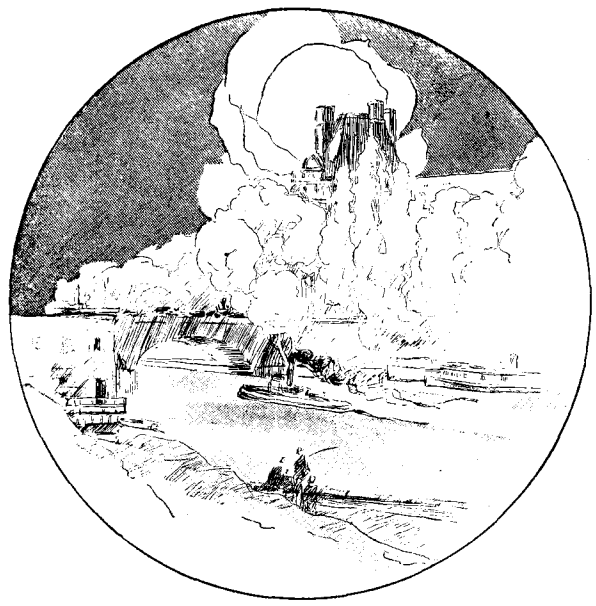
while the whole café roared

Illustrated by Hubert Mathieu



to each other, so much more, I do believe, than the rule is with father and daughter. I mean, if I didn't love you so dearly, Julien, it might have been possible to rest down there in helpless ignorance—even with Aunt Eugénie yelping herself hoarse."

"Eugénie?" M. de Versennes densely repeated. "She is with you—"

"No. That's why I'm so afraid of a scolding, my father. *She* scolded till, just when I thought I'd go mad trying not to hear her, she brought on one of her migraines and took it to bed. I knew, of course, even if she hadn't, nothing would ever have induced her to budge from Quézac, bring me here, I mean, to find you, without your leave; and I couldn't get that till I did find you! So I waited till she had dosed herself into a drowse, left a note for her, so she would know I was coming here, and stole away. Say you're not cross, Julien—say you forgive me. After all, you know, you're the only father I'll ever have."

"WHAT are you telling me?—that you journeyed all the way from Quézac alone?"

"But don't you see I had to, Julien? I might have been content, or tried to be, to please you, if you hadn't left us as you did, so suddenly, without a word—like a madman—"

"I have been, I think," M. de Versennes heavily confessed, "these last three days—it is three days, isn't it?—a madman."

"I know—I knew. And it would be a strange child—wouldn't it?—who could sit with folded hands, knowing her father was so troubled, and never seek to help him!"

"You are always kind, my daughter"—M. de Versennes gently and yet absently kissed the girl—"and I love you." But at once releasing her, he resumed his tramping. "But do not deceive yourself: there is nothing you can do, nothing anyone could do—"

"I can listen."

He checked to swing a stare back to her wavering smile. "How old you are," he commented in harsh humor, "for your few years—I mean, how wise!"

"But you are quaint, Julien! You sound as if you thought it unmaidenly of me to know that men and women are all alike at least in this, that they must talk to someone about their troubles."

"It is entirely as you say. Yet—what can I tell you—?"

"As much as you wish, or as little. Tell me nothing, if you prefer, only let me be with you till this bad time is past, ready to listen if you feel like talking—I promise never to ask a single question—let me be a care to you and a drag upon you and an affliction altogether if I must; for even if you learn to hate the very sight of me"—she put it to him with a nervous and wistful little laugh—"that will at least give you something but your pain to think about."

She watched her father make an effort to muster a responsive smile, fail, and with a distraught gesture throw himself into a chair at his study desk. "As you like," he consented in a listless voice, and covered his eyes with a hand. "I am not unappreciative, Zoë—just beside myself."

"I know."

She waited quietly by him, never offering the least caress, till the sense of her near presence touched him and M. de Versennes, taking his hand from his eyes to capture one of hers, sat up.

"What of the others?" he asked, forcing a show of interest. "It doesn't matter what they thought of my conduct in deserting them so unceremoniously. I hardly knew what I was doing—and my offense is past mending, I'm afraid. But have they, too, returned—?"

"Mme. Macready and M. Tattersall left a few hours after you did, Robert with them. Mme. Macready is back at the Ritz, I believe, and I presume M. Tattersall is, too. Monsieur le Marquis left the next day to return to his home here. I am sure you are mistaken, though; none of them thought unkindly of you—I am sure they all understood how terrible it must have been, that shock, to one so well in love, Julien."

HE SIGHED: "Yes: I daresay," he conceded, "in their way, they do understand. But no one can, really, no one can have the slightest inkling of what it means to see love and beauty go from one forever, except a man who has come to my time of life and knows that, for him whose youth, too, is gone, forever, nothing is left to look forward to except . . ."

He halted with tragic eyes that saw too far.

"Dear Julien!" the girl softly cried, tightening her grasp upon his fingers.

He shook his head wearily again. "Except," he finished, "the Trap upon the Pit."

Zoë knelt, then, to draw his head down to her shoulder. She said nothing, only held him for a long time, held him fast and jealously as a mother might a son whom life had turned upon and trampled, held him to her with all the passionate tenderness of a nature formed in pity, charity and understanding.

He suffered her.

She knew he had tacitly deceived her with his neglect of a question which she had been at pains not to utter, knew that his abrupt departure from Quézac, following discovery of Mme. Lanchester's elopement with M. Macready, hadn't been a matter merely of dumb animal instinct to fly his kind and heal his wounds alone or die of them, knew he had made all haste to Paris not with any infatuate wish to refind his love and win her back but solely in obedience to the code he lived by, under which it had become a duty to himself, as a man of honor, to exact amends of the one who, as Julien could not but read the circumstances, had betrayed his friendship and hospitality—Tim Macready.

This almost religious seclusion which

(*Continued on page 28*)

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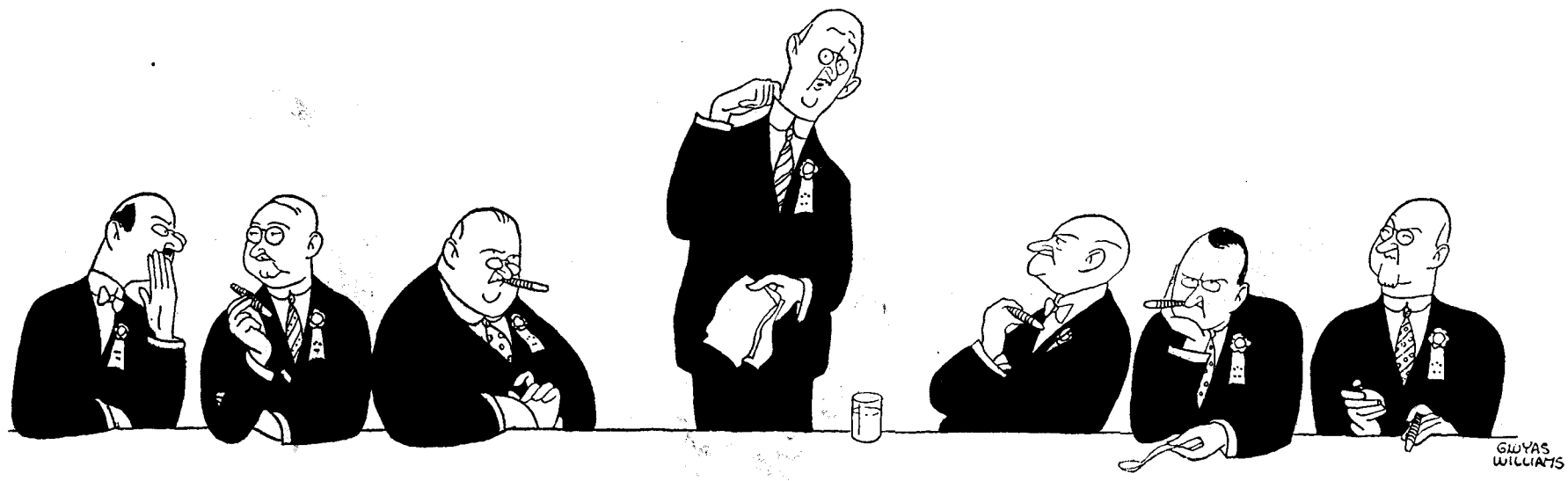


Tongue Tide

"Not only is there more banquet speakin', so that a man can't go to a dinner without ear muffs an' a hypodermic, but luncheon clubs have sprung up so thickly that prudent men never leave their homes until late afternoon"

Uncle Henry

"THE movies," said Uncle Henry, "hit upon a profound truth, even if accidentally, when they conceived the idea of a Strong, Silent Man. You've got to be strong to be silent, for speech is about the most powerful an' insidious of all human cravin's. The habit's bad enough if concealed from everybody except the family, but when it reaches the open, shameless stage, an' becomes oratory, nothin's more terrible.

"Heaven knows that President Hoover has practically depleted the country of man-power with all his commissions. Go into any town or hamlet, an' you'll find only grandsires, adolescents an' babes in arms sunnin' themselves in the empty streets. Even so, I'm sure enough able-bodied males can be found to make a study of oratory, an' report on its causes an' cure.

"Why not? The Government spends thirty millions on the extermination of the Mediterranean fruit fly, an' countless other millions on the Texas tick, the tent caterpillar, the gypsy moth an' the skin troubles of the Pribilof Islands seals an' muskrats. Are those any more important than a scientific investigation into a disease that ravages the United States from Maine to California, causin' untold sufferin'?

"There's somethin' subtle an' sinister about oratory, 'Lonzo. Mark the well-nigh resistless manner in which it saps the human will, reducin' even granite-jawed, Roman-nosed men to the consistency of putty.

An Age of Oratorical Orgies

"It's downright bafflin'. No man who has reached the shavin' age, an' is in possession of his sound senses, would bound out on a public platform, an' try to paint a landscape in full view of the audience, without ever havin' had a paint brush in his hand or not even knowin' that a palette isn't the thing that makes him dissatisfied with his wife's cookin'.

"Oratory is jes' as much of an art as paintin' an' music an' writin', yet every day you see men attemptin' it publicly with a reckless an' almost depraved disregard for the consequences, many of them without even the advantage of a moment's thought or preparation. That's the strangest part of it, for any orator, if he's honest, will tell you that he spends more time on his extemporaneous efforts than he does on a set speech.

"One of the main reasons behind the Eighteenth Amendment was the general belief that prohibition would put an end to after-dinner speakin', but instead of that the habit has spread an' each day sees thousands of new addicts. Earshot, once an innocent word, has taken on a new an' terrible significance.

"Not only is there more banquet speakin', so that a man can't go to a dinner without his ear muffs an' hypodermic, but luncheon clubs have sprung up so thickly that prudent men never leave their homes until late afternoon.

"Any day, in any town, along about the noon hour, you can see a group of stern-faced men herdin' some pallid wretch up the street, surroundin' him closely, an' exercisin' particular vigilance when passin' alleys. You think, of course, that it's a sheriff's posse takin' some poor devil to the local bastile, but investigation reveals that it's only a committee escortin' the speaker of the day to the scene of his crime.

"I can't understand it at all. Y'see, 'Lonzo, it isn't as if Americans put any high value on oratory. Look back over history an' it is significant that none of our famous silver-tongues was ever sent to the White House. Jes' remember Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Blaine, Beveridge an' Bryan, all of whom could take a seed catalogue or a city directory an' make it sound like an Indian love call. Not one of 'em ever won in a talk, all goin' down to defeat before some tongue-tied opponent.

"We've always pinned our faith to Presidents who could take speech or leave it alone, an' the tendency is becomin' more an' more marked. Dear old Warren Harding spoke a great deal but not much, an' Mr. Coolidge never lost an opportunity to go into the silence, pullin' the White House in after him. As for Mr. Hoover, he drops his head on his chest whenever he speaks, showin' plainly that he knows he's doin' wrong.

"Silence, as a matter of fact, has always been a sure short cut to public favor. One reason, of course, is that the less a candidate says, the less he'll have to explain when he goes before a Senate committee.

"All of which makes this epidemic of public speakin' so puzzlin'. It isn't as if the cussed practice contained any happiness for anybody. Certainly the addict himself doesn't enjoy it. Opium an' cocaine, at least, deaden the sensibilities an' produce forgetfulness, but the unfortunate victim of the speakin' habit is at all times keenly conscious of what he's doin', an' the memory of it furnishes him with anguish enough to last a thousand years.

We Love Our Agony

"I know, 'Lonzo. Many's the time I've swum dizzily in a sea of faces, fightin' vainly to get my upper lip loose from the teeth, strugglin' to keep both tonsils in the air at the same time, an' utterin' low gurgles at odd moments in the hope that they might be intelligible.

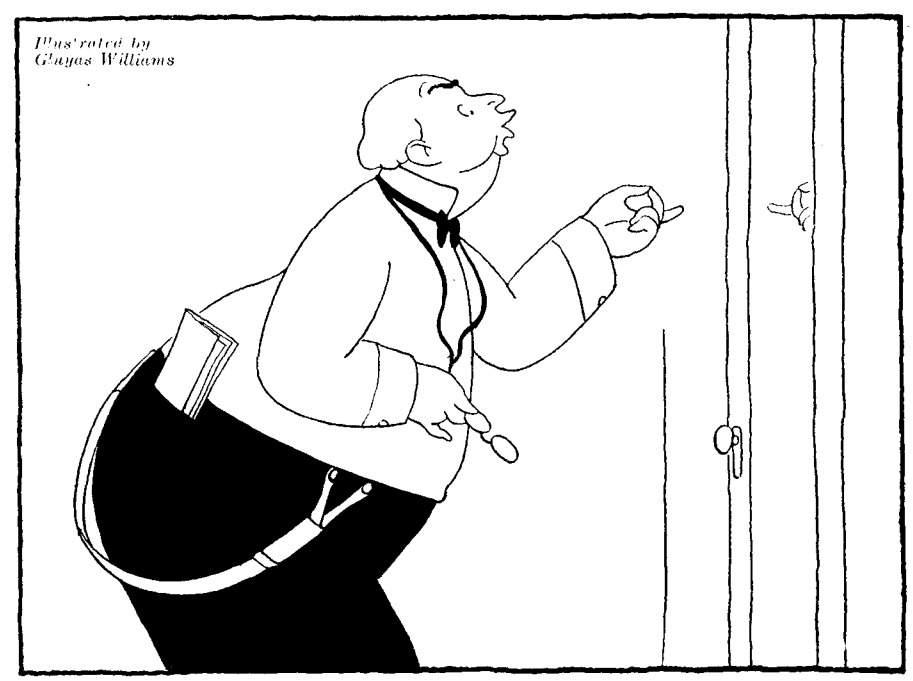
"Nor is it as if all these dinner, luncheon an' breakfast speakers gave any entertainment to the audience; that is, unless it's made up of men an' women who see humor in broken legs or the shockin' brutalities of the comic supplements. Any good sword swallower would be much more interestin', for instead of spendin' an hour in vain attempts, he *does* it.

"About the only explanation for oratory that I'm able to think of, 'Lonzo, is that there's a malignant streak in human nature that makes us love the spectacle of human sufferin'. It's an inheritance from the Puritans, I reckon, who made it a point to take their pleasures sadly. Old Jonathan Edwards frankly stated that heaven was a place where the saved sat comfortably, with their feet hangin' over, an' watched the torments of the damned.

"Somethin's got to be done about it, an' quickly, unless we want to find ourselves in the same class with Siam, Dahomey an' other tenth-rate nations. Why is Germany makin' such rapid strides? Why is France, forgin' ahead so remarkably? Why is England on the upgrade? *Because they have no luncheon clubs.* Only Russia puts equal emphasis on public an' continuous speech, an' look at the poor thing!"

"I can understand people gettin' together for luncheon," said Mr. Stubbs, "but why do they want speakers?"

"So as to prove that there's somethin' worse than the food," answered Uncle Henry. "That's the only reason I can think of."



Any honest orator spends most of his time on extemporaneous efforts

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Well, the wifes laid down an ultimater that if they didn't go on the next long trip there wasn't gonna be no long trip

The Circuit Writer's Wife

As a ball player Sylvester Morris was simply a letter-writing fool—and love letters, at that!

By Octavus Roy Cohen

THERE wasn't no good reason why Sylvester Morris shouldn't of got a fan letter long before he did. He was a great big guy and he had long, flowing hair and broad shoulders and a nice grin, and it was only after you got to know him good that you would realize he wasn't exactly smart. In fact, you might almost say he was very dumb.

He had come to us straight from the sandlots. In spring training he had shown that he was a fly hawk and could hit, and when Rollo Cassidy broke his leg during the exhibition season, Sylvester stepped into center field and stuck there. He wasn't no wonder, because he wasn't very addicted to brain, but at that he was a swell mechanical ball player and the sport writers all said that he had a great future in fast company.

But from the time he joined the club, he was fruit. They all picked on him, and especially Dink Jewell. I'm free to admit that Sylvester was just a natural target for kidding, but Dink was the kind of a gimmick who didn't know where to stop. There was always something poisonous in Dink's kidding, whereas all the other guys was just looking for a good laugh.

Dink never had liked the big, rawboned rookie; or, anyway, he felt himself a heap better than Sylvester and he seemed to resent all the publicity Sylvester got. You see, the big guy was swell copy for the newspaper fellers. We had a one-two-three club and Sylvester gave us a real offensive punch. He took a good cut at the ball, and when he hit 'em they stayed hit. Besides, Dink was slipping and knew it. He had been shortstopping in the majors for nine years and his legs wasn't as good as they used to be, so I reckon it was natural that he should get peeved at any youngster who was going good. Of course, Dink is still up there, and liable to remain, because he has got a great baseball head. But when he does go down to the bushes there won't be a whole lot of grieving because personally he wasn't never hardly more popular than a snake. And being a little guy, the fellers couldn't very well take a crack at him.

WELL, anyway, it was when the season was about six weeks old and Sylvester had won himself a regular berth that he busted into the locker-room one day before the game looking like he had just received an inheritance or something. He was waving a letter and announcing that he had got it. Dink was slipping into his unie and happened to be standing nearest and he asked Sylvester could he see it. Sylvester blushed and said he could and the first thing you know Dink lets out a howl and mounts on the bench and says he has something to read us.

"Boys," he yells, "we have got a gay Lothario in our mist. Hats off, everybody, to Mister Sylvester Morris, the demon outfielder, while I read you a letter he has received."

Then he reads us off the following:

"My dear Mr. Morris:

"I was to the game yesterday and I think you was just grand. It must be wonderful to be a ball player and I bet you have got a lot of sweethearts. I think they (the ones you have got) are all very lucky. You probly would not look at me. I am 19 years of age and my friends say I have got a good figure and am pretty. But you could not care about meeting me so I will sign myself, with love—

"A Little Blonde."

Of course, we all hollered. We crowded about Sylvester and made him believe that he was the only ball player in the major leagues which ever received a love letter from an unknown dame. It was a heap of innocent fun and we piled it on pretty thick, especially as Sylvester was eating it up. I never seen a bird smile so happy and dumb in all my life, and finally, when the noise died down, he give us a gesture.

"Shuh, boys," he says—"that ain't nothin'."

"What do you mean," demanded Dink Jewell, "it ain't nothin'?"

"I get lots of them kind of letters," lies Sylvester. "The girls is writing me all the time."

"And why not?" demanded Dink indignantly. "Ain't you handsome? I ask you, Sylvester: Ain't you?"

"Shucks! I ain't so awful good-looking."

"You're the Adonis of the major leagues. Ain't he, fellers?"

We agreed that he was.

"And you're a swell outfielder, Sylvester. They ought to be all chasing you. Now what I want to know is this: Why don't you follow up this lead? This here cluck might be a millionaire's daughter or something."

"She didn't give no name or address," glooms the big lad. "You see," he explains—"it's like she says: I got so many women chasing me that one, more or less, don't matter much. So I reckon it's just as well I shouldn't be bothered with her."

So far it was all good-natured. Sylvester was a natural target, and we enjoyed giving him the razz. But he was a whole-souled kid and we really liked him, even if two thoughts at the same time would have given his brain a blowout. But Dink Jewell wasn't content to let it rest there. He knew—just as we all did—that Sylvester was lying about getting lots of letters. And he begin to probe, like a doc that wants to know where is that safety pin you swallered.

"WHEN are you gonna show us some of them other love letters you got, Sylvester?"

"Gosh, Dink—I don't keep things like that. I just tear 'em up."

"You're gonna get more, aren't you?"

"Sure."

"Promise to show us those, will you?"

Sylvester was plenty embarrassed. "I don't think that would be exactly right, Dink—showin' a girl's letters

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around to a bunch of roughneck ball-players thataway."

"Didn't you show us this one? Wasn't that all right?"

"This is different. There ain't no name on this."

"Just the same, you ought to show us. You're doing us dirt if you don't, because, Sylvester—us guys are plain and homely and lots of us is married, and we don't get no love letters. We like to know what the latest love styles is, see? And when we got a John Barrymore with us, it ain't no fair that we shouldn't get the benefit of all his amorous experiences. I tell you, Sylvester—it ain't clubby if you don't show us some more letters."

Dink's lips was smiling, but there was acid in his voice, and I edged forward. I'm an old-timer, and I can tell when things are going too far.

"Lay off the kid, Dink. Just because he's full of the old S. A. and you are zero-minus ain't no reason for you to ride him."

Dink gives me a dirty look. "I'm just trying to learn something about love," he says. "And I think if Sylvester is a good feller, he will let us read some more letters. Even—" his face brightens—"even if you cut off the skirts' names and addresses, Sylvester. How about that? You can do that, can't you?"

Sylvester was cornered. He never had quite got his bearings with the club anyway, because a gang of major-leaguers are a wise crowd. They had been places and seen things all of which was unknown to Sylvester and one of the things I liked about the big guy was that he stayed ga-ga when the old birds began to swap yarns. Seems like he didn't hardly believe yet that he had graduated from the village nine.

SYLVESTER don't promise nothing, and all through the game the fellers kid him. We was playing Chicago that day and Sylvester done awful good: picked one off his shoetops in the third inning that saved two runs; and in the ninth it was his long sacrifice fly to deep left that brought in our winning tally. And when we was under the showers Dink started talking about how he bet Sylvester would get a hundred letters the next day, and he ought to, because how a woman could resist his handsome face and manly figure was more than Dink could understand.

Sylvester et that up, but I could see that he was worried. He didn't have much to say, and he said it pretty constant. I could see he was hoping that Dink wouldn't remember about any letters the next day, but he had just as much right to expect a guy to forget an aching tooth.

The next day and the one after—and the one after that—Dink rode him good and plenty. He called him Lothario and Casanova and even Henry the Eighth, which was all monikers of loving guys which he borrowed from college fellers on the team. I could see that it was getting Sylvester's goat.

He didn't know he was being kidded: that was the real laugh. And he didn't know that we all knew it was the first fan letter he ever got from a female and probly the last. He would of been mighty glad to let the matter end there, but he had trapped himself by saying that he got letters all the time—and Dink was demanding results.

It was getting under Sylvester's skin, what I mean, and finely Lee Martin, our manager, spoke to Dink. Dink riz up on a high horse and inquired to know why Lee objected to a little good-natured kidding. Lee explained it wasn't that. He said we all knew that Sylvester had tried to slip a fast one over, and that there wasn't no use riding him too hard, because then it would begin to hurt his ball playing.

"And," finishes Lee, "we can't afford to have our new blood slipping. Not on a club like this that has so many old-timers we will soon need a flock of wheel chairs."

That is a rap straight at Dink, and the gang snickers—which is what spelled curtains for Mister Sylvester Morris.

After that Dink rode him high, wide and handsome—and, believe me, there was carbolic in every word he said. Sylvester was slumping on the field and going around wearing a worried look. And just when I was making up my mind that I was gonna butt in, Sylvester storms the clubhouse one day, waving a sheet of pink note paper. He shoves this under Dink's schnozzle.

"Read it," sizzles Sylvester. "Ain't it hot?"

I could see that Dink was sad, but he made all the capital he could out of broadcasting it to the club. And it was a warm letter at that:

"My dear Mr. Morris:

"I think you are the swellest ball player and the handsomest man in the league. Are you married and if not would you consider a pretty girl who is a millionare's daughter? I am young and very loving. In fack, I could be specially loving with a big, handsome man like you. Please be sure to write me."

"There ain't no name or address," howls Dink. "How can you answer her?"

Sylvester grins. "I tore the address off," he says.

"Are you going to write her?"

"Naw! What do I care for girls?"

WELL, we all begin giving Dink the razzberry. He had demanded a letter and now he had got one; and how! It was Sylvester's afternoon and even though we kidded him a lot, it was all in fun, and he blossomed under it. Only Dink was kind of sore.

The next day Sylvester barges into the clubhouse with another letter, and, queer to state, this is also from a millionaire's daughter and it happens that she misspells millionaire the same way. Says the letter:

"Dear Mr. Morris:

"I know you would not have nothing to do with no daughter of a poor millionare, but anyways you have got to know that I think you are a fine ball player and a verry handsome man. I am verry young but folks say I am pretty. I wish you would call me up some time."

"Say, listen," howls Dink—"Don't you never make no hit with nobody less than millionaires?"

"Sure I do," grins Sylvester, "but I don't pay no mind to their letters because they ain't wrote so good."

"Is that a fact? Only rich girls can write swell letters like this one, huh?"

"You said it, Dink."

"How about knocking me down to this girl? You got so many rich ones on the string, you wouldn't miss one."

Sylvester shakes his head. "You are too much of a sheik, Dink. First thing you know, I wouldn't have no girls if I was to introduce you to all of them."

"That's right," snaps the little feller, "especially when they all got millionaire fathers who don't know there is an 'i' in the last syllable."

That was a dirty crack. We was all with Sylvester, and there wasn't one which hadn't caught on to the fact that the big boy was writing them letters to himself. Of course there wasn't no doubt about the first being genuine, but these others was fakes.

Way we figured was this: It was great poking fun at the big goof with his phony love letters, but rotten to let him know that we knew they was phony. And that's what Dink wasn't content with. There was barbs in everything he said, and because we disliked him—we all made Sylvester believe that we had fell for his play.

Things go on like that for a couple weeks. Every day Sylvester appears with a new letter. Sometimes they are from millionaires' daughters and sometimes the girls say that they are in high society. It was plain that Sylvester didn't have much more imagination than a blue point oyster, and I could see a worried look commencing to appear on his pan, because even he must have known that he was running out of ideas. But the point is that he got a great wallop out of thinking that we was fooled, and even Dink's wise cracks went clear over his head.

(*Continued on page 48*)

"Boys," yells Dink, "we have got a gay Lothario in our mist. Hats off, everybody, to Mr. Sylvester Morris, while I read you a letter he has received"

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

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Simple, that painting: A dead sparrow and a hand reaching . . .

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

The Sparrow's Fall

The story of a romance of such dignity and beauty that disaster could not blight it

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

MY BEST friend was making a fool of himself over a woman. At first I laughed, saying: "So she runs an art shop, eh? She is only collecting another bee-oo-tiful experience, old fellow." But it got too serious for laughter. I argued: "If she won't marry you, she won't. Why torture yourself longer? Go off to India and shoot tigers or, better still, fall in love with another woman."

To this and other arguments poor Phil responded in a dogged, pitiful monotone: "She loves me. I know she loves me. There is something in her past that stands between us." So I began to plead with him. I would say: "Have done with this one way or the other. Propose to her for the last time. If she refuses you, be man enough to accept the mitten gracefully and never see her again."

I soon discovered that Phil Bryson had been reduced to that brooding humility of hopeless love which places a man beyond appeals to pride. This woman whom he called Tase had cast a spell upon him; it came as much from the element of mystery about her, I suspected, as from her charms.

"Let me meet her," I asked, finally. "Perhaps I can see other things in this affair besides a figure and a pretty face."

"You will see nothing but Tase," Phil said, "—nothing but her eyes, her hair, her hands—"

He introduced us in the little shop, which had nothing to outward view except a brass plate reading: THERESE MILLAR, and a very fine Goroshichi tea bowl in the window.

I said: "Phil told me you had some lovely things here."

The girl said: "Oh, they're not mine: merely placed with me on consignment. If I owned them I'm afraid I couldn't bring myself to make a sale."

She and I talked about pottery—Phil having fallen into an idiotic trance—and I checked Phil's rhapsodies. Her hair was brown. Her eyes were blue. Her hands were white. She was tall. For the rest I can only admit that had I been in love with her these details might have taken on peculiar graces, rarer delights, more sublime nuances. Failing of such impetus, I must report that Therese Millar seemed to me merely another charming and handsome young woman.

My eyes strayed to a Ch'ien Lung ginger-jar on a table near by and what looked to be a Korin wave screen in the shadow of a low balcony.

"PHIL," I said, after some minutes of unrevealing conversation, "I am a collector first and a gentleman afterwards. Therefore, I shall rudely withdraw from this most charming company and have a look about." Then I left them.

Well, the Jap screen turned out to be not an original Korin but still an excellent piece by one of the master's apprentices. When I came to the balcony, however, what I saw there gave me more than pause.

Wood carvings—and on the wall opposite, five paintings. They were a real find, particularly the carvings. Grotesque, macabre, satanic, like figments of a horrible dream. I gasped and stepped closer. I had never experienced from wood and paint the same sense of bitterness and hatred as those things gave me.

One carving was that of a four-headed monster—evidently Fate—astride a writhing man. Four hideous, mocking, leering, insane faces sculptured with consummate artistry. The face of the prostrate victim showed such mingling of impotent struggle and despair as to chill the heart. All the carvings in steady progression along the shelves had the same theme: man abjured, setupon, tortured.

"These things aren't for sale," a rather nervous voice behind me said. I turned about. It was the girl.

"Who did them?" I asked, excitedly. "How did you get them? They're great!"

Her cheeks were flushed; her eyes uneasy.

"A—a friend—did them," she said, haltingly. "The—the paintings are better, don't you think?"

I looked at the paintings. They were less ruthless in tone.

"The same man?"

She nodded, and hastened to explain: "They're his later work. I like them much better than the carvings."

"I don't," I said. "He should have stuck to the knife. These pieces"—I indicated a group—"are the work of a genius. Who is the fellow, anyway?"

"But the paintings," she went on, desperately avoiding my question, "don't they show a saner viewpoint? Isn't the face of that child very fine?"

I EXAMINED the picture she indicated, which was the latest of the five.

"His earlier work is much better," I said with brutal candor. "It is honest—and this—I don't like this at all. The child has beauty but the face is vacuous. There is no faith in it, only a vague wonderment. Your artist is another Doré. He can't go Raphael with sincerity."

She sighed.

"You're right," she acknowledged. "It is insincere. But Ga—the painter is still young. He has left all that"—she swept the carvings with troubled gaze—"and he is groping toward faith. Can't you see it?"

"Frankly, I can't," I told her. "I think the real man is in these other things."

"I don't believe you!" she burst out

(*Continued on page 51*)

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Jaws of Circumstance

By Carl Clausen

"I—I warned her. As her financial adviser it was incumbent upon me to protect her against adventurers"

The Story Thus Far:

YOUNG Conrad Merrill and Virginia Lansing, his fiancée, are on trial for the murder of Jane Crandall, a wealthy spinster, whose body was found near an old mill, with Merrill standing over it, and (according to circumstantial evidence) Virginia near by.

Various witnesses have brought out the following facts: that Miss Crandall had, apparently, been strangled to death with her own scarf, at Corbin's Pond, in Locust Grove, a popular picnic ground; that near her body—lying near a shallow spillway just below a dam and an old water wheel—Merrill's pocket flashlight and one of Virginia's handkerchiefs, bloodstained, had been found; that Merrill had been courting two women at the same time: Virginia Lansing, poor, and Miss Crandall, forty-three years old—but rich.

Donald Collins, Miss Crandall's chauffeur, tells of an interview—at Virginia's home—in which he overheard Virginia say: "Please don't do it!" To which Miss Crandall, on the verge of tears, replied: "It's the only way out!"

But it is Wendell Ashbury, prominent sixty-six-year-old local banker, who supplies the greatest sensation. Grim of face, obviously convinced of the guilt of Merrill, he reluctantly admits that he had proposed to Miss Crandall many times and had been rejected. After which, he testifies that her bank balance had, in the course of a few months, been mysteriously reduced from $100,000 to about $51,000. He then produces a record of Merrill's bank account in New York City. While Miss Crandall has been reducing her balance, the young man—generally regarded as poor—has been adding to his. The figures prove that, before Miss Crandall went to her death, Merrill had accumulated $50,000!

III

MR. ASHBURY, do you know the defendant, Conrad Merrill?"

"I know who he is—if that is what you mean!"

"No, I mean more than that. Do you know him well?"

"Your question calls for certain qualifications, sir!" the witness replied doggedly.

"I'm willing to accept such qualifications, Mr. Ashbury," the senator agreed good-naturedly.

"I knew of his—connections with Miss Crandall."

"I see. Had you met him at Miss Crandall's house?"

"No, sir."

"Had Miss Crandall mentioned him to you?"

"Hardly, sir—under the circumstances!"

"Under what circumstances?"

"Under—well, considering the—er—clandestine nature of the attachment," the banker offered with a trapped air.

"Clandestine?" the senator repeated, "do you consider it clandestine for a single woman to receive an unattached man at her home in the presence of a houseful of servants?"

"She met him after dark in secret and out-of-the-way places," the witness replied, keeping an even temper but keeping it stubbornly.

"Did you see them together on such occasions?"

"No, but it was common knowledge."

"A little common knowledge is sometimes a dangerous thing, Mr. Ashbury," Enderley quoted *ad lib.* "In other words, these alleged trysts were, as far as you're concerned, purely hearsay?"

"If you consider a subject discussed by the whole town of Marshall for months as merely hearsay, you're quite right, sir," the banker replied with a sort of prim triumph.

"I most certainly consider it so, Mr. Ashbury, and I think the Court will concur with me," the senator assured him.

"Is it not a fact that you regarded the defendant, Conrad Merrill, as a rival, and that you were jealous of him?"

"Of a boy like him! It is most certainly *not* a fact, nor anything like a fact!" the witness whipped out in rage.

"Is it not also a fact that you remarked on more than one occasion during the past month or two that you didn't see why the county should be put to the expense of *trying* a man whose guilt was so apparent?"

"It is NOT!"

"BUT it *is* a fact that you were in love with Miss Crandall at the time of her death, and that you had been so for over twenty years?" the senator pursued relentlessly.

"I have answered that question already, sir!" the banker retorted.

"By implication only. I'd like to have you reply yes or no."

"Yes!"

"When Miss Crandall began to withdraw money a few months ago, you suspected that she was giving it to Conrad Merrill, didn't you?"

"I suspected that he was 'working' her, yes."

"Your suspicion was strong enough to cause you to do a little detective work among your correspondent banks of Manhattan, wasn't it?"

"It was."

"And you had no difficulty in verifying your suspicions since Mr. Merrill had been so careless as to use his own name in making his deposits?"

"They always slip up *somewhere!*" Mr. Ashbury remarked, anticipating the senator's next question with oracular agility.

Enderley nodded in deprecating agreement.

"So when Miss Crandall was found dead you turned your evidence over to Mr. Caxton, the district attorney?"

"I did—as any public-spirited citizen would have done," the banker asserted tonelessly, with his pale-blue eyes on the prosecutor, who sat gnawing his stubby mustache behind a restless hand.

"Not because of any personal animosity for the defendant, Merrill, of course?" the senator prompted softly.

"Certainly not!"

"You're a very rich man, aren't you, Mr. Ashbury?"

"Nothing of the sort, sir! In fact, I consider myself comparatively poor. My salary as cashier of the bank is fully one half of my total income."

"O—oh?" the senator replied. "I *see.* For that reason a marriage with Miss Crandall would have been very advantageous for you?" he shot out.

THE witness' pale-blue eyes flashed for the first time.

"Are you trying to impugn me with mercenary motives?" he demanded, the more savagely for having prepared the trap himself.

"I was asking you a question, Mr. Ashbury. The conclusion is your own. Will you please answer it?"

"It would have been more desirable than advantageous," the witness replied shortly.

"That's all, Mr. Ashbury, thank you," counsel said gently.

Caxton had risen to his feet.

"Just a moment, Mr. Ashbury," he called out, "your regard for the—dead woman"—he pitched his voice in vibrant tremolo—"was of the highest—noblest?"

Mr. Ashbury tried hard to look noble.

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Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

"It was indeed, sir."

"You loved her better than anything else in the world?"

The witness hesitated.

"I loved her—*very* dearly," he replied with a certain note of caution that might or might not have been induced by contemplating Senator Enderley's pursed lips.

"You never had any differences with her over the defendant, Conrad Merril?"

"*Never!*"

"All right, Mr. Ashbury, that'll be all."

The senator's chair creaked.

"One moment, sir! Mr. Caxton brought up a point I had overlooked. Did you ever at any time indicate to Miss Crandall your disapproval of Mr. Merrill?"

"I—I warned her. As her financial adviser it was incumbent upon me to protect her against adventurers."

"When did you warn her?"

"I *don't* remember the *exact* date, but it was a good many months ago—possibly a year by this time," the witness replied with a shrug.

"While Mr. Merrill was still coming to the house?"

"I think so. At least shortly before he ceased coming there."

"So you were probably instrumental in the defendant's stopping his visits at the Crandall residence?"

"I sincerely hope that I was," the witness snapped.

"It never occurred to you during the events that have since followed that by doing so you had set the machinery in motion that eventually led to Miss Crandall's death?"

"Object!" Caxton bellowed, "Your Honor, that is a most unwarranted conclusion! The defense will claim next that Mr. *Ashbury* murdered Miss Crandall!"

"I AGREE with the State," Judge Farnham concurred. "Counsel will release the witness unless he has more pertinent information to bring out."

"He may go, Your Honor. I'm through," said the senator, inclining his head, "but I'd like the privilege of recalling Mr. Ashbury later," he added with a glance at Caxton, who barked out a surly acquiescence.

"It is nearly one o'clock," the Court remarked. "Noon recess is declared before the next witness is called."

You knew by Caxton's manner that there was something ominous in the air for the defense when he called the first witness after recess:

"Mr. McIlvane!"

"Mr. Charles McIlvane!"

A dapper individual in blue pinstripes and a wonderful cravat suffered himself to be sworn in and took his seat in the witness chair with a careful hoist of his trouser legs, which might have been either concern for the creases or merely a wish to display six inches of clocked, navy-blue hosiery. One's mind automatically reverted to the classified advertising section: "Refined single gentleman acts as escort. Expert dancer. References. Call evenings." Mr. McIlvane was that sort.

"What is your occupation, Mr. McIlvane?"

"I am in charge of the desk at the Greely Hotel, this city," the witness replied with an apologetic air.

"You mean that you are the hotel clerk at the Greely House?"

"At present—yes," Mr. McIlvane admitted, as one used to better and higher things.

"How long have you held that position?"

"A little over six months."

"You know the defendant, Conrad Merrill?"

"He was a guest at our hotel, sir."

"How long did he live there?"

"He came to us in the latter part of November, last year, two months before I—accepted the desk."

"What sort of a room did he occupy?"

"One of our best. A corner room on the third floor with private bath."

"Did he have many callers?"

"No, sir—very few."

"Did you know Miss Jane Crandall?"

"I knew her by sight."

"Did she ever call upon him at the hotel?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Did Merrill make many telephone calls?"

"Yes. His telephone bills were quite large."

"And a good many calls came in for him every day also?"

"I wouldn't say a good many, but there were always one or two."

"DO YOU know who these calls were from—as a rule?"

"No, I don't. I know that most of them were from a woman."

"You mean from the *same* woman?"

"Yes, sir, I recognized the voice after a bit."

"Do you know whose voice it was?"

"No, sir."

"Nor whether it was a girl or an older woman?"

"No, sir, I can't say. I'm sure though that it was not an *old* woman."

"Did you ever overhear any conversation between this unknown woman and the defendant Merrill?"

"No. We've strict orders from the management never to listen in on our guests."

"On occasions when the defendant, Merrill, was out did this unknown woman leave any message for him?"

"Only to the effect that J. had called, and to tell Mr. Merrill to call her back."

"That J. had called? Was such a message left quite often for Mr. Merrill?"

"Yes, quite often."

"Now, Mr. McIlvane, do you remember if the defendant, Merrill, was at home on the twentieth of May this year?"

"No. He went to New York on the eight-fifteen A. M. I remember because he had left instructions to be called at seven-thirty."

"Do you know what time he returned?"

"I think he must have gotten in on the six-fifty-five, because he came up to the desk a minute or so after seven and asked if there were any messages for him."

"Were there?"

"No."

"Did he go to his room?"

"No, sir. He went into the drug store next door to our lobby. I saw him through the glass door drinking at the fountain."

"PLEASE tell the Court what else you saw him do."

"After he had finished his drink he went into the booth at the far end of the drug store and telephoned."

"Didn't you think it strange that he should do so when he could have gone to his room and used the house phone in comfort?"

"I did think it a bit odd, especially since we only charge our guests a nickel a call, the same as a public booth."

"Did he go to his room after he came out of the booth?"

"No."

Caxton paused impressively.

"What did he do?"

"He came up to the desk and said that if Miss Lansing called to tell her that he had left a message for her at her house. Then he went out."

"Did he appear to be in a hurry?"

"Yes, he left hurriedly."

Caxton picked up the flashlight from the table casually and handed it to the witness.

"Did you ever see this before, Mr. McIlvane?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. In Mr. Merrill's room."

"When?"

"On several occasions."

"How d'you recognize it?"

"By the initials. The hotel supplies

(*Continued on page 40*)

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The Paper Crown

That low punch Sharkey delivered in the infamous fourth round knocked Max Schmeling into a tinsel title and the muddled heavyweight situation into a deeper muddle—but the real foulee was the fan

By Grantland Rice

Max's unearned crown cannot survive the situation in which he wears it

IT IS a simple matter to place a crown upon someone's head—if you happen to have a crown and a head handy at the time. But to make the crown fit is another job.

When Jack Sharkey low-punched Max Schmeling into the title this summer he crowned a champion upon whom few would bet even money to defeat any one of his three rivals—Sharkey, Stribling and Carnera. Here was a new title-winner who looked much less effective as a champion than he looked as a challenger.

Max Schmeling appeared to be on his way to a real championship when he walked out of the ring after finishing Paulino in June, 1929. He was then only a trifle over twenty-three years old. He had beaten Joe Monte, Joe Sekyra, Johnny Risko and Paulino Uzcudun in succession and had whipped them soundly.

He seemed to be the most promising fighter. He was young, strong, smart, game, a good puncher and fairly fast. He was aggressive and willing to fight. All he missed at the time was experience. He still showed the need of more competition and increased boxing ability.

When I saw Schmeling at his Endicott training camp before the Sharkey affair he seemed to be one of the most intelligent boxers in the game. He had a fine face, a pleasant manner and more than the usual amount of personal or impersonal charm.

But for some reason he had lost something during his year of ring idleness. Whether it was the result of a motor accident that injured one of the ligaments around his ankle or his effort to learn more about boxing, thereby changing his style, the young German was not the Schmeling of the year before.

At the age of twenty-four he had gone back instead of moving forward. He did no road work, no bag punching, no rope skipping, three of the training essentials for leg stamina, foot speed and arm endurance.

Most of those who saw both men had no hesitation in picking Sharkey to win. Some of Schmeling's own sparring partners felt this way about it. Part of the vital spark had blown out. Some of his speed was gone and he had lost much of the sting that once lingered in his right-hand punch.

It was apparent at the end of three rounds that the likely-looking German challenger of 1928 and 1929 was going to have a hard time to survive the full route against the sharp and hard-hitting sailor. Sharkey was mixing up much more of an offensive assortment than Schmeling could handle.

Then a low punch from Sharkey suddenly catapulted the losing boxer into the middle of the throne-room. The battle had been billed as a heavyweight championship, and as Schmeling was a foreign entry at the time when the outcry against this country in behalf of Phil Scott was still somewhat noisy, there was nothing to do but award him a crown he had in no sense earned.

Schmeling Hasn't Proved It

It was not Schmeling's fault that Sharkey interpolated the low blow. But that doesn't alter the fact that he had little championship material when he fell to the floor near the end of the fourth round. Later on he might have worn Sharkey down or discouraged him. But he wasn't proving his case when the party broke up, as most heavyweight parties end, in a foul.

Then Young Stribling knocked out Otto von Porat in one round in Chicago and a few days later on Primo Carnera, the Italian mastodon, cast his mighty shadow over the ring landscape by taking everything George Godfrey had and showing enough possibilities to be rated around the top.

So here they stand as summer moves along toward another autumn—Schmeling, Sharkey, Stribling and Carnera—the queerest collection of pugilistic talent ever mentioned in connection with the main title.

There was Schmeling, the champion, who would hardly draw even money against any of the three others.

There was Sharkey, who had almost everything a champion needs except a cool head, blowing his fourth shot at the title he should have won at least two years ago.

There was Young Stribling, who for some time had shown even more ring class than Jack Sharkey, but who, through an astonishing lack of aggressiveness in many of his most important fights, had also missed chance after chance to make his way to the front.

And finally stood the mammoth Carnera, weighing 265 pounds yet fast on his feet, an improving fighter who had seemed too big and too strong to be hurt. Even the sizzling rights and lefts thrown by the tremendous Godfrey, nailing him on the head and stomach, failed to make any impression. Carnera is abnormally fast for his weight.

Carnera is a freak only in the sense that while he is around six feet seven inches in height and weighs from 260 to 270 pounds in training he is also perfectly proportioned and is not the lumbering, awkward type. He handles himself much after the manner of an athletic human who might weigh 180 or 190.

Schmeling would have almost no chance against Carnera. He couldn't hurt the Italian and he is no faster while being outweighed by eighty pounds. Sharkey and Stribling might know too much, although the Italian is a far better fighter than the cruder product Stribling fought in London and Paris last winter.

In connection with Stribling and Sharkey it can be said that both have all the physical make-up needed to win any championship, unless they run across a freak. Otto von Porat had been rated in the upper list, yet Stribling knocked him out in one round.

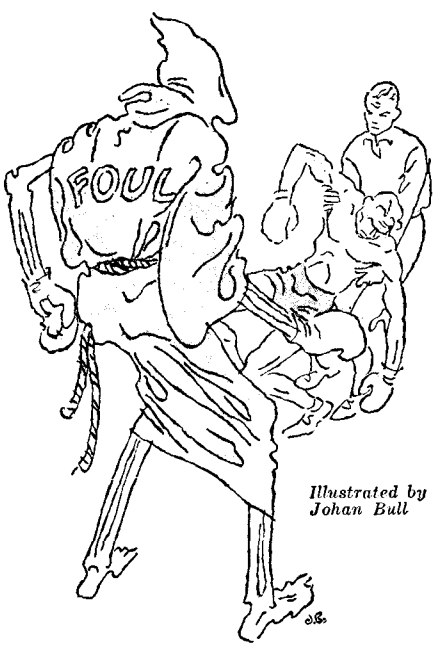
Stribling has fought more battles than Dempsey, Tunney and Sharkey put together. Many of these were against set-ups of the 24-carat variety, but many have been against the top-notchers in the trade. He is young, fast, strong, a hard hitter and a high-class boxer who is cool and crafty in the ring. But in the big spots he has never yet been able to make up his mind to let a few go and see what would happen.

It's Time for a Change

Sharkey reminds you of a baseball pitcher with speed and curves but who in a pinch unfurls a wild pitch and loses the ball game. Yet these are both rated above Schmeling as he looked in his last appearance.

The Schmeling who met Sharkey is not going to wear his crown very long, not as long as two seconds after the finish of his next important fight. But, with his intelligence and courage, he may be able to find the form he showed as the best young prospect.

It might be noted here that unless the foul evil and the racketeer influence in boxing are removed there may be no championship to fight for or defend within another year. The game has been bounding down hill faster than any competition now on the docket and about one more bound will leave it in the gravel ditch, ready for the first truck that can be backed up to cart away the débris and dump it somewhere out of public sight.



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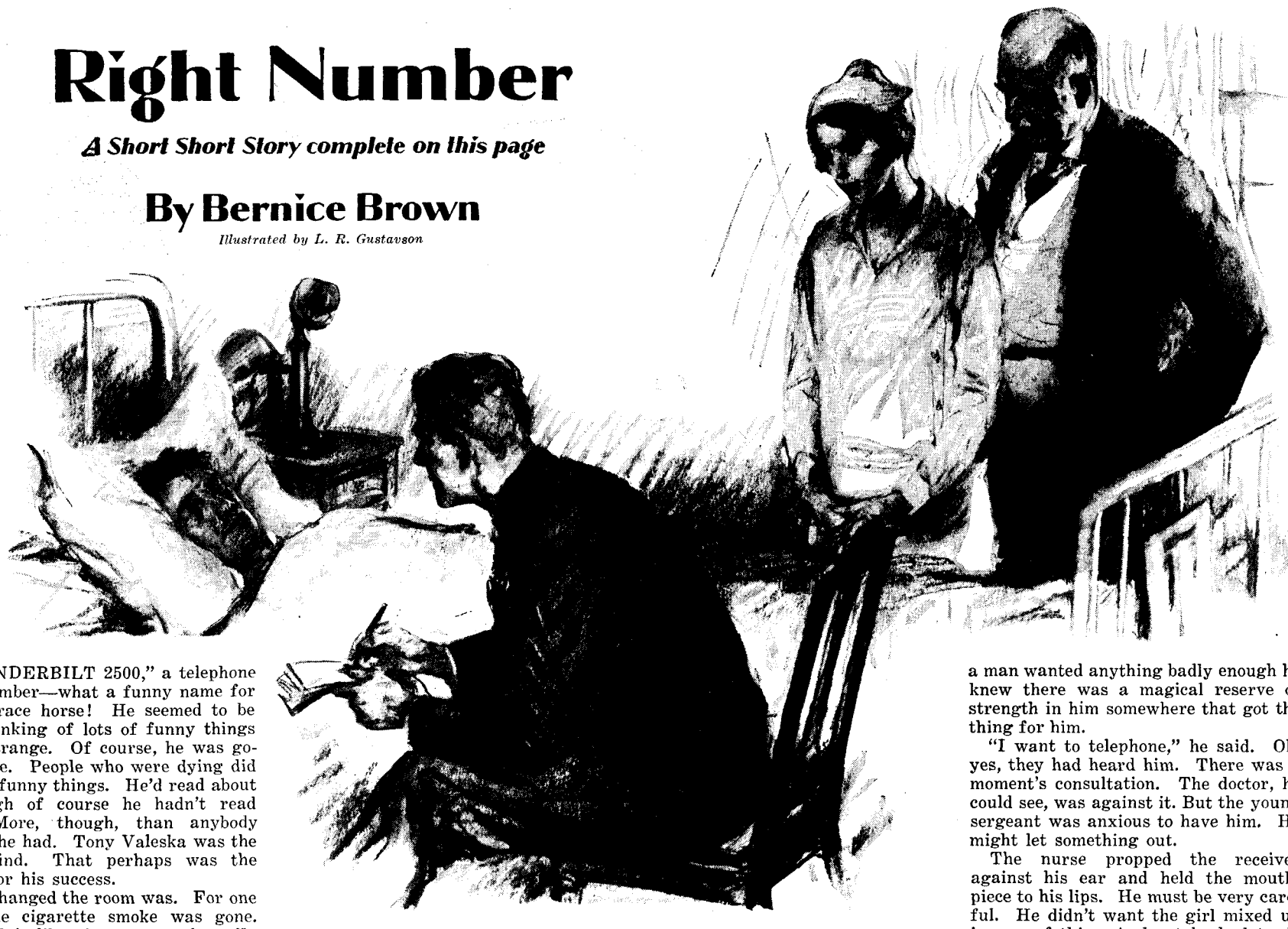
Right Number

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Bernice Brown

Illustrated by L. R. Gustavson



"VANDERBILT 2500," a telephone number—what a funny name for a race horse! He seemed to be thinking of lots of funny things now. Strange. Of course, he was going to die. People who were dying did think of funny things. He'd read about it, though of course he hadn't read much. More, though, than anybody thought he had. Tony Valeska was the silent kind. That perhaps was the reason for his success.

How changed the room was. For one thing the cigarette smoke was gone. Tony didn't like cigarette smoke. He didn't smoke himself, or drink. The others did of course. That was why he was one up on them. His eyelids flickered.

"Who shot you, Mr. Valeska?"

Tony looked at the young police sergeant, who sat with notebook in hand. There was a doctor there, and a nurse. The room was quiet. A wind from the harbor billowed the curtains. How quickly they had put the place to rights. The table was gone, and the chips and the cards. Oh, he remembered it all distinctly now. She had called him at five-thirty. He did most of his sleeping in the daytime of course.

"Mr. Valeska. Five-thirty, please."

Funny thing, her voice. He had never seen her. She was one of the dozen hotel telephone operators whose quick hands switched in and out the wires that connected voices with each other. What strange connections their hands made, too. Tragedy, comedy, romance. All of those had come over his wire.

Again his eyelids flickered.

"Who shot you, Mr. Valeska?"

Tony Valeska smiled, that smile that had made him one of the greatest poker players of all time. Nobody knew what it meant. He might have nothing. He might have a full house. Oh, he'd had that shot coming to him. There was such a thing as retribution.

The nurse arranged a pillow. Curious how she knew that was just what he wanted. He felt almost peaceful. Perhaps it was because of what the doctor had given him, a prick in the arm with a long slim needle. He had seen the light glance off of it in the doctor's hands. And then had come peace.

"Who shot you, Mr. Valeska? You might as well tell me."

Again he smiled. He could write a book about the reason he had been shot. It wasn't just a simple act of desperation because a certain man had lost three hundred thousand dollars. What was three hundred thousand dollars in a game like this night's had been? No, his death was tied up with a hundred other things, fixed races, building rackets, bootlegging—all sorts of things.

Men in high places were mixed up in it, too. He smiled. How little the office of a man protected him from temptation. How human everyone was. Next to a priest, perhaps, only Tony Valeska knew how human men were. He felt a great pity for the world at once. That was strange too, for him, Tony Valeska—who had felt so little pity for anyone in his life before.

"Who shot you, Mr. Valeska?"

WHAT a persistent fellow that police sergeant was. He might get a lieutenantship if this confession could be wrung from death. How interested he'd be too, if he only knew. How interested the whole city would be. Well, it was too bad. They'd have to search elsewhere for the name of the murderer.

The telephone bell rang and the nurse, with a quick hand, muffled the sound.

"Who shot you, Mr. Valeska?"

Poor young fellow, that sergeant. Why didn't he go home? He looked like a decent chap. . . . Yes, there was decency still in the world. And beauty. He thought of his own city. He had been born in the slums, of course. But even in the slums there had been beauty. He had liked the sunlight as it filtered onto the pavements through the iron trestles of the elevated. He liked the slanting searchlights at night, like giant pinwheels against the sky. . . . He thought of that girl's voice: "It's six o'clock, Mr. Valeska." "It's nine o'clock." "It's twelve-thirty." No matter what moment he left the call for, she had never failed him. A hundred times the jangling of that bell had broken into his sleep. For a second he had loathed it. And then he had lifted off the receiver.

True, he had never seen her. She might be young or old, pretty or plain. It didn't matter. But her voice for one moment reconciled him to existence. Tony Valeska was no poet, except as every great man is a poet. But her voice was to him spring and dawn and sunlight on water. It was the cherry trees that come out first in Central Park, and the sapphire blue of evening sky above the Plaza square. It was the close-cropped turf of a race track. It was the beautiful clean running of horses. Yes, he liked horses. They were beautiful in action. Oh, he'd fixed races enough. He'd arranged it so that good horses lost and poorer ones won. But that wasn't the horses' fault.

"Who shot you, Mr. Valeska?"

He was sorry he was going to miss that race tomorrow. He'd fixed it of course. "Vanderbilt 2500" was going to win and he wasn't half the horse that Lucy Dale was, or Black Maria. Funny name for a horse. No, he'd never see another race. He'd never see the close-cropped turf or the sun glinting off the backs of smooth-brushed animals.

"Who shot you, Mr. Valeska?"

He'd never hear that girl's voice again either. "Six o'clock, Mr. Valeska." He was feeling weaker now. It couldn't be far off. The young sergeant could go home soon.

And then all at once he thought of something. What a fool he had been not to think of it sooner, while he was still sure of his voice. Perhaps he couldn't speak at all now. And still if a man wanted anything badly enough he knew there was a magical reserve of strength in him somewhere that got the thing for him.

"I want to telephone," he said. Oh, yes, they had heard him. There was a moment's consultation. The doctor, he could see, was against it. But the young sergeant was anxious to have him. He might let something out.

The nurse propped the receiver against his ear and held the mouthpiece to his lips. He must be very careful. He didn't want the girl mixed up in any of this. And yet he had to do something for her before he died. Perhaps she wouldn't be on duty now. Still, he had had a lot of luck. Even that pistol shot perhaps had been lucky.

The nurse snapped up the receiver hook.

"Number, please?"

It was her voice. No, its reassurance hadn't been only a delusion of delirium.

"Listen carefully," he said. He felt quite strong at once.

"Number, please?"

He paused. He must be careful what he said, the line to his room was probably tapped. He mustn't connect her in any way with him, and yet he must get his message to her. Surely she hadn't been a telephone operator in a hotel frequented by racing men all these years without learning something about tips on horses.

"Listen. Get Vanderbilt 2500. Understand?" He stopped. "If you can't get it now, tomorrow morning as soon as possible. Understand?"

There was a moment. "Yes, sir. Vanderbilt 2500."

HE SMILED. "Right number." That was all. She had understood.

The nurse at last took the telephone away from his lips.

"He didn't spill anything after all," said the sergeant. "Wonder who he wanted?"

"He's delirious," snapped the doctor. He was angry to have his patient disturbed.

The young police sergeant bent over him, the old question in his eyes. But Tony Valeska couldn't have answered now if he'd wanted to. He only smiled.

"Who killed you?" the sergeant whispered.

This time Tony Valeska didn't hear him. But the curious thing was that the smile remained on his lips.

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Pony Boy

There's one living link with the Old West left—Billy Campbell, star rider of the Pony Express. Here he tells you his story, and in it you will find the flash and color, the romance and glamour of the buffalo-hunting, Indian-fighting days when the crack mail went through on schedule come hell or high water

By W. B. Courtney

Drawings by Paul Brown

A BOY and a horse raced down the valley of the Platte River under a gaunt moon; they were the only living things abroad in a pallid wilderness that, for its spaciousness and silence, might have been a landscape in a dead world. The rider's lean body was leveled over the pommel, and he was talking to the horse. It did not matter that the wind bolted the words back into his mouth. The prairies on such a night could be mighty lonely for a boy in his teens, and it was good enough to be able to go through the motions of talking to someone, something.

The boy was urging the horse to consider that he, Billy Campbell, on the last leg of his run, was behind time with the United States mail, due to bad conditions earlier in the night; that he now stood a fair chance of making up that lost time; but that there must be no further slip or delay if he were to reach his terminal station and turn the pouch over to the next racer of the Overland Pony Express on time. It was a long story the boy shouted, and he made it longer in the telling, for those were long miles. And whether it was due to the lad's urgings, to the nip of the wintry wind on his ears, or to his instinct for food in the station ahead, the horse let out for all he was worth.

But suddenly the outstretched neck snapped up, and the gallop cracked into an uncertain trot. The boy, peering, saw shadows across the trail ahead. In this wide land there were few things to throw shadows; clumps of cottonwood or willows in the bottoms, a lone ash or pine on the slopes. There wasn't one in his hundred-mile run that the boy didn't know. Indians? Well, he reckoned not; the horse wouldn't shy at them, and Indians were nothing to fear—just now. While the boy struggled to keep his horse on its course the shadows resolved into twelve hulks sinisterly ranging into a wide barrier. There was a darker shade behind them, motionless, jagged ribbons tying it to the thin snow.

Outrunning a Wolf Pack

The boy caught a glint of moonlight in red eyes. Wolves! Wolves around a fresh kill; that darker shadow, he now saw, was a horse they had driven off from the near-by station; the ribbons were its blood.

The boy saw that these were buffalo wolves; thick-shouldered fellows, as large as Newfoundland dogs, that followed herds and feasted on weak and infirm stragglers and on the stripped carcasses left by Indian hunters. Ordinarily a pack would give way to a human who faced it and remained erect; but these beasts were drunk with the courage of their kill. They bared their fangs and advanced. The boy's horse reared and threshed in a panic from the smell of blood and the tart breath of the killers.

The boy shouted and waved at the wolves, then drew his brass horn and blew it, but they were not to be frightened off. He was not adequately armed; a revolver had its uses but fighting wolves was not one of them. Besides, hunting en route was not allowed for in the schedule of the Pony Express, and the boy reckoned this would be considered hunting. The wolves had delayed him enough already. Getting the mail through to the next station was his only business just now.

He worked the horse under the control of his strong, sure hands and headed it at a tangent from the trail. The wolves silently raced in a flung-out file to cut him off. But the horse, given his head and spurred by terror, outflanked them. The boy began to guide the horse back to the trail. The prairie was filled with gopher holes here and at any moment the horse might thrust a foreleg into one. The boy could picture the result; he would be thrown clear and far, there would be a whirlpool of great bodies, he would never get up.

They gained the trail, and the station loomed in the light. The wolves reluctantly slackened and drew off. The boy shook his fist after them as he left them behind. "I'll get even with you," he vowed. "I'll get even with you for the scare you gave me and for delaying the mail."

Then he was sliding from his steaming horse, making no excuses for his tardiness, passing over the sarcastic quips of the station keeper and the relay boy rider, keeping his counsel after the manner of men who do the lonely work of the world—and planning. He wasn't due out again for several days. Meantime—first he ate, then he slept, and, bright and early the next morning, he went to work.

The station keeper was mystified by the boy's activity, but on the prairies this lad had a reputation for integrity and common sense that quite matched his fame as a horseman. So when he rummaged a bottle of strychnine out of the station stores, begged permission to kill a food ox, and said something about wolves, the station keeper shrugged and waited.

Avenging the Delay

While the ox was still warm the boy poured the strychnine into its vitals, so that its blood stream carried the poison to all parts of its carcass. Then he skinned it. A brief exposure to the sub-zero weather, and the grisly body was frozen solid; now the strychnine would be tasteless and odorless. The boy hitched his lariat to the ox, mounted his horse, dragged the bait a mile or so from the station, and left it.

A week later, when he had finished his next round trip, he visited the scene. There were twelve dead buffalo wolves scattered around, as pretty as you please. The boy ran his fingers into their wool; it was heavy and soft, the full winter coat, six inches long.

(*Continued on page 34*)

Wide World

William Campbell, 89, sole survivor of the daredevil riders of the Pony Express

The flashing passage of the express was part of the thrill attending a stagecoach journey

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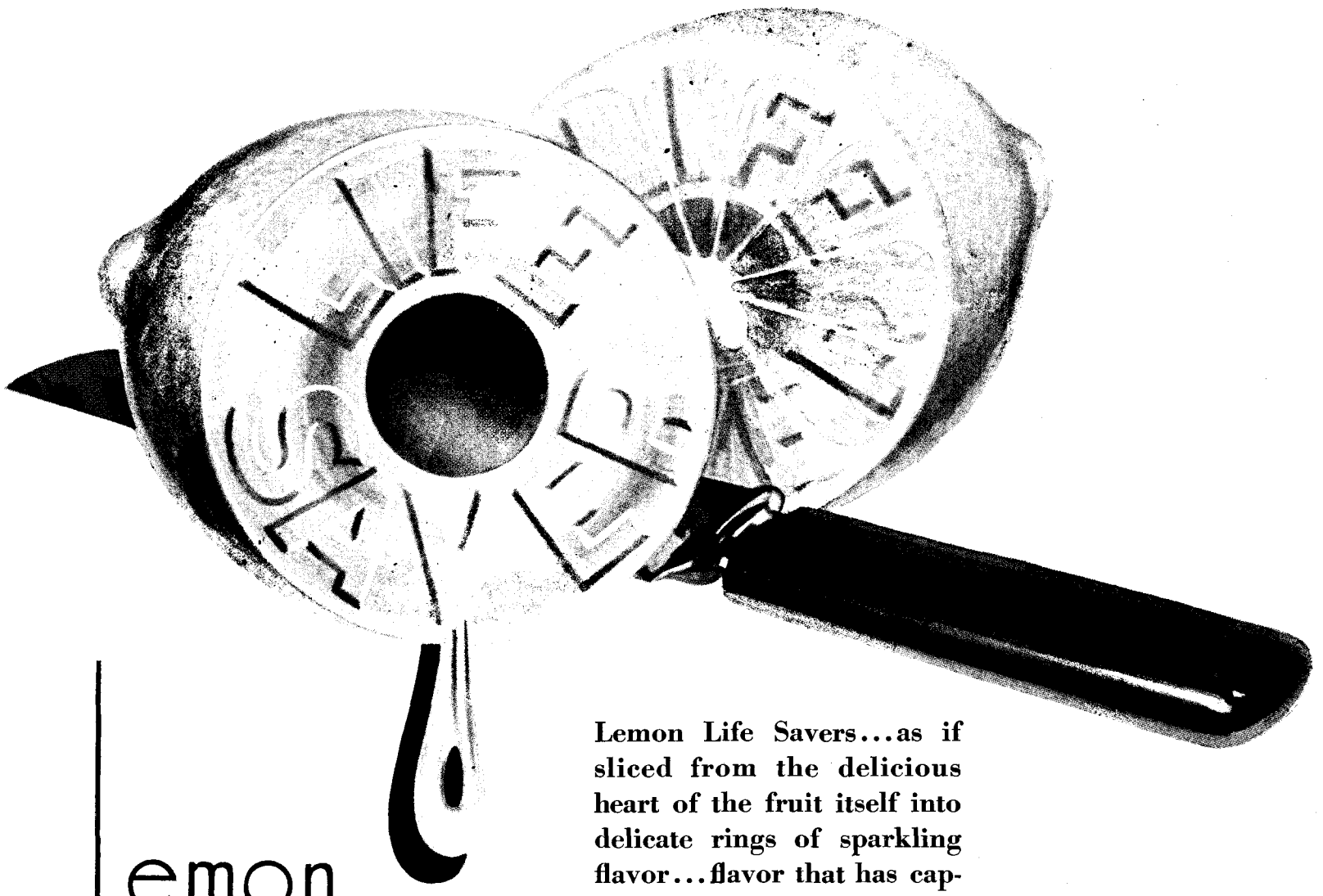

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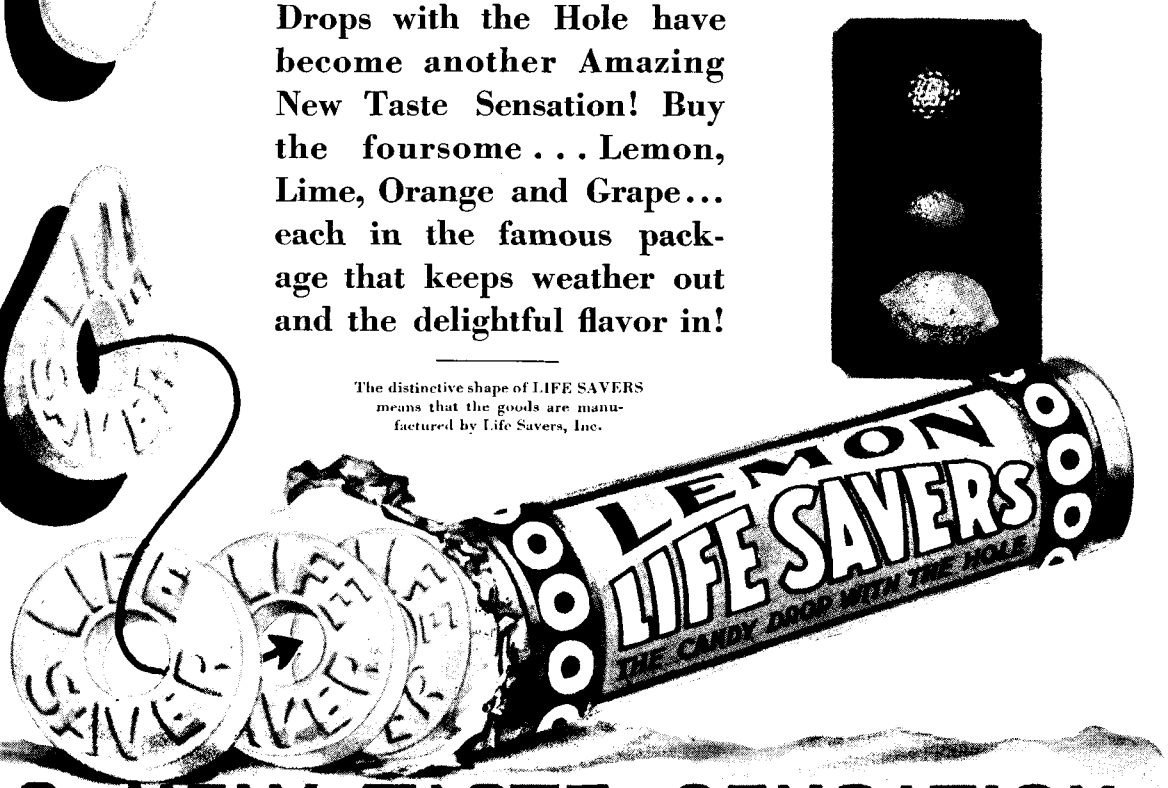

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NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

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A Touch of Romance

The story of a hero who wouldn't be beaten, no matter how badly he was licked

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by Harry Townsend

The voice came out to us in the chill twilight with a golden, mournful clarity

Perley opened his eyes and looked up at me. "How a' ye," he murmured. Then a sudden fear showed in his eyes. "Gimme my pants!" he said

ONE evening in the late fall I started out to drive to Portsmouth to the movies. Portsmouth is twenty miles from the Maine village where I have my summer home. I had been busy all day closing the house, rolling up rugs, covering furniture, sprinkling camphor and cedar over everything. It was a prosaic business, and I felt I needed a touch of romance.

So I got in my car and headed south along the new state road that has brought modern prosperity, and other hideous things, to Maine. I hadn't gone far before I saw a man walking along the edge of the road; a thin, slouching figure in khaki trousers and an old sweater, with a curiously jaunty cap on his head.

He glanced back over his shoulder, saw me, and jerked his thumb forward with that familiar gesture of the hitchhiker known to all motorists. I stopped at once. I had already recognized him.

"Hello, Perley," I said. "Where you going?"

"Goin' to Portsmouth," said Perley Ball.

"So am I. Get in."

He climbed into the car beside me. "How a' ye?" he said, acknowledging in the clipped native phrase the fact that we were friends. He was indeed a neighbor of mine. He lived across the meadow at the foot of my hill, in a house that squatted, at an odd angle, on foundation stones laid in seventeen hundred and something. He was about thirty years old. He was married and had three children. His wife wasn't strong. He supported his family by doing odd jobs about the village; jobs that it was difficult to get other men to do, such as cleaning out clogged cesspools. He was not a stout man, but he was tough and wiry, and had a kind of boyish inner recklessness that led him to tackle anything.

Some of the more respectable villagers considered him a godless fellow (he had been in the navy) and shiftless beyond hope. But I had heard him, mornings when the birds woke me, chopping wood for his wife's fire, splitting up dead branches and old stumps that he had walked the Lord knows how far to lug into his back yard. Why pay for wood when nature is bountiful?

Sometimes he got drunk and quarreled with his wife. Then he would take to the woods and be gone for maybe two or three days. On one such occasion he came back with a great bunch of Mayflowers for her. Another time he walked five miles to a spot in the pine forest where he knew he would find a certain herb, a tiny root called "gold thread," which has beneficial medicinal properties. His wife was ailing, and he couldn't afford a doctor.

HE HAD no money, and apparently needed none. I often envied him.

"Were you planning to walk to Portsmouth?" I asked him, as we drove along through the early-lowering twilight.

"I cal'lated I'd catch a ride."

"Going sporting, Perley?"

"No. I'm goin' to fight a feller over there tonight."

"Fight?"

"Ey-ah. There's to be some bouts over to the Athletic Club, and I'm fightin' in one of the preliminaries. Feller named Hawkins. Big cutter. I've seen him. He's been fightin' for three years."

I was surprised at my neighbor's unexpected pugilistic propensities.

"Didn't know you were a boxer, Perley."

"I ain't. But I been in plenty of scraps in my time. I can hit hard, I'm tough, and my wind's pretty good. I run a mile and a half this mornin' to see how 'twas."

"And it's all right?"

"Sure. Gimme a cigarette, will ye?"

"Better not smoke before the fight."

"Oh, 'twon't make no odds. I ain't scared of that big bruiser."

I pulled out a package of cigarettes and we lighted up.

"Are you going to be a professional fighter, Perley?"

"No," said Perley.

"Then why are you fighting tonight?"

He gave me a quick glance, a shy, crooked grin.

"Tell ye," he said. "The feller that's puttin' on these bouts, he promised me twenty-five dollars to fight Hawkins. That's why I'm doin' it. For twenty-five dollars. I git the cash before I go into the ring."

I was more surprised than ever. The idea that Perley Ball needed money, or desired it, was mildly astonishing. I was curious to know what had put this materialistic ambition into his mind.

"Well," I said, "it seems to me you're taking a good deal of risk for the money. If this man Hawkins is an experienced boxer, you may get hurt."

"I can take it," said Perley. "I been in plenty of scraps. I can take it."

"He may cut you to pieces," I said to him.

Again Perley looked at me, sideways, with that crooked grin of his.

"I got to have twenty-five dollars," he said.

I wanted to ask him what for; but I didn't. Somehow I felt that such a question would have been an intrusion, a prying into some secret he did not wish to reveal.

"How's your wife, Perley?" I asked.

"She ain't been so smart lately. Seems like she sort o' dreads the winter comin' on. Said the other day to me, said: 'I ain't got no courage to face the winter, Perley.' And then, the kids bother her."

"I'll bet she's worrying about you tonight."

"She don't know nothin' 'bout this," he said quickly.

By the time we reached Portsmouth I had decided to give up the movies, whose net yield of romance is always doubtful, and go to see Perley Ball fight the professional Hawkins. We drove to the Athletic Club; I said good-by to my neighbor at the door, wished him luck, and went in and bought a seat. I was fortunate enough to be able to get one at the ringside.

THERE were three preliminaries of six rounds each. Perley's was the third of these bouts. His opponent, judging from the remarks of the local fight fans around me, was a favorite with the crowd. I heard a pimply-faced youth observe loudly that Hawkins would murder "that hick from Maine."

The first two bouts dragged to their uneventful conclusions. They were "waltzes." The crowd booed, and when Hawkins entered the ring there were cries for action. Hawkins, a husky, well-conditioned youth with a flattened nose and the unmistakable symptoms of a cauliflower ear, clasped his hands and

(*Continued on page 56*)

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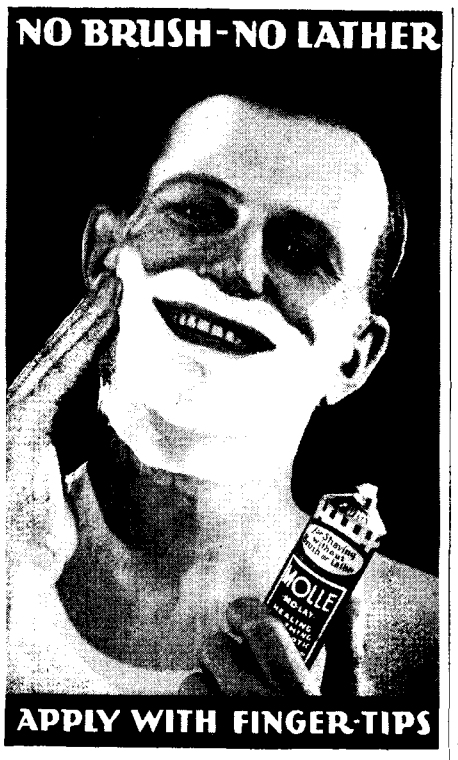

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THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Speaking of Women

Continued from page 15

he had maintained ever since returning, then, meant first of all a determination not to be balked by friendly meddling: his assiduity with the telephone that his agents were scouring the city for clues to the whereabouts of poor M. Macready—"poor" in Zoë's rating, more than reprehensible, because she, knowing what she knew, must see him a victim no less than Julien.

The dinner which she wheedled Julien into consenting to share with her was largely a failure. She had scarcely any appetite, Julien none whatever, their attempts at impersonal conversation were pathetic, the meal towards its end passed off with none, and Julien, as soon as he could, excused himself to return to his study and take up again his deadly plodding round its walls. Left with the bleak consolation of knowing that he was too far lost in his own misery to have even an inkling of hers, Zoë settled to wear the evening out alone in the library, which had hastily been made habitable by her order. But she could not read, heartache raised up a wall between her intelligence and the meaning of the print her eyes pored on, and presently catching herself in an involuntary turn toward the telephone.

AT THIS, as though the spirit moved it to chime confirmation of her thought, the thing gave a tinkle, or rather the beginning of a tinkle, and she was both stabbed by the sound and thrown in an involuntary start toward its source; but, realizing that it had been caused by use of the extension in Julien's study, Zoë was able to refrain from eavesdropping. Only in the event of an incoming call, when life and death might easily hang on the issue, if it happened to be one of Julien's agents calling to tell him where he could find M. Macready, alone or with Mme. Lanchester, Zoë meant to be less scrupulous.

But for long after that the telephone was mute.

Toward eleven a curt thrill of the doorbell lifted the girl to her feet in a bound. The footman had yet to answer it when, from the landing that looked down on the entrance hall, she descried, stenciled on the glass by the light of the street, a silhouette that caused her heart to miss a beat, then race. She descended the rest of the way slowly, notwithstanding, to greet M. de Freycinet, when the door duly was opened to him.

"I had supposed, of course, mademoiselle," he stumbled in an astonishment which continued to embarrass him for some time after he had formally saluted a hand which Zoë couldn't very well have denied him, in the presence of the servant, if she had wished to—"I had supposed you were still at Quézac. Otherwise I—"

"You would have come to see me earlier, of course," the girl, smiling, helped him out. "As it is, you called to see Monsieur le Comte—"

"But only for a word with him, on an urgent matter." M. de Freycinet with hesitation let the footman take his topcoat and hat. "Provided, that is, Monsieur le Comte hasn't gone to bed yet."

"I am sure he hasn't. Never mind, Charles," Zoë called to the servant, "I will inform Monsieur le Comte myself."

She led up the stairs with a lightness of action that told a whole lie: all else aside, she was inexpressibly disturbed by the rather rigid gravity of the young man's countenance and even more by the circumstance that he had come in full evening dress to see her father, a costume which she understood was *de rigueur* for everybody, seconds as well as principals, involved in an affair of honor.

"What is it?" she demanded in open agitation as M. de Freycinet followed into the library. "What do you want to see Julien about at this hour, what that can't wait till morning?"

"I have, I know," the young man protested, "lost all right to ask favors of you, mademoiselle; yet I have no choice but to beg you to excuse me for the present from answering that question."

SHE met this with a flat insistent "Why?"

"It is a matter between Monsieur le Comte and myself—"

"A matter in which I am to understand I am not concerned?"

"At least you are not concerned directly."

"If at all, have I no right to know about it?"

"Permit me to beg you again, most humbly, to be generous."

"A matter of a duel, perhaps?"

"A duel?" M. de Freycinet was painfully startled. "Why should you assume that?"

"If it concerns me but only indirectly, then it is certainly not any question related to our betrothal—"

"Ah! but that—"

"Is binding, I think, till formally dissolved. I have yet to release you from it, Robert—I have said nothing to Julien. He still believes, I am sure, it was poor M. Macready—"

"All the more reason," M. de Freycinet insisted, "why he should be set right before it's too late."

"And you are come to tell Julien the truth, monsieur?"

"As I see it, I have no choice in honor."

"To accuse yourself—!"

"Would you have me stand by and see another man pay for my fault?"

"Your fault! Oh, Robert!"—the girl with a little catch of laughter fell back to rest against the back of a chair and cover the poor young man with frank amusement—"how naïve!"

He repeated, nonplussed: "'Naïve'?"

"Are you seriously trying to make me believe you were the pursuer and not the pursued in that ghastly affair, Robert?" She wagged over his case a mirthful head. "Don't you suppose I know stupidity, the crass stupidity of the flattered male, was almost your only contribution to it? Do you really so underrate me as to imagine I blame you because a wretch of a woman fastened her easy affections on you? But I would as readily blame Julien for letting her make a fool of him! Though Julien, it's true, had more excuse than you, monsieur: Julien wasn't merely blinded by her beauty, Julien had the failing of his time of life, the hunger men of his age have for the youth they have lost and can never find again but in the love of young and pretty women, to make him imagine a vain thing. Poor Julien! He is heartbroken tonight because he still thinks of himself as a wronged man, one who has suffered a great loss; but he will be ill with mortification when he finds out the truth, that his great loss was nothing in the world, really, but a great escape. . . . But why do you stare, monsieur?" Zoë broke off to feign a look of wonder. "Are you, likewise, so infatuated with the tradition of the young girl that you think it shocking of me to admit I'm less than a complete simpleton?"

He said in a mutter: "I don't know what to think. You cover me with confusion—shame!"—and she with another laugh, but without malice, let a light, kind hand fall upon his arm.

"Poor dear! don't be a stupid, credit me with a little insight and understanding, some little share in the spirit of our day. I don't pretend I wasn't hurt when I caught you kissing the creature—I had so hoped you would be prudent and never let her corner you. I don't say, either, I forgive you altogether or ever will; but it was only your infidelity to your own self that was unforgivable. Still, she was too lovely, I know, and too determined; and even if you knew, as I'm sure you did in your heart, she was worthless, I can't blame you for losing sight of that when she threw herself into your arms and told you she was mad about you. If I had been the man she was after, I know I would have done just as you did, even if I had been promised as you were, monsieur, and in love with my fiancée as you, monsieur, were not."

"I cannot look at you," the young man groaned, hanging his head. "You are so wise and fine and true, I can't help but feel I am the meanest thing that crawls. You see so clearly, I can keep nothing from you. But one thing, I think, even you don't understand, don't know. It's true I wasn't in love with you, Zoë, that night—or it is rather true that I didn't know whether I was or not, I hadn't the wit to know my own heart—"

"But now," she softly prompted—"you know it now, don't you, Robert?"

"Now I know it, if it's not too late . . ."

"What have I said to make you think it is? Tell me, my dear, and I'll unsay it."

He lifted incredulous but eager eyes. She gave a sharp laugh that broke upon a sob and went all breathless to his lips.

THE telephone threw her heart a strident challenge, and after an instant of panic she broke from his arms and flung herself upon the instrument, to catch the receiver to an ear, then in abrupt pallor clap a hand over the mouthpiece lest it carry the sound of her breathing. Something like terror formed in her gaze, but when M. de Freycinet went to her with a question she silenced it and stopped him with one imperative gesture. An instant later she replaced the telephone upon its stand and entreated the young man with hands whose agitation matched that of her countenance.

"That was Mme. Macready," she told him—"calling from the Ritz. She asked Julien to meet her and M. Tattersall in twenty minutes at a place on Montmartre called the Café Monico. Do you know it?"

M. de Freycinet made a small grimace and deprecated: "But distantly."

"What is it like?"

"Oh—Americans and English who resort to it find there what they seek in Paris."

"Could you take me there?"

"Impossible."

"But you must. Nothing will stop Julien, of course—"

"He agreed, then?"

"She told him that she begged it as a favor in the name of their old friendship, in the name of his old friendship for M. Macready, said she quite knew what he was thinking of Tim and wanted to show him that he was mistaken. He said he would come immediately. Robert"—she pinned his arms with imploring hands—"we can't let

(*Continued on page 32*)

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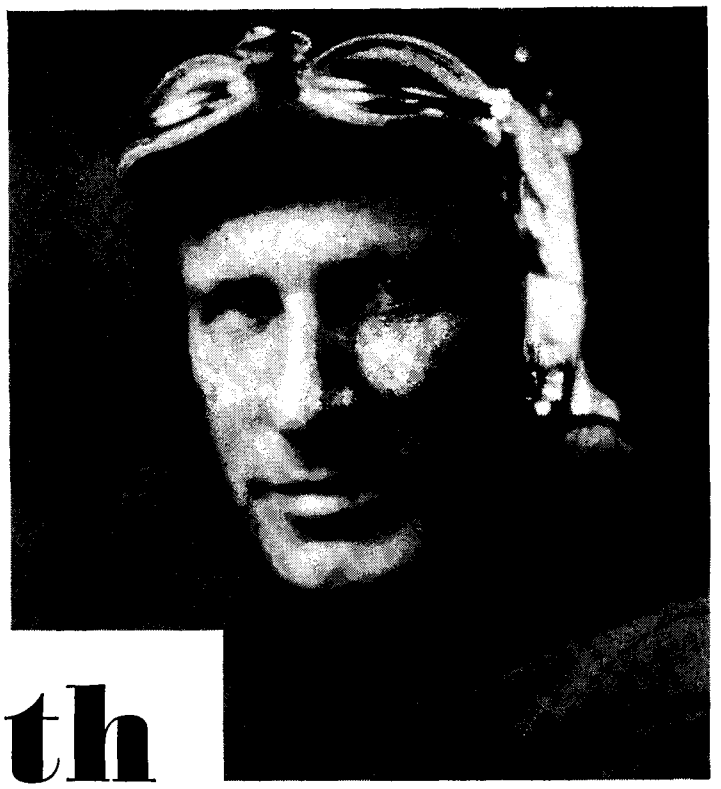

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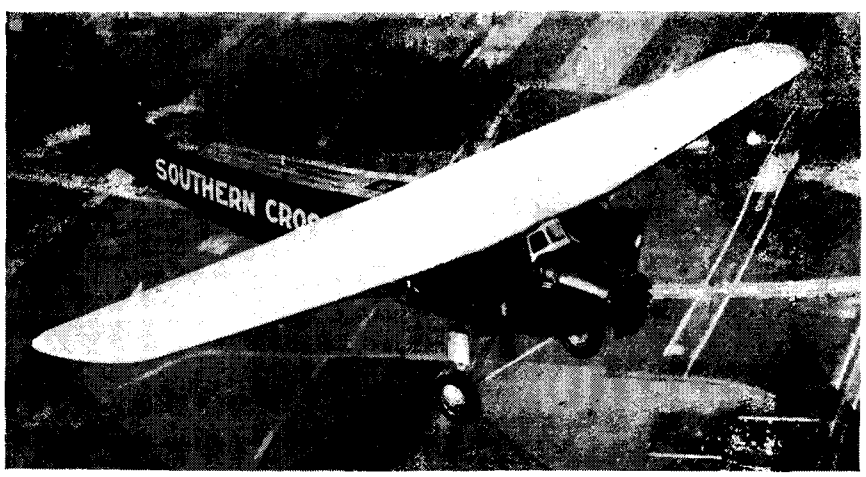

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Speaking of Women

Continued from page 28

Julien go alone. If it should turn out that Mme. Lanchester is there with M. Macready—oh! but you know Julien's temper, he won't know what he's doing, I am afraid to think what may happen. But if I am with him—"

"Julien would never permit you to go with him to such a place."

"Then we must follow. Go down to the door"—Zoë urged her fiancé out to the landing—"wait for Julien, detain him while I find myself a wrap—"

"Can't you trust me to go with him and see he does nothing—unwise—?"

"He wouldn't listen to you. You know that. But when he finds I have followed, he will control himself out of consideration for me. Oh, hurry! Please!"

"Perhaps you are right," the young man doubtfully assented.

He went swiftly down to the hall.

Julien passed her on the stairs with a face in her sight terrible. If he saw her he gave no sign of recognition. She spoke to him, she caught at his sleeve, but he brushed past without pause, without a word. She ran on to her room, snatched up the first wrap she found, and had regained the head of the stairwell when she heard the front door crash. Nevertheless she ran down.

In the lower hall nobody waited but the footman.

"Monsieur le Comte—?"

"He has just gone out, mademoiselle," the man replied, giving her, she imagined, a strange look—"with Monsieur de Freycinet."

"Then get me a taxicab at once, if you please."

The footman, planted squarely before the door, didn't move.

"Mademoiselle will forgive me, I hope. But I am instructed not to permit her to leave the house until Monsieur le Comte returns."

"You are instructed—!"

"By M. de Freycinet, mademoiselle."

"He has no right. . . . Be good enough to let me pass."

"I am sorry, mademoiselle; I am promised a place for life with M. de Freycinet if mademoiselle dismisses me tomorrow for disobedience."

Ending an instant of angry hesitation, she rounded from the fellow and reascended the stairs.

IT MIGHT have been an hour later, it might have been two, when the noise of a motor in the street ceasing in front of the house, took her back in a tremble to the landing.

M. de Freycinet, following M. de Versennes, made her a sign of encouragement; she was none the less racked by solicitude as she watched Julien take the stairs as an old man might, his head still high but his feet dragging and his features stamped with a look they would never, she knew, lose—a look of graying age which they had never worn before that night. He was for all that more like his old self than he had been at any time since Quézac; and pausing only to wind an arm around his daughter's shoulders and lightly touch his lips to her cheek, he drew her back into the library, with a beck of his head to M. de Freycinet.

Even then he seemed able only to fumble for words until the girl, resting a hand upon his chest, cried to him from her heart: "My father!"

"My dear," M. de Versennes wearily replied: "have no more care for me. It is over. I who was mad am of a whole mind once more—sane but"—his lips were twisted by a wraith of his old humor—"very sore. I have been a great fool, and it will be long before I can live that down, a long time before I can feel like facing Paris again. I am leaving in the morning; I don't know yet where I will go, but only that I shall travel for at least a year. And because I am old and selfish and need happiness, I must borrow a little from you, if you love me enough to lend me a little of all that is to be yours."

He lifted a hand, but with an effort, and let it fall on the shoulder of M. de Freycinet.

"It is Robert's suggestion," he pursued—"what I have to ask of you, my little Zoë—so I have a hope you may be disposed to humor me. It will mean some self-sacrifice on your part, the renunciation of a gay wedding; but you love each other and . . . It will help me to win back a little of the sweetness of life if you will consent to be married at once and privately and come with me on my wanderings. Will you, my daughter?"

After a moment Zoë lifted her face to her father's and gave a hand and adoring eyes to M. de Freycinet.

"How could I refuse either of you anything, when I know how well you love me, both of you?"

SHE who had been the lovely Mrs. Lanchester was as little lovely as she was Mrs. Lanchester at eleven of that rainy morning. The hand-mirror which she consulted from time to time as she sat in bed, propped up by many pillows and drinking copiously of unsugared black coffee, had never an encouraging report to render.

She petulantly tossed the glass aside and, when it slid on a silken quilt to go to the floor with a thump, gave a violent start and knotted her brows over the wickedest throbs of headache she had experienced yet. These presently subsided into a growl between her temples, painful enough but no longer so cruel as to preclude a sluggish stir of thought.

"My God!" she groaned, "what a night!"

The bar at the Crillon: Tim Macready being comic about his drunken drive up from Toulon. The bar at Maxim's. The bar somewhere else. Dinner in a private room at Larue's: half a dozen of the old New York gang that had known Lona Schell before she had taken her fling as a widow—and Tim hitting the high spots. More bars. A wild dance with Tim on the floor of the Moulin Rouge. A fragment of an indecently funny act in some theater. Still more bars, and then the big number of the night: making whoopee in some cabaret or night club, some noisy hole she couldn't recall the name of, drinking champagne out of great glass goblets like soap bubbles the size of a person's head, the band playing what it fondly imagined to be jazz, everything going great until . . .

With a weird effect of standing to one side and watching another woman, she dwelt upon a picture of herself sprawling half across a café table, one of those great wine-glasses in one hand, the other brandishing a foot-long cigarette holder which she had appropriated somewhere, while she lifted eyes afire with scorn to the figure of M. le Comte de Versennes, at pause beyond the table with Tess Macready and Rollo Tattersall and Robert—yes, Robert!—and told him where he got off in the raciest idiom of the night clubs that cluster round Longacre Square, told him just what his number was in terms that grew more sulphurous every instant, thanks to titters of applause, until the scene was brought to its conclusion in a sharp turn of comedy, when Tess Macready, out of patience at last, angrily thrust in between two tables, lifted Tim from his seat by an ear—yes, actually, by an ear—and marched him off while the whole café roared and . . . things began to fade . . . the lights grew dim and hotter, the racket louder and less coherent, the music madder, the smoke of cigarettes and the taste of liquor more pungent . . .

Well! but you couldn't blame a person for kicking off all the brakes after a scene like that.

She would be a long time forgetting the icy contempt of Julien's eyes, the weary scorn of Robert's.

Not that it mattered. All that was finished. Out of her life forever—"Thank God!"

Now maybe she could see Europe as herself—"Lona Schell in Person"—and maybe like it.

Have a shot at it, anyhow, and see how it went, as long as her money lasted. She wondered how it was lasting, and with some reluctance swung up on the edge of the bed, found her slippers, unlocked the little steel safe built into a wardrobe trunk which held her secrets, sorted out her letter of credit, took it to one of the windows in her sitting-room, and managed some feats in mental arithmetic which didn't help her headache at all and left her heart like a lump of putty.

Where had it all gone to? She hadn't bothered to keep track of her spendings, she had felt so rich when she left New York, with all Carl Lander had given her, to say nothing of her jewels, it had never entered her head that anybody could possibly in a few short weeks run through all that coin.

Oh! but she had pulled a flop, all right, a classic boner; she who only yesterday had been right in line to marry one of the biggest fortunes in France, tomorrow at latest would be reduced to hocking her diamonds. Anyway, some of them. Unless, of course, something turned up.

There was Fuenterrabia for one sure bet, and . . . never mind the other.

Fuenterrabia, Madrid in the spring, a new deal, new faces all round—it wouldn't be so bad. Nothing much in it, beyond a good time, perhaps; but a good time was what she needed, and Fuenterrabia was a gentleman and generous even if he wasn't another Phillips Canning.

AT THE end of some moments she got up and prowled back to her bed and took up the copy of the Paris edition of the New York Herald which had come up with her coffee. Its date line said today was Friday. And Saturday, of course, was the big day for homeward-bound sailings.

She was taken with a sharp twinge of nostalgia.

There was a coin on the floor at her feet, one of several which had spilled out of her handbag while she had been undressing. She stopped and picked it up, pensively weighed it in her palm, balanced it on her thumbnail, and sent it spinning to the ceiling. As it fell, she bent over it, announced to herself with an accent of peculiar satisfaction: "Heads—Fuenterrabia!" and turning crossed directly to the telephone.

One minute later she was fluting seductively to the wire: "Is that you, Mr. Canning? Lona speaking—Lona Schell—you know, the late Mrs. Lanchester."

THE END

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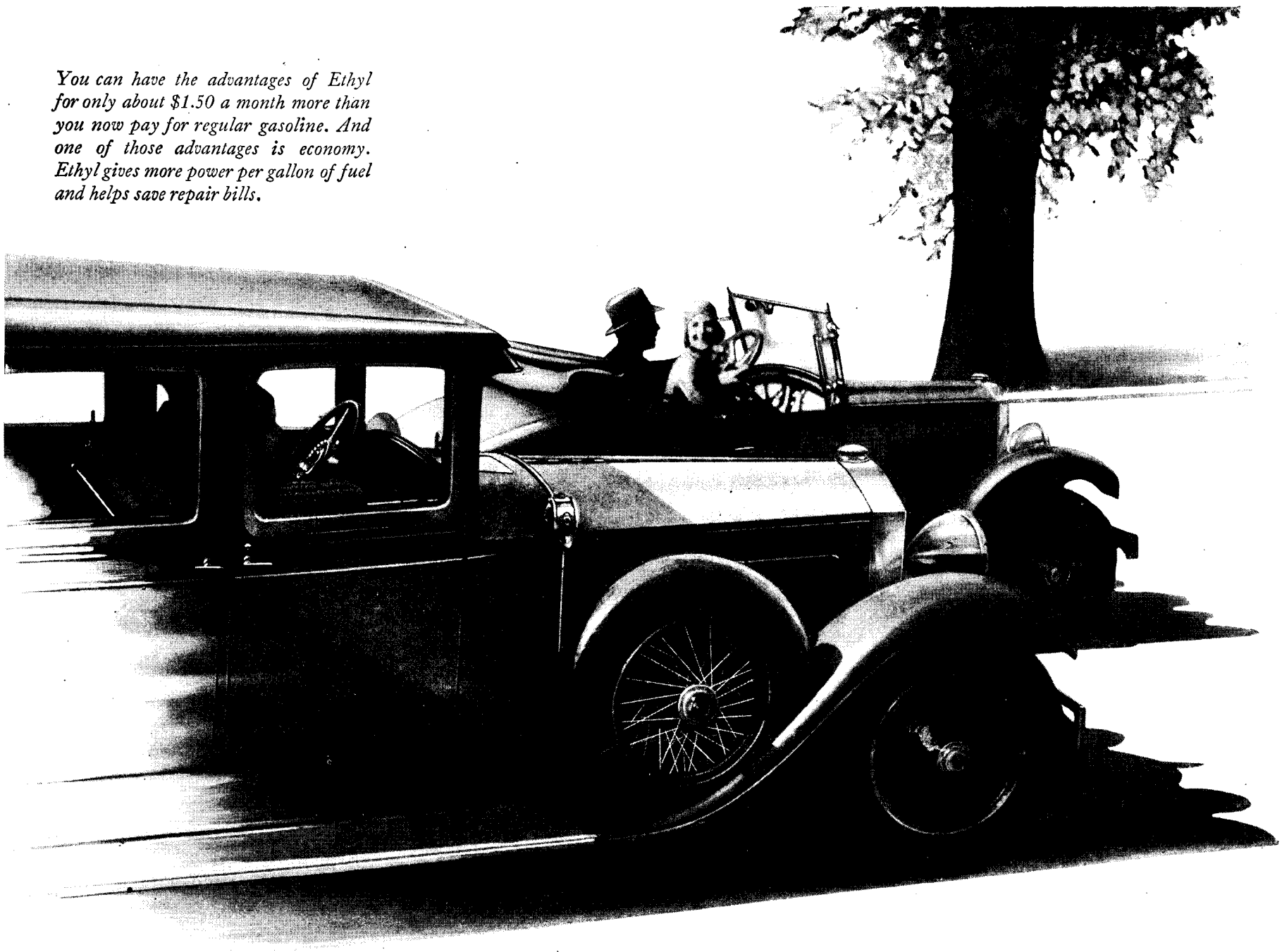

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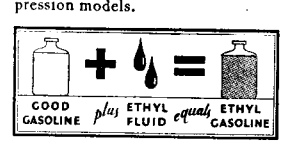

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Why don't you write?

Pony Boy

Continued from page 24

On the spot he drew his knife and went to work. It was hard work, too, for a growing boy on the shelterless prairies where the wind had a bite sharper than the knife he wielded. Two of the wolves were old fellows with white coats—beauties; their ears were chewed by many a battle until nothing but strings and stumps remained.

At dusk a tired boy rode into the station with a dozen wolf skins heaped across his cantle. Next morning he continued his work. Squaws from the nearest Sioux tepees showed him how to dress and preserve the skins after the manner of their ancient art. At first he had a mind to leave the heads and brushes on—so magnificent they were—but he couldn't square the skins thus, so he cut off all but the two most fearsome heads, and from the remaining skins he lopped all but the two bushiest tails. Then he sewed the skins up into two robes, six wolves and a head and a tail to each. Finally he lined each robe with red blankets that he got from the squaws—soft, beautiful, handwoven things.

"And that is how I got even with the wolves," Billy Campbell will be glad to explain to you, gleefully. "Got even with the wolves and got fifty dollars to boot for the robes. Don't laugh at fifty dollars for that much trouble and work. That was a lot of money in those days. I considered I had a very profitable revenge upon the rascals for scaring me and delaying the mail."

All that tight little drama of adventure and vengeance happened three score and ten years ago—Billy Campbell's close to ninety, but as hearty and handsome and alert as any middle-aged banker you ever saw on a golf course. And there you have an index to the life and character of William Campbell, Esquire, former state senator of Nebraska and—most fondly remembered—star rider of the Pony Express.

A Farm Lad Wanders

The Pony Express is a long-closed chapter of American history, and all those who shared its pages with Billy Campbell have been honored dust these many years. Yet their adventures and his are as green in his interest as the orchards he looks out upon growing around his California home.

He is so keen, so sturdy, so removed from the feebleness one reasonably expects of a man who has his roots in history so long written that even the volumes are faded, that it is difficult to look upon this tall, spare man and realize that he is the country's last authentic link with the most glamorous days of pathfinding. He is the sole survivor of the original band of daredevils who rode in the greatest and most prolonged horse race in the history of the world—the Pony Express.

"It's curious," he said, "how the years bring, to things you did and events you shared, an emphasis you never suspected when you were living them out day by day. We boys of the Pony Express saw many things that seemed to us more important than the riding we did. We saw the plains white with covered wagons, black with buffalo. We saw the Missouri River choked with steamboats. As a green farm lad getting my first sight of them I found it hard to believe there were so many boats in the world. I guess you could almost walk across the river by stepping from deck to deck. Yet nobody ever asks me about steamboats. And nobody ever says, what happened when you were a senator? They say, how about the Pony Express? Tell us about that, now. That's what the children up in the schools here say, when I go up to talk to them. I guess it's because we lads of the Pony Express were so young and carefree and lonely. I guess those things make up romance, and people like to hear and read of youth and adventure and romance. Well, I've had my share of those."

Down the Mississippi

It is when he begins to talk thus of his life that, blink as you will, you find yourself dreamily succumbing to the belief that he is a character playing truant from an old book and that any moment he will pop back to the library shelf and leave you to dig out the rest of his story. So you remain very quiet and cherish your privilege while he tells you that he was born in County Down, Ireland, near Belfast, in 1841. Seven years later his North of Ireland Protestant parents took their slender fortune, their ten children and their amazing gumption into their hands together and set sail for the United States. They did not stop at the seacoast, but with the fine instinct for fertile lands bred through generations of earth-tillers they journeyed into the bottomlands enriched by the Mississippi headwaters.

"We young 'uns footed it from Chicago," he relates, "behind the wagon in which Father drove Mother and our household belongings. Father saw a bit of land to his liking near Rock Island, Illinois, and there we stopped. And there we did some pretty hard work. But there were many hands amongst us, all of them strong, and we got along fine. That was in, let's see, '48, the very year Sutter discovered gold in California, and there was plenty of stirring news going back and forth past our farm in the ten years that followed, and plenty of great talk amongst us lads when our plows were laid over o' nights. I guess I was the most restless. It was hard for me to walk the same acres year after year while the insides of me itched for the unknown lands spreading in the West, where no one knew the fertility or the gold that the shining plowshares might turn up under the feet of the first men to walk its furrows. I began at first to dream of going West, then to talk of it—and by '59 there was no stopping me.

"My next older brother, John, decided that I shouldn't go alone. He had been running his own business, a successful little harness shop. John sold out, we told the folks good-by and started out to make our fortunes.

"John and I went down the Mississippi River to St. Louis, our eyes getting bigger every hour with all the wonderful things we saw. The river was as busy, so to speak, as any automobile road today.

"We reshipped from St. Louis on a steamboat bound for Kansas City—or Westport, as it was called in those days. I wish you could have seen it then. Not the fine, rich city St. Louis was, but a collection of shacks and huts on bluffs washed out by the rains. They tell me it's a grand city now, with paved streets. Well, John and I walked around in mud over our ankles looking for work.

Too Strenuous for Men

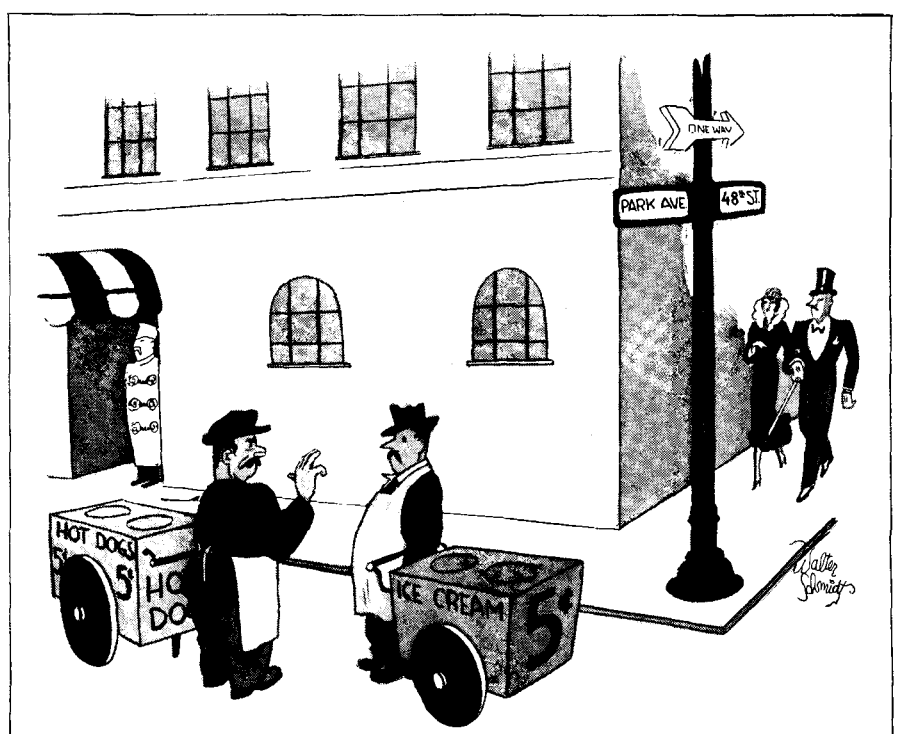
"The only jobs we could get—being what we were, husky farm lads, with empty pockets and a fair share of wits and a good knowledge of stock—were as teamsters with the great freighting firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell. Their wagons and coaches covered the plains.

"It was in the next year, 1860, that my first big chance came. That spring John and I had been sent up by the company to the Platte country to work on building stations for the new freight and stage lines to Denver, where the mines had just opened.

"'Billy,' said Charley White, station keeper at Fort McPherson on the Central Overland, to me one day, 'there's going to be a fast mail service to California from St. Joe by horseback riders. Why don't you put in for it?' I was known as a good rider, you see; so I took his tip.

"They turned me down at first. They wanted strong lads of 100 or 120 pounds

(*Continued on page 37*)



"I even serve things with a crook in my finger and still they don't buy!"

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PLANTERS

PEANUTS

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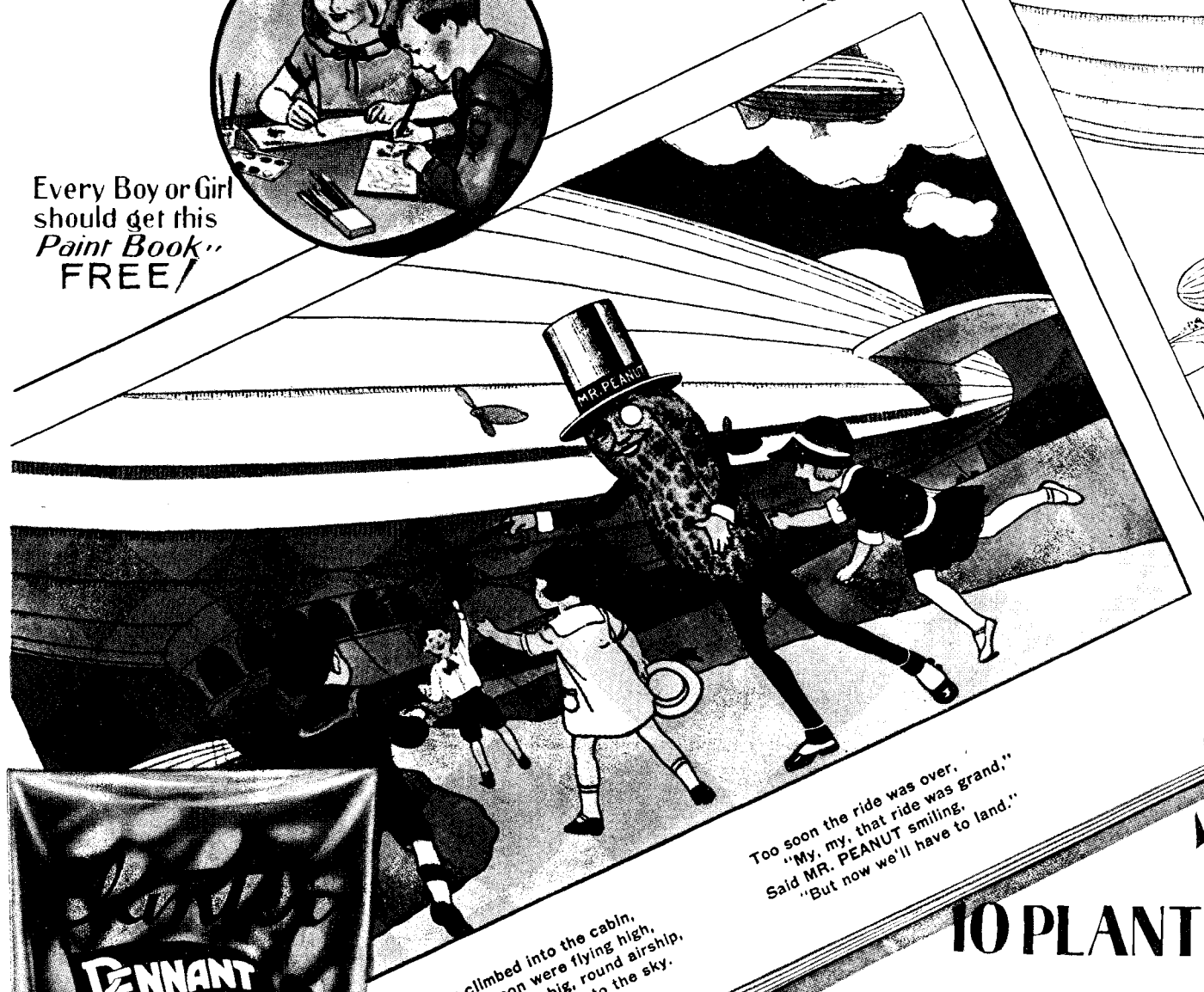
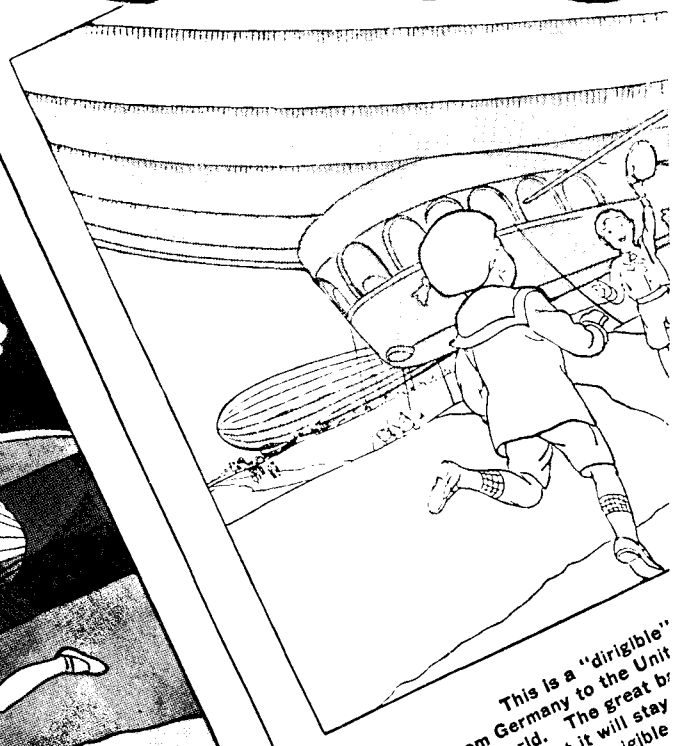


They climbed into the cabin,
And soon were flying high,
They liked his big, round airship,
That took them to the sky.

Too soon the ride was over,
"My, my, that ride was grand,"
Said MR. PEANUT smiling,
"But now we'll have to land."



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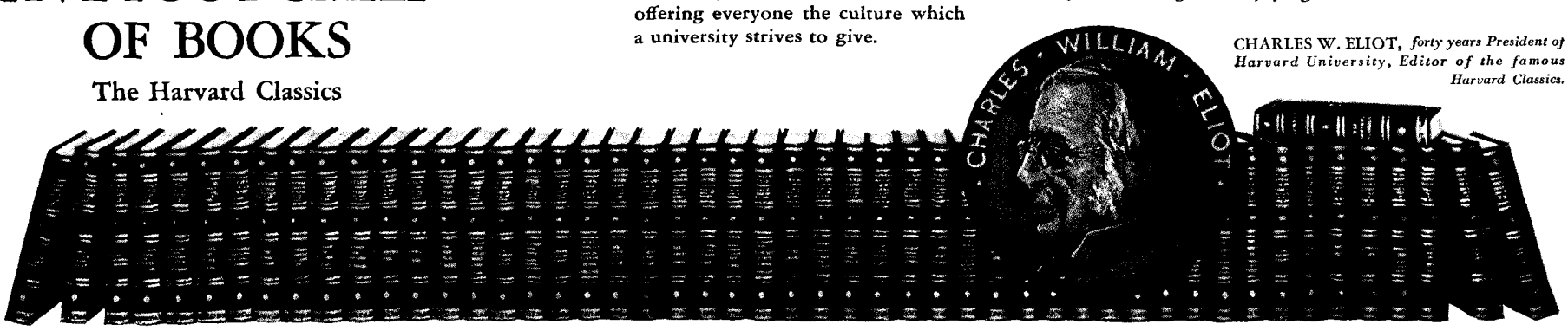

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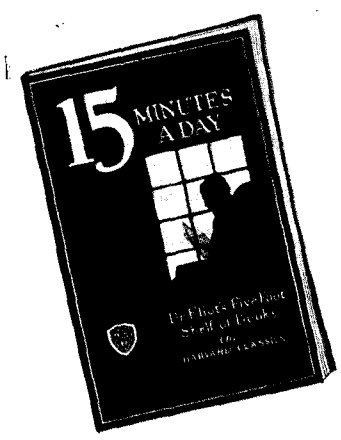

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Pony Boy

Continued from page 34

at the most, whereas I weighed 140, which wasn't much for a six-footer, was it? But soon they had a place for me, because many of the first boys were quitting or being worn out.

"It took eighty of us on active duty to keep the mail moving along the line. Each of us covered on an average of three stations, or from 75 to 100 miles each way, and at first each of us made one round trip a week. By and by the service was increased to two trips a week.

"The divisions varied according to the nature of the country and some were under fifty miles. Bill Cody's first run, west of mine, was only forty-five miles; but he was only fourteen years old. We were paid $100 to $125 a month and found. We were all youngsters under twenty. Men couldn't stand the work.

A Flash in the Dark

"We rode stripped—that is, just as a race jockey does today, not carrying a spare ounce of weight either in equipment, clothing, or arms. Our saddles were hard little pads. We bore the mail in a mochila—we called it moocher—a Mexican contrivance of heavy leather, with four flap pockets, which was slipped on over, and held in place by, the saddle. The mail was between our legs, two pockets in front, two behind. The mochila was rain- and waterproof. It had to be, for sometimes we had to swim our horses across swollen rivers. To insure protection the letters inside the mochila were wrapped in oiled silk. The letters were written on the thinnest tissue paper, you may be sure, because the ounce of mail you get toted by Uncle Sam today for two cents would have cost you ten dollars by the Pony Express.

"The only arms we were allowed were a revolver and a knife, small enough protection in a land where there were Indians to lift your hair and animals to eat what was left of you. We each carried, too, a little brass horn which we'd blow when approaching a station as a warning to the keeper to tumble out and have the relief horse and perhaps the relief rider ready. Lastly, each of us had a little Bible, which the firm gave to every one of its riders, teamsters, and drivers, with a pledge which we had to sign not to drink or swear or abuse our horses or mules or oxen. After seventy years I've still got my little Bible.

"At the way stations the routine was this way: The schedule allowed two minutes for changing horses. Actually it would take less time for the station keeper to switch the mochila, but while he did it I'd duck into the station shack and get the pint cup of coffee he would have on the stove for me, and eat some of the molasses cookies he'd have baked for me. It was that way for all the boys at all the stations. Now the station keepers couldn't be such desperadoes when they did such little kindnesses for boys, and no rules to make 'em.

"At the end of my run I could get a bit of sleep, waiting for the mail to come in from the West. Then I'd race back to my home station with it. My run was from Fort Kearney, Nebraska, to Fort McPherson, ninety-five miles west, and return, passing through these stations: Plum Creek, Pat Mullaly's, Midway, Seventeen-Mile Point, and Gilman Ranch.

"In spring and summer the trains encamped along the trail were numerous, but in winter there was nothing but desolation—and the one stagecoach which I'd pass regularly at night. The stage drivers were fine fellows, and we'd always salute each other. The passengers watched for the passing of the Pony Express as a romantic and exciting event, just like Mark Twain wrote in one of his books. I'd see their heads bobbing out, and hear their sleepy shouts, but I'd go by so fast that I reckon I was never more than a flash and a clatter in the dark to them. I guess they got the same thrill from watching for the Pony Express that people get today when they see the airmail plane rush by overhead at night.

"I'll never forget my first ride on the Pony Express. I faced a snowstorm all the way, a hundred miles, and a wind that pelted the flakes into my face like steel shavings. Most of the time I couldn't hold my eyes open against the storm, even when I covered them with my hand, and I should have had a mighty tough time finding my stations but for the horses. You couldn't ride a Pony Express horse past a station.

"Little things like that were happening to me all the time. Then, late in '61, the telegraph line was completed through to California, and the Pony Express came to an end. Its promoters had lost more than a million dollars on the venture, and a bunch of hard-riding boys had lost their jobs.

"It was in '64 when the next big thing happened in my frontier life. That was the year of the big Indian uprising all along the Overland line. Let me tell you, first, a bit about the Indians. I've seen a lot of long-distance fighting between the Comanches and the Pawnees, but it was chiefly yelling and arrow shooting—they couldn't afford to buy ammunition for their rifles, if they had any—and small harm done. There was more of a comic-opera aspect to a lot of the Indian warfare than the fellows who make up the story books let on. The Sioux had the biggest reputation for fighting, with the Cheyennes and Blackfeet sharing it. But even the Sioux wouldn't court danger unless drunk. The Indians were pretty careful fighters. They'd have everything on their side before they'd open a shindy. I'm not saying there weren't many brave and many cruel things done in the prairie wars—but the bravery and the cruelty were pretty fairly divided between reds and whites.

Road to Romance

"Well, now, one summer afternoon in 1864 John and I—we had gone into freighting for ourselves, running to Denver—were returning eastward when we came to a desirable camping place in western Nebraska within half a mile of an Overland station known as Jack Morrow's. It was the custom to name the stage stations after the nearest ranch owner when there was no distinguishing landmark—like Red Buttes—handy. Anyway, whilst we were unhitching we looked toward the station and John said:

"'There seems to be an uncommon lot of activity up yonder. Why not ride up, Billy, and see if anything's up, or if any of our friends are there?'

"So I left John alone in the camp, and jumped on a horse and rode up to the station. It was easy to see, when I got near, that something unusual was in the wind.

"'What's up?'" I asked.

(*Continued on page 38*)

The worst thing you can do for your hair

AMORNING shower bath is a fine bracer but have you noticed what it does to your hair? It does the very worst thing possible—washes out the natural oil. Without this oil, the scalp tightens and dries—even feels itchy and uncomfortable—and the next thing you know the hair becomes thin and lifeless.

Enjoy a shower as often as you like, but for your hair's sake, counteract the drying effect by this simple treatment: Once a week apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp and rub it in vigorously with a rotary motion until your whole head tingles. Then shampoo as usual. The massage stimulates circulation and loosens the scalp. The tonic cleanses every pore and leaves just the right amount of oil around the hair roots. Watch your hair respond! It will be thicker and more alive and your scalp will feel better.

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TORSION SEAM

DOUBLE STEEL WALLS

BRISTOL Torsion STEEL SHAFTS

ALLAN LARD PAT. PEND.

(*Continued from page 37*)

"'Hell's broke loose,' said someone. 'Haven't you heard? The Indians have gone on the warpath all along the line. They jumped a train of ten emigrant wagons at Plum Creek on the Little Blue this afternoon. A bunch of 'em rode up peaceable like and the emigrants didn't suspect nothing, because that's how it had been for a long time, everybody so friendly. The Indians said "how" and the emigrants said "how" and then the Indians up and killed 'em all. You'd better get John and move up here quickly, Billy, because there's redskins all around.'

"Everybody was glancing feverishly right and left at every little patch of sage, and I wheeled and raced for John. Half a mile was no ride for a Pony Express boy, but I guess I never carried the mail as fast as I carried that bad news to my brother. We hitched up in a rush, and made a run for the station, expecting every foot of the way that a painted Sioux would jump out and finish us.

"From Jack Morrow's we all rode double file into Fort McPherson, for the word had gone out to all settlers to congregate at the army posts as it became known that the uprising was general. We rode down the middle of the valley, away from bluffs and rises that afforded ambush spots. The best we could muster were a few old shotguns and squirrel rifles, and one Winchester would have been better than the lot. However, we reached McPherson in safety. That was like an old home to me. More so than ever this time, for I had no sooner ridden in than I saw for the first time a girl so pretty that I fell in love with her at once. She was a shapely lass of nineteen, with the stride and the way about her that bespoke an outdoor girl. I can remember to this day that she was five feet four and weighed 140 pounds. That's how much of an impression she made on me. On all sides I heard the men exclaiming over her, and it was not because the sight of a white woman was rare to them in McPherson. There were many others but no other like her. Officers, men, civilians—everyone paid attentions to her and called her the belle of the prairies. She had jet-black hair and black eyes that snapped at you even when they were filled with horror of what she had just been through.

"I got acquainted with her as quick as I could, and she told me about herself. Her name was Mary Jane Fitchie. She was called Jennie, and she lived with her family on a farm near Nebraska City. She had come west to visit her sister, Mrs. John Gilman, wife of a rancher. You remember, one of my Pony Express stations was John Gilman's ranch?

Protected by Indians

"Jennie had reached the Gilman home the night before the uprising. She was at breakfast with the family when a band of Indians rode up. No one thought anything of this because John Gilman often employed Indians, and fed and entertained them. But suddenly there came shots and a stampede, and the Indians ran off the Gilman stock, killing the three men who were tending it.

"John Gilman had to work fast. There were some horses in the barns that the Indians had overlooked. These were hitched up swiftly to a wagon. The three dead men were thrown across the floor in front of the driver's seat, where they wouldn't roll around. Jennie climbed beside the driver. John Gilman dumped the family silver into her lap; 'Jennie, you take care of this!' The three widows, one with an infant, rode behind her in the wagon, and the nineteen-year-old girl, with her feet on the corpses, and one hand holding the Gilman belongings, turned and used the other hand to comfort the weeping women. Jennie's sister rode in a carriage, while John and only two men formed the guard. They drove at a wild speed to McPherson, seventeen miles off. They were not molested, which seemed funny because they heard Indians all around them and occasionally even caught sight of a bobbing headfeather. Years later John Gilman heard the reason. Old Two-Face, an Indian who had often worked for him before the uprising, told him:

"'Minnehaska' (the name Indians have called white men since the days of the Thirteen Colonies; it means Long Knife) 'we saw you and your women and we followed you to keep other braves from killing you. You fed me, paid me. You my friend. I your friend.'

And Jennie Said Yes

"Well, that was Jennie's introduction to the wild West.

"Many other things happened to me in the years following this adventure at Fort McPherson. But they'd take too long to tell. The main thing is, I was in love. When things quieted Jennie went back to her own home, and John and I continued our work on the plains. But I saw to it that we always established our winter quarters near Nebraska City. I had plenty of competition in courting Jennie. The farm on which she lived was seven miles from town, and I guess that was a little far for some of my rivals. But, shucks, what were seven miles to a Pony Express boy?

"John and I built up a profitable freighting business to Salt Lake. We used the strong, light, fast Shuttler wagons, the same kind the Mormons used, and they were knowing buyers. I often saw Brigham Young on the streets. He made a fine appearance. His people have done wonders in the Salt Lake Valley, and throughout Utah. They were more successful than the other emigrants to the West because they were mostly foreigners accustomed to tilling a little piece of ground and extracting every bit of productivity from it. I found the Mormons a square and honorable people. I often trusted them and was always repaid. Once I sold a pair of mules to Bishop Pratt's wives. They lived in opposite ends of the same house. 'Oh, you'll never get paid,' people said. But I did.

"Once John and I drove a six-wagon team to Butte, where we had an offer of $1,000 for each team. We took it, and went alone on horseback all the way to Nebraska City with $6,000 in gold dust in buckskin bags. Pure gold dust free from sand was fetching a premium of forty cents above every dollar, so we sold ours for $8,400. Later on we worked as grading contractors to the Union Pacific, and when the job was finished we sold out and found ourselves worth $30,000. A good fortune in those days, and not a bad stake for lads who had started out penniless a few years before. I bought 350 acres of virgin farm land in Nebraska—Jennie said yes—and we began a new life. I was happy because I had the girl I loved, the land I loved, and the money required to do well for them both. And that's the story of Billy Campbell, the Pony Express boy. Jennie and I prospered, our family of seven children has prospered, and we have both lived to see many wonders. Jennie is a bit under the weather today, or she'd be glad to talk to you. Yes—yes—she was the belle of Fort McPherson and the prettiest girl on the prairies. Put that down, young man."

He walked out upon the porch with me to say good-by. Spring had come to the lovely San Joaquin Valley; the lush, fragrant springtime of the fruit country. Its animation had got into the blood of Billy Campbell. He was restless, laughing, talkative; and again I found myself doubting my senses—finding it incredible to believe that this living man was a contemporary of Frémont and Kit Carson, Custer and Bill Cody, Sutter the German, and old Rain-in-the-Face!

Then and Now

A flight of army planes from Mather Field passed overhead, and he raised his eyes toward their noise; I asked him, taking the planes as a cue, what in his opinion was the greatest invention of all time—the chief of the wonders he and his dear Jennie had lived to see. And his answer may or may not prove once again that man's imagination keeps pace with his pocketbook and is most profoundly impressed by the things that affect his workaday job.

"The telegraph," he answered without hesitation. "Because that does in a few seconds the work that took eighty boys and five hundred horses eight days!"

"That's a good fish, lady—smell!"

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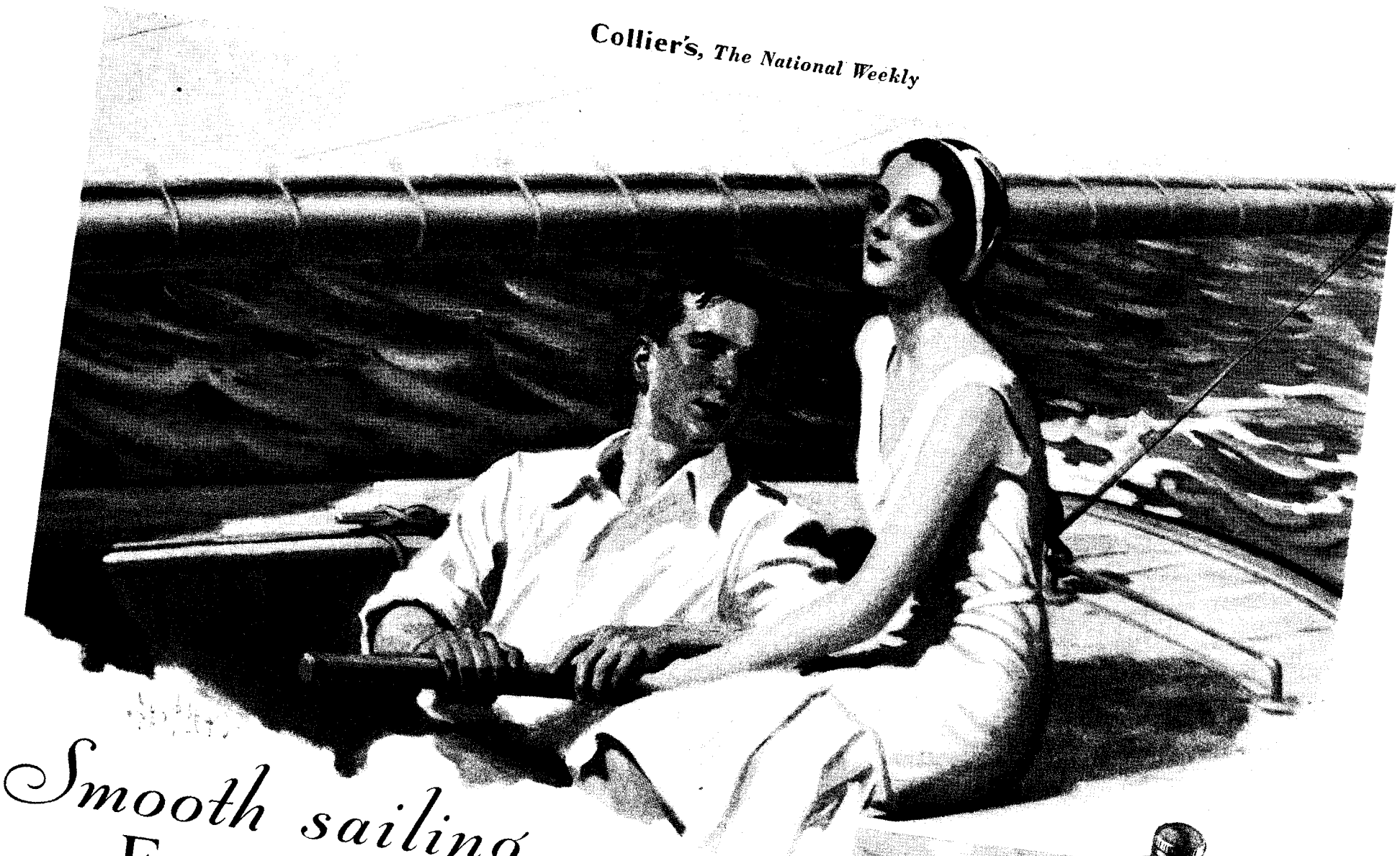

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It's the outdoor man whose skin is put to the hardest test. Sun and wind and weather. By the same token, it's the outdoor man who prizes most the Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

Every morning, the Williams lather brings delight to tender skins. Quick. Copious. Cool, with coolness that comes from the blend of proven ingredients; without sting, *then* or *thereafter*. Moisture laden. And with no scrap of doubtful dye. For ninety years, the Standard lather. Of course, the drug clerk says: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

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Enough Williams Shaving Service—Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva—for a week's trial Free, if you'll send the coupon or a post card.

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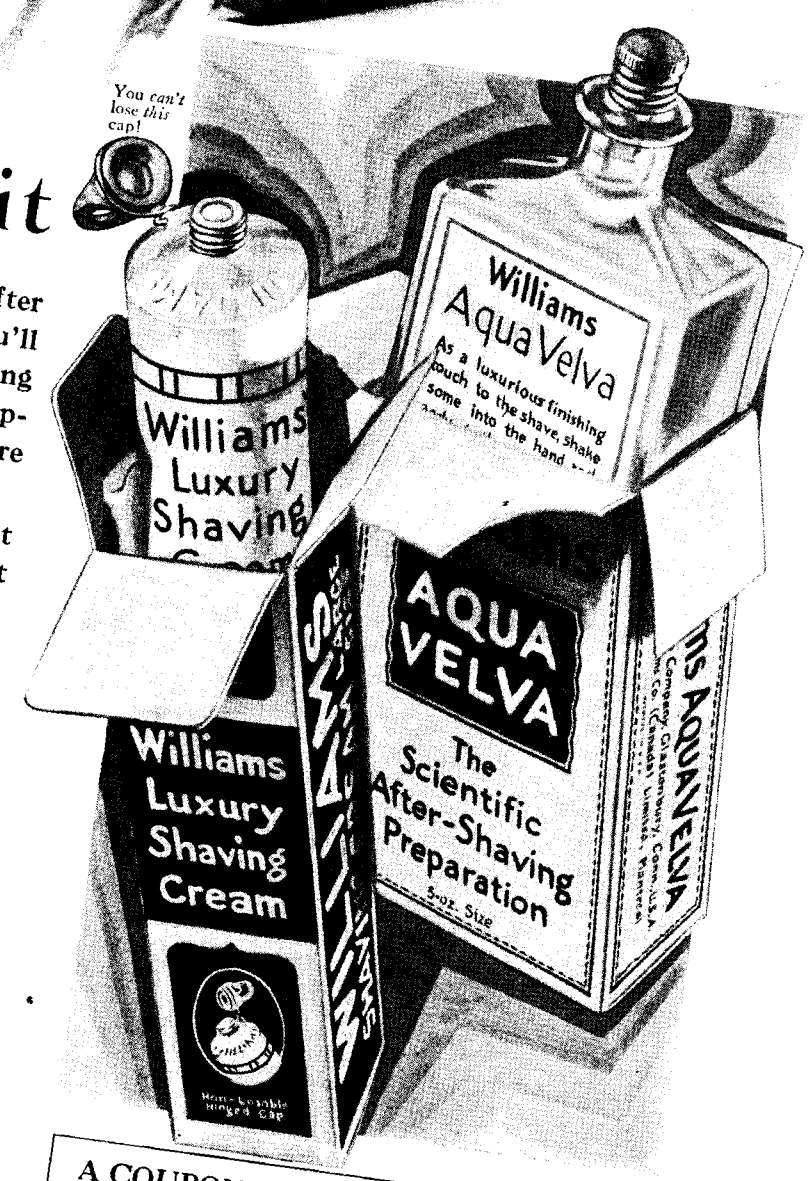
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ONE

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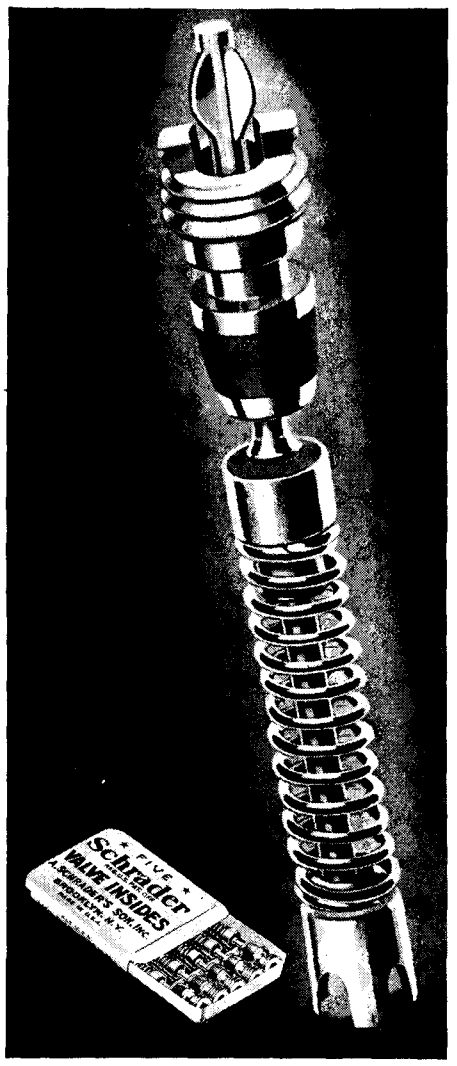

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HAVING tire trouble on the road? Maybe it's because you have old or inferior valve cores in your tire valves. Replace all doubtful cores at once, but take one second to look for the name "Schrader" on the box when you buy new ones. You'll find it pays.

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Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 21

every room with a flashlight since we had all that trouble with the Marshall Light and Power Company last winter. Mr. Merrill scratched his initials on the cap when I checked it out to him last January." Mr. McIlvane waited expectantly.

"No questions," counsel drawled. Mr. Charles McIlvane left the stand obviously disappointed in the senator's lack of interest in him.

"Miss Alice Carr!"

Miss Carr was what her first name implied, a demure little creature, who was sworn in and fluttered into the witness chair before you could say Jack Robinson.

"What is your occupation, Miss Carr?" Caxton's manner suggested a fatherly interest in her welfare.

"I'm a central operator at the local telephone exchange." Nice voice.

"Specifically, you handle all the calls from the twenty-odd downtown paybooths?"

"Yes, sir." You'd like to have watched those small, dainty hands flying over the switchboard.

"And you make a record of all such calls?"

"I do, sir."

"At a little after seven o'clock on the evening of May twentieth this year two calls came in from the booth located in the drug store of the Greely Hotel building?"

"Yes, sir."

"You made a record as usual of the numbers asked for?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"What was the first number called?"

"Black 72," Miss Carr replied.

"Do you know whose number that is?"

"Yes. It's Miss Crandall's, 109 Worthington Avenue."

"What was the second number called?"

"Green 145."

"Whose number is that?"

"Miss Virginia Lansing's in Sound View Lane."

"Was it a man's or a woman's voice that asked for these numbers?"

"It was a man's."

"Did the same voice ask for both?"

"Yes."

"Now, then, Miss Carr," Caxton said, "this is important: Are you sure that this man asked for Black 72, Miss Crandall's number, first?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I'm very sure. My record sheet shows it!"

"Witness is yours, Senator!" Caxton was working with lightning speed now, driving home each damning bit of evidence.

ENDERLEY regarded the little telephone operator through half-closed lids.

"Miss Carr," he said, "you stated that the same voice asked for both numbers. By what peculiarities were you able to identify it?"

"Why—I—it wasn't peculiar. It was a very pleasant voice, sir."

"Oh, you recognized it because it was pleasant? I suppose most telephone voices aren't?"

Miss Carr agreed smilingly that most telephone voices weren't.

"It had no—ahem—distinguishing tonal inflections that marked it from a hundred others?"

"I don't think so, sir, but coming as it did twice in close succession I recognized it."

"You mean that no two voices sound exactly the same on the telephone."

"That's what I mean!" Miss Carr beamed.

"Did he—this man—ask for both numbers in precisely the same tone?"

"Oh, no, sir. There was a delay in the connection of the second call. He jiggled the receiver and asked me impatiently why I didn't connect him. I told him that I was ringing the number. Then his party answered and I plugged in another call."

"He wasn't impatient when he asked for Black 72, the first number?"

"No, sir."

"He was speaking in the pleasant conversational voice you just mentioned?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when he asked for the second number he was merely impatient?"

"Yes."

"NEVERTHELESS, you're willing to state under oath that you could not possibly be mistaken in the voice?"

"Oh, of course," Miss Carr agreed conscientiously, "mistakes do happen. I hope I haven't said something I shouldn't."

"Since you're under oath, Miss Carr," the senator remarked kindly, "I hope for your sake that you haven't."

Caxton leaped into the breach.

"Your Honor," he shouted, "the witness is being intimidated—"

Judge Farnham concurred with the prosecution.

"I don't think this line of inquiry of the defense is proper," he said.

"Very well, Your Honor," Enderley replied. "I have but one more question to ask the witness."

"You may ask it if it is pertinent," the Court replied.

"It is a repetition of the last question, framed differently," the senator replied. "Miss Carr, do you, or do you not, swear positively and without any possibility of being mistaken that the same voice asked for both numbers?"

"If it means a great deal to Mr. Merrill, I'd rather not swear to it," Miss Carr replied helpfully.

"Never mind how greatly it matters to Mr. Merrill," the senator replied happily, "please answer the question."

Miss Carr sighed prettily.

"I *might* have been mistaken," she admitted.

"That's all," counsel replied.

"Just a moment, Miss Carr," Caxton interjected, "in your course of duty you hear all sorts of voices, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed!" She seemed anxious to please everybody.

"And you learn to distinguish one from another so that it is extremely unlikely that you should be mistaken?"

Miss Carr glanced beseechingly from one to the other of the two attorneys. Striving to please was written in large characters upon her charming, petite face. She took refuge in a bromide.

"Mistakes *will* happen in the best-regulated of families," she replied cheerily.

"That's all!" Caxton snapped.

Judge Farnham glanced at the witness chair still occupied by the little telephone girl.

"You may go, Miss Carr," he said.

"Oh—you don't want me any more? I'm sorry!"

You'd have forgiven her the wrong number just to hear Miss Carr say that she was sorry.

"Mr. William Barnes!"

"Is Mr. William Barnes in court?"

"Yes, sir! Here!"

A STOCKY, red-faced man lumbered up to the desk and was sworn in.

"What's your occupation, Mr. Barnes?" The prosecutor's words almost ran together in his hurry to get the preliminary questions over with.

"I'm a taxi driver."

"Do you know the defendant, Conrad Merrill?"

"I do."

"Has he been your fare on occasion?"

"Yes, several times."

"Do you remember when the last occasion was?"

"On the evening of May twentieth, this year."

"Where did you pick him up?"

(*Continued on page 42*)

"Oh, I didn't know you were old friends!"

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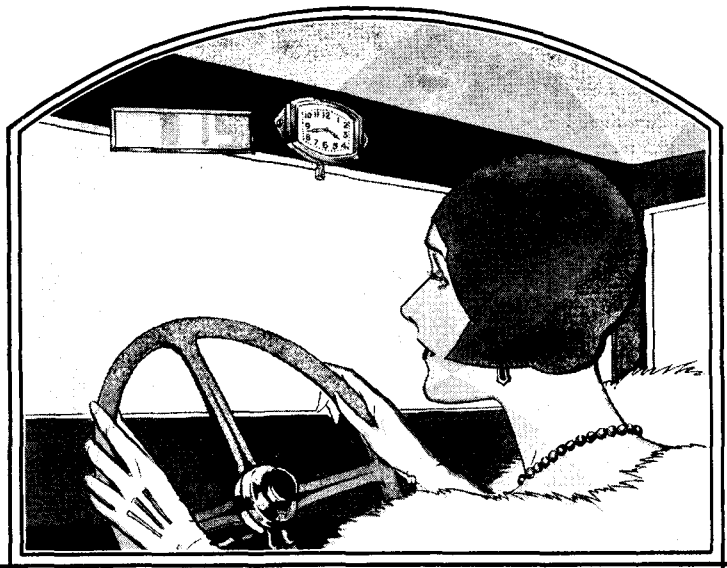

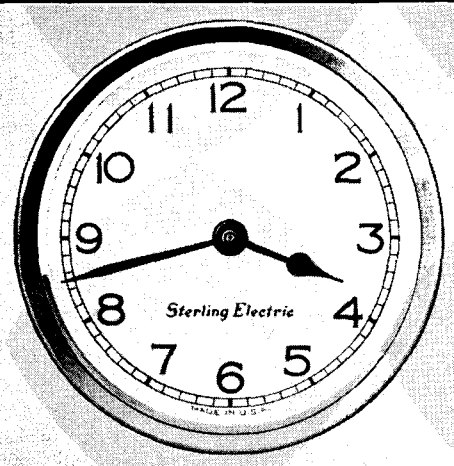

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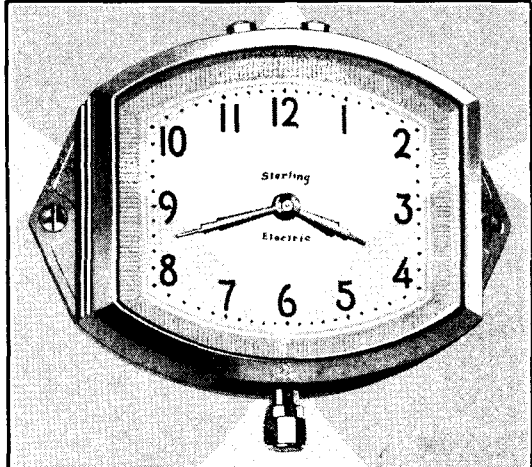

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Jaws of Circumstance

Continued from page 40

"Outside the Greely House. He signaled me as I was passing on my way from the station, where I had met the six-fifty-five."

"You were empty?"

"Yes, sir."

"About what time was that?"

"It must have been about twenty-five minutes past seven. I stopped at the station lunchroom for a cup of coffee and a sandwich."

"How far is it from the Greely House to Corbin's Pond?"

"Nearly four miles."

"How long did it take you to get there?"

"Fifteen minutes. Merrill asked me to drive fast, but I told him that it was a fifteen-mile limit most of the way and that I'd been pinched three times already for speeding. He said, 'All right—make it as fast as you can.'"

"DID you drive Merrill into the grounds?"

"No, sir. He told me to stop the car about two hundred yards this side of the entrance. He got out there and paid me off."

"Did you see where he went?"

"No, sir, but I suppose he went to the grove. They always do."

"What d'you mean by they?"

"Well—guys that have a date there."

"I see. You had driven other men there?"

"Sure—lots of 'em. Girls, too. It's a regular necking place."

"Did you see anybody about when you dropped Mr. Merrill?"

"No, sir. It was kinda early in the year," the witness explained obligingly.

"Had you taken him there before?"

"Yes, three—four times. Once before this year and a couple of times last fall."

"Do you know whom he was meeting there?"

"No, sir."

"Did you meet any other cars on the road?"

"Yes, Miss Crandall's. Don Collins was driving it. He turned the corner of Worthington Avenue as I drove by with Mr. Merrill."

"Was Collins alone in the car?"

"Yes."

"You're positive that it was no later than twenty minutes to eight when you dropped Mr. Merrill at or near the entrance to the picnic ground?"

"It couldn't have been. When I got outside the fifteen-mile limit I hit 'er up to thirty."

"It was nearly dark when he paid you off?"

"Yes."

"Did he have the exact change, or did you have to change a bill for him?"

"He paid me the fare in silver and a tip of twenty-five cents."

"How are you able to remember these details?"

"Because when he went to pay me he took out his flashlight and counted the money in his hand by the light of it."

"That's all, Mr. Barnes. Cross-examine."

"No questions," Senator Enderley replied, without looking up from his task of removing the clip from a sheaf of notes. Caxton glanced sidewise at the senator. Bluffing was his specialty, too.

"Mrs. Herbert Brubaker!"

"Where do you live, Mrs. Brubaker?" The briskness with which the prosecutor attacked this witness indicated that he knew what he was after and proposed to get it with the least possible delay.

"My residence is at 254 Walnut Avenue." Even without the assertion you knew that Mrs. Brubaker was the sort of person who resided. Her black satin dress fitted smoothly over ample shoulders. The severe black expanse of bosom was relieved by a small hunting-case watch of Swiss manufacture suspended by a fleur-de-lis pin, and a black-and-silver turban of ancient vintage but of unquestioned impeccability rode sedately upon a head of hair that was neither black nor silver.

"What is your occupation?"

"Since my husband's death in nineteen-twenty-one I have been forced to take a part-time position with the real estate firm of Hanson & Lee. Mr. Brubaker was chief clerk in the Recorder's office for over twenty years," she added primly.

"What are your duties under this part-time employment, Mrs. Brubaker?"

"I act as superintendent of one of their properties known as Hanlee Court, a bungalow court containing six furnished apartments."

"The defendant, Merrill, rented one of these apartments at one time, I believe?"

"Yes."

"When did he move in there?"

"On the ninth of April, nineteen twenty-nine."

"How long did he stay?"

"Seven months and three weeks. I asked for his apartment on November twenty-eighth according to instructions from Mr. Hanson himself."

"You mean that Mr. Hanson gave him notice to move?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did he do that?"

The witness studiously avoided as much as a glance in the direction of the defendant, Merrill.

"Mr. Hanson said that he couldn't have anyone on the premises who did not conduct themselves as ladies and gentlemen."

"And what did Mr. Merrill say when he was given notice to move?"

"He sort of hung his head as if he was ashamed and said: 'All right, Mrs. Brubaker, I'll move at once.'"

"Did he do so?"

"Yes. He went out and got an express man for his trunk and moved to the Greely Hotel that same afternoon."

"WHAT did Mr. Hanson refer to in giving you his reasons for asking Mr. Merrill to leave?"

"To his affair with Miss Crandall," the witness replied.

"Did you know about it—from *personal* observation, Mrs. Brubaker?" Caxton asked with a quick glance at the senator.

"I did. Miss Crandall came to Mr. Merrill's apartment with some sofa pillows and things for him about two weeks after he had moved in."

"Was the defendant at home on that occasion?"

"No, sir."

"Did she come to see him again?"

"Yes, twice. She called for him with the car and took him for a ride."

"About when was that?"

"Within two weeks of the first time."

"And not after that?"

"No. But she used to call him on the telephone several times a week."

"How d'you know it was she calling?"

"Because she left her name when he wasn't in."

"You stated that she used to call Merrill on the telephone? Do you mean that she ceased doing so after a while?"

"I do. She never called him once during the last three or four months of Mr. Merrill's stay at Hanlee Court. I suppose she had heard of the gossip her affair with him was causing."

"Your Honor," the senator drawled from his chair, "may I respectfully ask the Court to instruct the witness to confine herself to replies. Mrs. Brubaker's *suppositions* seem a little out of order."

The witness stiffened perceptibly in her chair under Judge Farnham's admonition. She regarded Senator Enderley as if he were a species of toad that never by any feat of legerdemain could be turned into a prince.

"Mrs. Brubaker, you also know the defendant, Virginia Lansing?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Did you ever see her and the defendant, Merrill, together?"

"I did. They used to go on hikes together. Miss Lansing would stop by at the court in her hiking clothes quite often last fall and call for Mr. Merrill."

"Did the defendant work at anything during his stay at Hanlee Court, Mrs. Brubaker?"

"If he did I never heard of it. He mentioned once to me that he was just out of college and that he was taking a rest until he decided what he wanted to do."

"He seemed to have a good deal of money?"

"He paid his rent regularly," the witness admitted, grudgingly, "and he had plenty of clothes. I counted nine suits and eight pairs of shoes in his clothes closet."

CAXTON turned to the leather satchel once more. This time he brought out a light gray coat, which he carried to the witness and held out to her.

"Did you ever see this coat before, Mrs. Brubaker?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. It belongs to one of Mr. Merrill's suits. He wore the suit a good deal last summer. I sent it to the cleaners for him three times."

Caxton held the right sleeve of the coat up for Judge Farnham's and the jury's inspection.

"I wish to call the Court's attention to these stains," he said, pointing to three or four small discolorations upon the lower part of the sleeve near the cuff. From the pocket of the coat he drew a slip of paper which he handed to Judge Farnham.

"This is a chemist's certificate attesting to the fact that the stains are human blood, Your Honor. May I have the coat marked for identification as Exhibit Four?"

Judge Farnham perused the slip of paper.

"How about it, Senator? Any objections to having the coat marked for identification at this moment?"

"None, Your Honor. We do not dispute that the stains upon the sleeve are human blood," Enderley replied cheerfully, "nor do we require the testimony of the chemist."

His Honor cleared his throat.

"The coat may be marked," he said.

"Cross-examine!" Caxton sang out as he walked back to the table with the coat.

"No questions!" Enderley announced.

Judge Farnham glanced at his watch.

"An adjournment is ordered, gentlemen," he said. "This Court will reconvene at ten o'clock sharp tomorrow morning."

As he arose he removed his pince-nez and looked at Conrad Merrill thoughtfully. The defendant returned his gaze steadily.

(*To be continued next week*)

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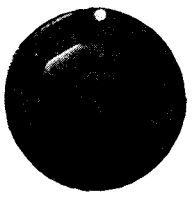
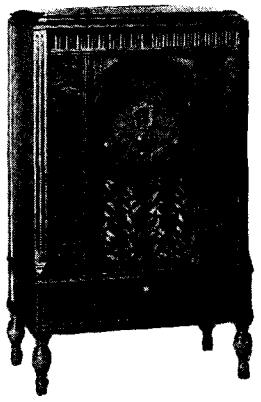


BRILLIANT · BRIGHT · MELLOW · DEEP

Just turn this knob to bring in programs YOUR *way — with any one of these* four *tone qualities. At last* YOU *control station tone. You listen to music as* YOU *like it. Speech is more distinct. Interference noises almost vanish. And for stations harsh in your neighborhood, you can reduce stridency and enjoy many more programs.*

Radio's latest marvel... PHILCO TONE-CONTROL

IT was the sensation of the recent national Radio Show at Atlantic City . . . It is on every tongue when radio is discussed . . . It has raised radio reception to new levels of enjoyment . . . It gives new glamour to radio programs everywhere . . . It is bringing the people by thousands into the dealers' stores to operate this latest marvel of radio—Philco Tone-Control.



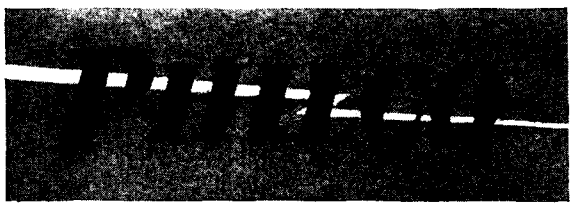
Having done everything possible for pure, *undistorted* tone, for high selectivity, for power and distance and volume and super-performance, Philco has sought and achieved *improvement of all tone on the air,* from any broadcasting station, from any program.

Now, you can *control the tone* you receive; adjust it to *your* ear and *your* taste; bring in the formerly harsh station with mellow sound, and improve the quality of any program, so that *each* is reproduced with the matchless, pure, *undistorted* tone, which is "Philco."

For brass band music, turn Philco Tone-Control to "bright", and the band marches right into the room with you. For a speech from Washington, turn it to "brilliant", and meet a great man face-to-face with such realism of speech as you never even dreamed of; for dance music leave it at "brilliant" and you're in the ball-room with the boys, or turn it to "medium" and dance to crooning, dreamy rhythm, both from the same band. Again, turn Tone-Control to "mellow" or "deep" and you can cut down interference noises and make radio reception enjoyable for the first time in noisy neighborhoods.

PHILCO RADIO-PHONOGRAPH

American walnut, highly figured butt walnut and V-matched Oriental wood give great charm to this beautiful cabinet. This model gives you not only the finest of phonographs but also the super-radio, Philco Screen Grid Plus. You cannot buy MORE in radio or phonograph, no matter how much more you pay.



On every Philco Radio and Radio-Phonograph

Philco Tone-Control is *built-into* all the new Philco Screen Grid and Screen Grid Plus models. The Screen Grid Plus—super-powered radio—also has *Automatic Volume Control* which counteracts fading and enables you not only to *get* but to *hold* and *enjoy* out-of-town programs. Screen Grid Plus models also have a built-in aerial.

A new Station Recording Dial on which you can permanently log favorite stations is included in all models. See and hear the new Philco Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys and Radio-Phonographs at your dealer's. Better still, let him install a new Philco in your home *free* for demonstration without obligation. Prices range from $95 to $198 (Radio-Phonograph), less tubes. Easy terms if you decide to buy.

Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Available for AC and DC current, and also in a battery set. All prices less tubes.

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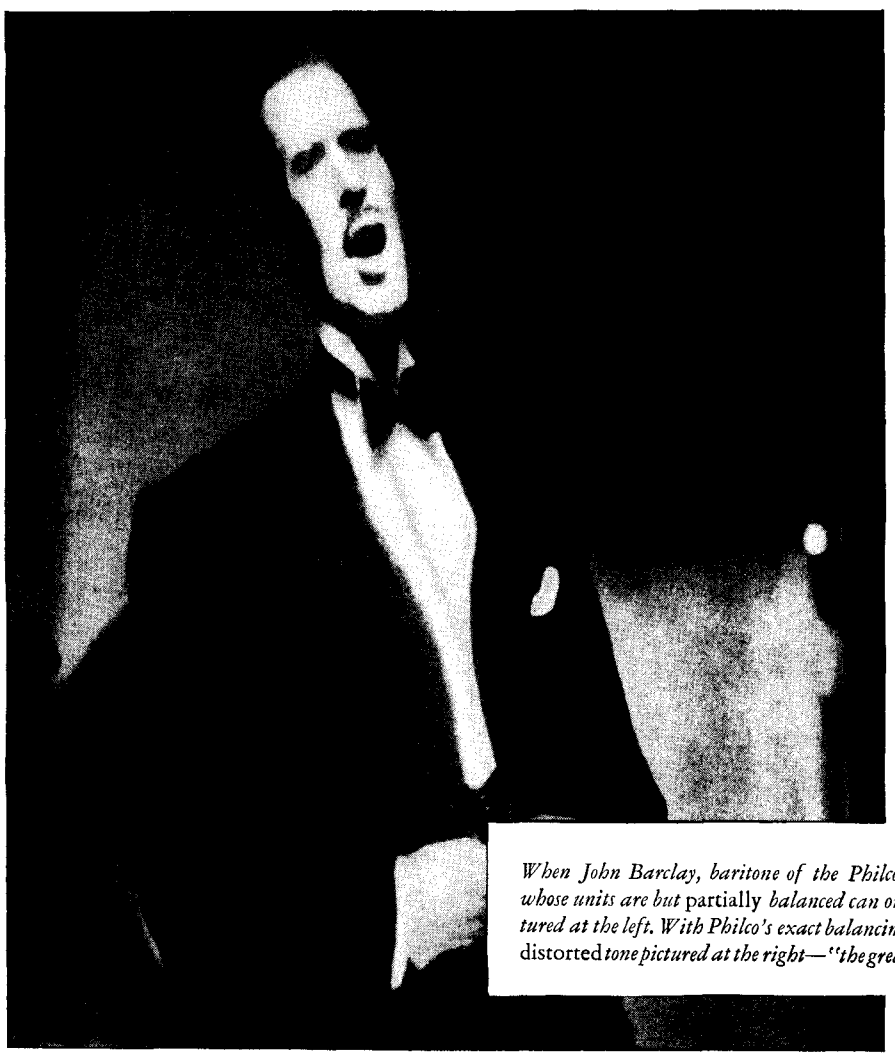

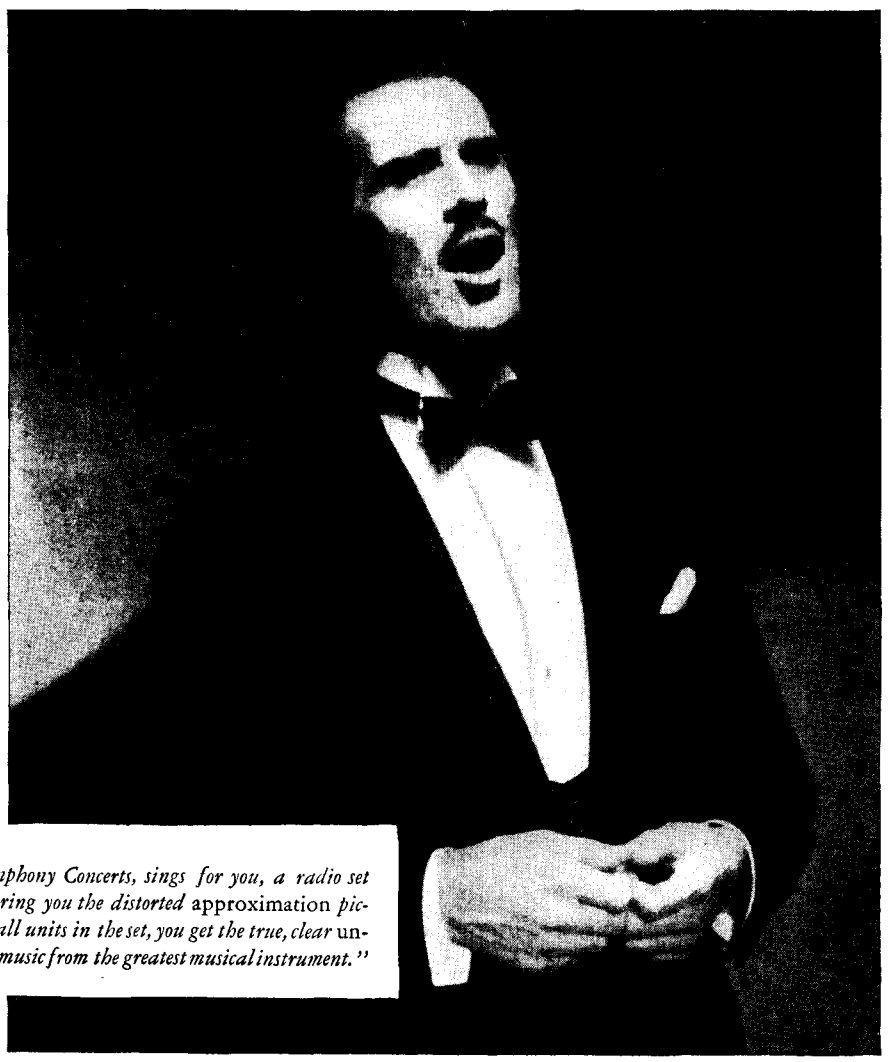

When John Barclay, baritone of the Philco Symphony Concerts, sings for you, a radio set whose units are but partially *balanced can only bring you the distorted* approximation *pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear* undistorted *tone pictured at the right—"the greatest music from the greatest musical instrument."*

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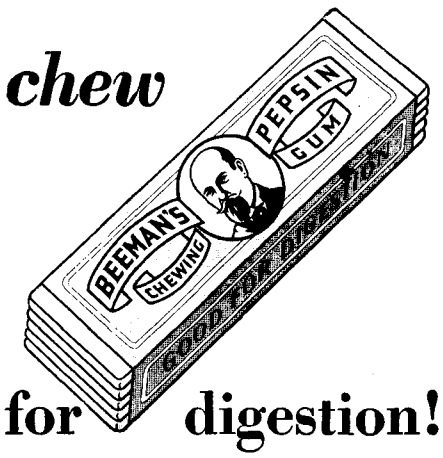
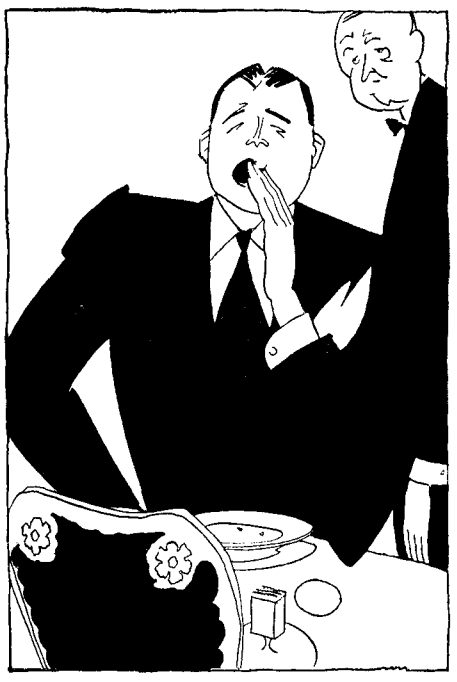
drowsy *after* dinner?

chew



for digestion!



WHEN there's sleep in your eyes from eating more than is good for you, chew Beeman's to help your digestion.

Over 30 years ago, Dr. Beeman originated this delicious gum, knowing well that people needed such a delightful aid to digestion.

A pleasant digestive aid, Beeman's has also won millions of users on sheer smoothness and keen, fresh flavor.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

The Perilous City

Continued from page 13

"I'd be proud to have that suit," he accepted, and the assistant manager relaxed.

"I came to town in hand-me-downs and had to wear 'em six months," he confided humorously. "You're getting a better break than I did."

The painted young woman paused at the counter and was intercepted suavely by the assistant manager:

"Something for you, Miss Deane?"

The painted young woman was manifestly annoyed.

"Any mail in my box?"

"Nothing, Miss Deane."

Miss Deane disappeared, with the assistant manager's shrewd gaze following her.

"She's a trouble-maker for our desk clerks," he informed. "Also, she's behind in her room rent and trying to make a getaway. Personally I think we should make it easy for her to go."

"I don't like her!" Virgil was immediately aghast at his slip, but the assistant manager merely nodded.

"You wouldn't!" he agreed. "Got a girl up home?"

"Yes, sir."

The assistant manager looked him over, taking in the crest of bright curly hair, the steady blue eyes, the wide, lean shoulders.

"She's a lucky girl, whoever she is!"

He had opened a drawer and was now indicating a bone-handled revolver.

"Know how to use one of these, Rand?"

"Reckon so," acknowledged Virgil, thinking of the long rifle which had hung beside his door in Boone Hollow. "I've shot me a plenty hawks up home."

"We have hawks in the city," informed the assistant manager. "Would you shoot a city hawk if you had to?"

A city hawk . . . there weren't real hawks in a city . . . the manager meant *men!*

Virgil drew a long breath.

"If I had to," he stated, and the assistant manager shut the drawer.

"You may have to!" he said briefly.

IT WAS surprising how, all in a few days, Virgil fell into a routine, his new life already beginning to fit him. He liked the blond telephone operator, he disliked the dark telephone operator who had the other shift and who had a hard pertness, accompanied by a determined capacity for flirtation.

He was slowly becoming friends with the assistant manager, and when things were dull the assistant manager often stopped and talked to him.

At intervals he saw Mr. Hicks, and Mr. Hicks always seemed to be worried. One day Virgil asked the assistant manager about it.

"What makes Mr. Hicks look like that? He sick?"

"He's bothered about the hotel. It's half empty. Somebody spread around a rumor that the building isn't fireproof."

Red spread slowly across Virgil's forehead.

"What kind of a skunk would do that?" he demanded. "It ain't so, and anyhow we got a watchman makin' the rounds day and night."

The assistant manager's lips compressed.

"Every person living in this hotel received a letter warning them of fire and advising them to move. A lot of them *did* move!"

The red upon Virgil's forehead deepened.

"Somebody must have a spite agin Mr. Hicks," he suggested.

"Apparently so," agreed the assistant manager.

It was the next morning that Virgil received a letter, addressed to him simply as the desk clerk, which he read with an incredulity which warmed to immediate anger.

Head up, blue eyes blazing, cheeks very pink, he strode into Mr. Hicks' private office.

Mr. Hicks was sitting behind his desk and Virgil waved the letter belligerently.

"Read that!" he requested, holding out the letter.

Mr. Hicks ignored the letter.

"I don't have to read it. I know what it says: that if you want to keep healthy you'll quit this job while the quitting's good."

At Virgil's stare of stupefaction, he smiled.

"Everybody who's worked behind the desk in the past month has had one of those letters."

Virgil sat down.

"Mebby you better tell me about it."

"I'd made up my mind to tell you. You're very young, Rand. It's hardly fair to let you face danger in the dark."

He paused, looking out the window toward some babies playing on the sandpile of the playground maintained for them, his own among them.

"This lot facing on the park is a very good location, Rand. Somebody wants it and wants it bad. I've been approached several times to sell, but refused. Now somebody's set out to *make* me sell."

Briskly Virgil tore up the letter and cast it into the wastebasket.

"You ain't sellin', no more am I quittin'," he declared.

"Anything may happen," warned Mr. Hicks unwillingly.

"*Let* it happen!" said Virgil.

He felt brisk and almost happy as he went back to the desk. He whistled softly as he opened the drawer holding the revolver and inspected the weapon. A bad place to keep it, this. Too obvious by far. Anyone would naturally suspect a move made toward a drawer. . . .

Figuring a far more strategic place for the revolver, he grinned happily, aware that the blond telephone operator was watching him.

"You get a letter?"

"I got a letter."

"I suppose you're quittin'?"

"Not me!" answered Virgil.

THE next evening at ten-thirty, with a tinkle of broken glass, a smoke bomb exploded in the lobby and it was three hours before the lobby could be entered again.

"They've told us somethin' without meanin' to," said Virgil, standing out back of the hotel with the assistant manager while waiting for the choking fumes to subside.

Only one elevator in the building was running, and that was a freight elevator in a distant wing, in which disgruntled guests were being lifted to the upper floors.

"What's that?"

"That anythin' happenin' is most likely to happen around the same time, when there are people enough on the street to cover up, and when the lobby is deserted. Around ten-thirty is the quiet hour in the lobby unless there's dancin' goin' on."

With sudden interest the assistant manager considered this.

"Maybe you're right, Rand. Any unusual coming and going at a late hour would be suspicious."

"They'll watch for a time when the lobby's empty," guessed Virgil, frowning deeply.

"You think there'll be more?"

Virgil smiled, the dimple in his cheek printing deeply.

"This ain't nothin' but play actin' to scare folks that scare easy!"

"It's scared plenty of them," returned the assistant manager ruefully. "There'll be more removals tomorrow, and the hotel is half empty as it is."

"Anybody Mr. Hicks thinks might be back of this?"

"There's a cheap real estate firm in town," hesitated the assistant manager. "I mean cheap in practice, because they seem to have money enough back of them, mostly earned from buying buildings for practically nothing and selling them high. Quite a few of the buildings they bought had been through a reign of terror not unlike this, until the owners lost heart and sold."

"Mr. Hicks ain't the quittin' kind," observed Virgil.

HE WAS glad of that, and very proud of Mr. Hicks, willing and eager to help Mr. Hicks in his battle for what was right.

Next morning he had another letter, printed sensationally in red ink and purporting to be a last warning.

Within a few moments the assistant manager stopped at the desk.

"I've had another o' them pesky letters," said Virgil, red with anger.

"Mr. Hicks had a letter demanding five thousand dollars and threatening to destroy the hotel unless the money were paid."

Virgil squinted thoughtfully.

"Coverin' up," he decided. "Tryin' to make Mr. Hicks responsible. Tryin' to make this look like dago stuff."

For a moment longer he pondered. "Not bombs," he reasoned aloud. "Somethin' else this time."

He looked at the assistant manager and the assistant manager looked at him.

"Fire. . . ." guessed the assistant manager, going white.

"Fire," nodded Virgil. "And from where we won't be lookin' for it."

Later in the day he changed the hiding place of the revolver. He saw the blond telephone operator watching, but merely motioned to her for silence, knowing she was to be trusted.

"Whyn't you get out?" demanded the blond operator, after he had finished. "This ain't *your* fight!"

But she was wrong about that, Virgil told her, adding that anybody who sent him a snake-in-the-grass letter was *making* it his fight.

At six o'clock the blond operator went home, and Virgil, who was working an extra night shift in order to accommodate the other clerk, went to dinner.

At seven o'clock the brunette telephone operator complained dismally of not feeling well, and at ten o'clock she left her switchboard because of increasing illness.

"I'm *so* sick," she sobbed. "Darned if I don't think there was something wrong with that candy Miss Deane gave me!"

Suspicion stirred alertly in Virgil's busy brain. He asked a question.

Yes, she had met Miss Deane just as she was coming through the door, and Miss Deane had offered her candy from an open box. She had known no reason for refusing, and, being fond of candy, had taken several pieces at Miss Deane's urging.

(*Continued on page 46*)

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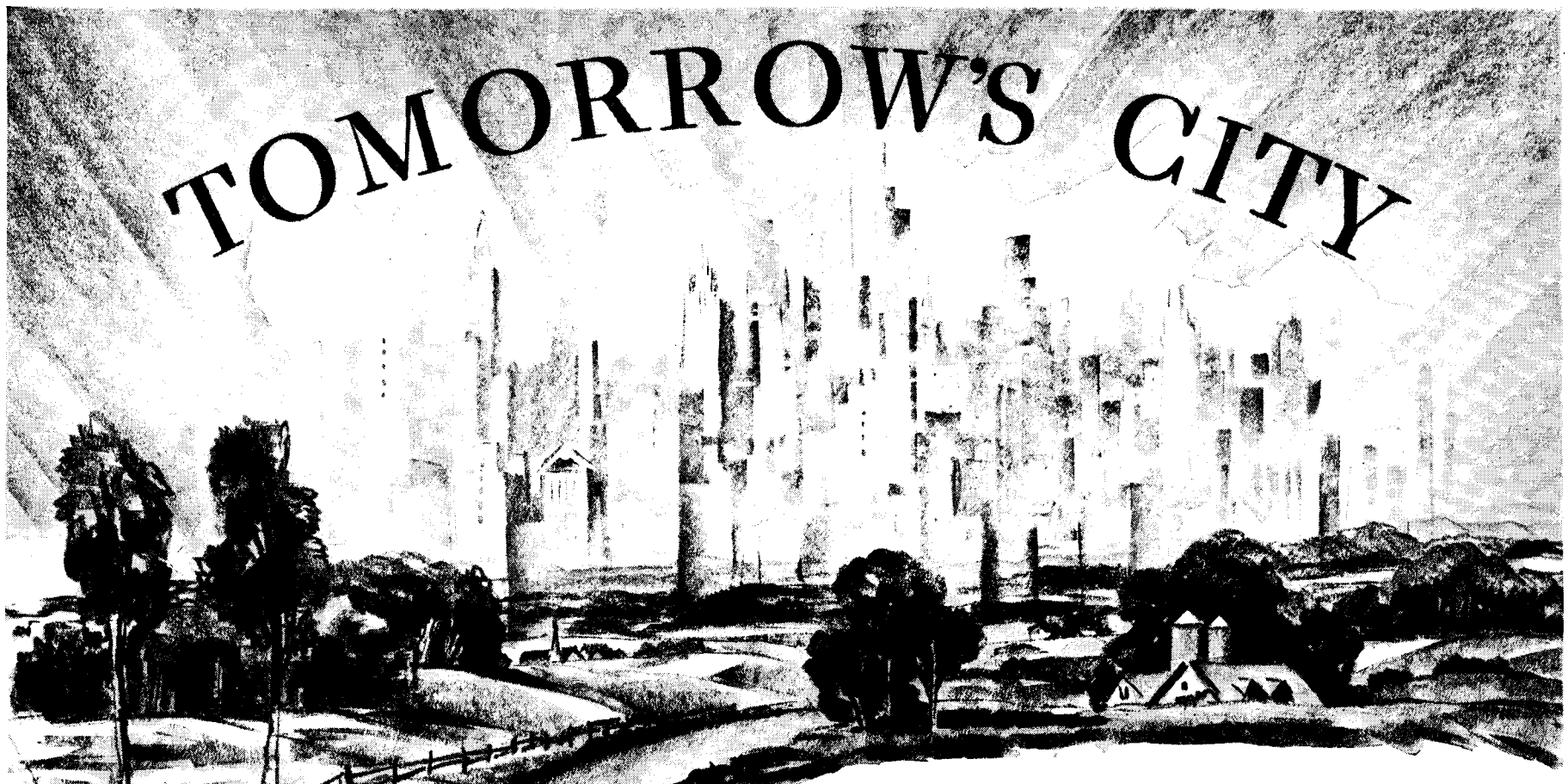

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WHEN a city puts down a water supply line with an oversize capacity that will be adequate to the needs of the estimated population generations hence, and lays large diameter cast iron pipe that will *last* a century, it is demonstrating the civic spirit and confidence that builds the greater city of tomorrow.

Dallas in the South, Albany in the North and many progressive cities throughout America are now laying cast iron water lines much larger in capacity than present needs require, as an expression of their faith in a still greater future. In fact, more large diameter cast iron pipe will be laid this year than ever before.

Cities building for the future use cast iron pipe for water and gas mains because it lasts a century, requires lower maintenance costs, and saves taxpayers' money. The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Water and gas mains of ferrous metal (iron and steel), with the exception of cast iron, disintegrate from rust. Cast iron pipe is the only ferrous metal pipe practicable for underground mains, that rust will not destroy.

When you see pipe being put down in your city, look for the "Q-check" trade mark stencilled in white on every length. It is your assurance that this pipe need never be replaced during your lifetime or that of your children's children.

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers taxpayers, engineers, and city officials detailed information regarding cast iron pipe for water, gas, sewers, culverts and industrial needs. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

VALET
wins high honors with
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TESTED in classroom and dormitory—voted *first in quality and performance* —the new Valet blade won and holds the preference of dermatologists graduated this year by the University of Louisville.

These senior medics—thirteen in a class of fourteen members—use the new Valet themselves—declare it unsurpassed for shaving comfort. Here's their statement signed on the eve of graduation!

"The superior grinding and honing of the Valet blade are manifest in a smooth shave —and a decided tendency to eliminate skin irritation and infection."

Valet's advanced precision methods finish triple-hardened steel to a micro-perfect edge of marvelous keenness. Magnetic testing and magnifying mirror inspection positively assure the utmost uniformity.

The new Valet blade is made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—the only razor that does not require removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning, and holds the edge at a friendly angle.

Keep your face young—your skin clear. Shave with this amazingly keen blade—preferred by men who know steel and prescribed by those who know faces.

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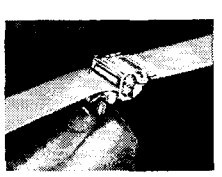


The NEW VALET
Auto-Strop BLADE

The Perilous City

Continued from page 44

Virgil sent her home in a taxi.

Alone behind the desk, he found his eyes persistently riveted upon the entrance doors and his ears strained.

Mr. Hicks was upstairs. The assistant manager had just stopped by to say good night. It was almost time for the night clerk to come on duty, a quiet, middle-aged man who seemed to require little sleep.

Eleven o'clock.

He saw the two elevator boys step out of their cages and the man who ran the one elevator doing duty at night establish himself comfortably in a chair.

It was not yet time for the watchmen to begin the night rounds, and the lobby was deserted. Looking at the clock over the entrance door, Virgil perceived that the night clerk was late, which was unusual as the night clerk was ordinarily so prompt that he was, if anything, more reliable than the clock.

Uneasily he waited, aware that the night elevator man was already asleep in his chair. Nobody came into the lobby for what seemed a very long time. Then a bell rang in the depths of the elevator, and he roused the sleeping man:

"Get busy, Sam."

Sam struggled to wakefulness. The door of the elevator slammed, and the elevator began its upward trip.

Eleven-thirty, and the night clerk hadn't come. Coupling the night clerk's absence with the night operator's illness, Virgil became profoundly uneasy.

He'd have to call the assistant manager. Something was wrong. He turned toward the switchboard. Somebody spoke behind him, mildly but positively, and he turned back.

"I wouldn't do *that*," said a man standing by the counter. "I'd stick my hands up instead, buddy."

An ugly, short-nosed revolver was centered upon his chest. Cold gray eyes searched his. Virgil glanced involuntarily toward the elevator, hoping for Sam's return.

"No use," informed the deceptively mild voice. "The elevator was sent for by a friend of mine, and that boy won't be back."

WITH visible reluctance Virgil hoisted his hands aloft, listening intently. It wasn't so late yet. People would be coming from the downtown theaters before long. The night clerk might yet put in an appearance. . . .

The mild voice gibed at him:

"Still no use, buddy. The elevator'll come down presently with one of my men on it, and if anybody comes in, you won't give any alarm with *me* standing here."

Virgil's arms began to ache from their uplifted position. If he were to do anything, it must be at once, before the man came down with the elevator. He listened for the hum of the motor which would announce the descent of the elevator, and concentrated his gaze over the shoulder of the man with the gun.

An old trick, of course, but it might work, and he needed only a second. . . .

The man with the gun half turned his head, following Virgil's rapt stare. There was a shot and a gun clattered to the floor. Another shot as the man fled for the door, and collapsed, groaning.

Virgil sat down at the switchboard, still listening for the elevator. Sam must have put up a fight. Nothing else could have delayed the arrival of the elevator so long. He plugged in on the assistant manager's phone while the man on the floor cursed fluently.

"I winged me a hawk," he said to the assistant manager. "Come down and have a look at him, but watch out for the man in the elevator."

He hung up, knowing the assistant manager could be depended upon to do his part, and almost immediately the assistant manager arrived, accompanied by a belligerent and excited Sam.

"Leap' right on my neck," complained Sam. "Only I seen him comin' in the mirror, an' I reckon I showed *him* a trick. He ain't gwine try nothin' like that on nobody else!"

VIRGIL pointed to the man on the floor.

"You might be able to make him talk," he suggested, and the assistant manager called the police.

Eleven-forty-five. Nobody had entered the lobby for almost an hour, which was extraordinary, thought Virgil, as he and Sam carried the wounded man into the washroom and tied him with towels.

This done, he returned to the desk and Sam to the elevator. Half smiling, Virgil reflected that Sam would not sleep in the chair beside the elevator tonight. Sam was exceedingly wide awake, and likely to remain so.

"If we can get information about the people really directing this attack against the hotel, it will put an end to this sort of thing," said the assistant manager.

A party of theatergoers entered in a gale of easy laughter, reporting a tie-up in traffic. Sam took them up in the elevator. Everything was quite normal except that they were waiting for the police.

A light flickered on the switchboard. Virgil answered it and resignedly recognized the voice of the old lady incessantly complaining of lack of heat. The old lady, however, had a brand-new complaint to make.

"My sciatica's keeping me awake," she scolded acidly. "And I smell smoke. I want something done about it!"

Something would be done about it immediately, Virgil assured her, and hung up.

The old lady had the room right next to Miss Deane's room. This was the second time tonight Miss Deane had appeared in the night's events, and his suspicion leaped at once toward the truth.

"Miss Deane's room is on fire," he announced. "They planned to keep me from turning in an alarm down here."

The assistant manager disappeared hastily. Virgil lifted the bone-handled revolver and stepped to the curtain which shielded the entrance to the stairs. A moment later he grasped a struggling figure firmly.

"No use," he informed Miss Deane, hauling her roughly into sight.

Miss Deane was no longer jaunty. Miss Deane was tearful at this obvious miscarriage of plans.

"You wouldn't send me to jail?" she implored.

Virgil thought of people sleeping peacefully and wakening too late to a knowledge of threatening flames.

"*Wouldn't* I?" he said lightly, as the police arrived.

The police took charge of Miss Deane and the wounded man, also of the man Sam had manhandled. The assistant manager returned and jubilantly announced that the fire department would not be needed.

"Just starting, but with that room soaked with oil and cotton waste. . . ." his gaze hardened as he looked toward Miss Deane. "Where's the night clerk?"

"Tied up in his room," said Miss Deane sulkily.

The police disappeared with their prisoners. Virgil grinned at the assistant manager.

"I know now how the soldiers felt on Armistice Day!"

"The war's over," agreed the assistant manager. "The woman'll talk and that's the end of that."

MR. HICKS, completely dressed and with his pallor at last relieved by a trace of healthy color, appeared.

"*I told you a fox could outsmart a skunk!*" said Virgil.

"Then it's a mighty lucky thing for me I hired a fox," remarked Mr. Hicks. "Tomorrow you will be exactly one thousand dollars richer than you are today."

Virgil blew out his cheeks in astonishment.

"But I didn't *do* anything!" he protested.

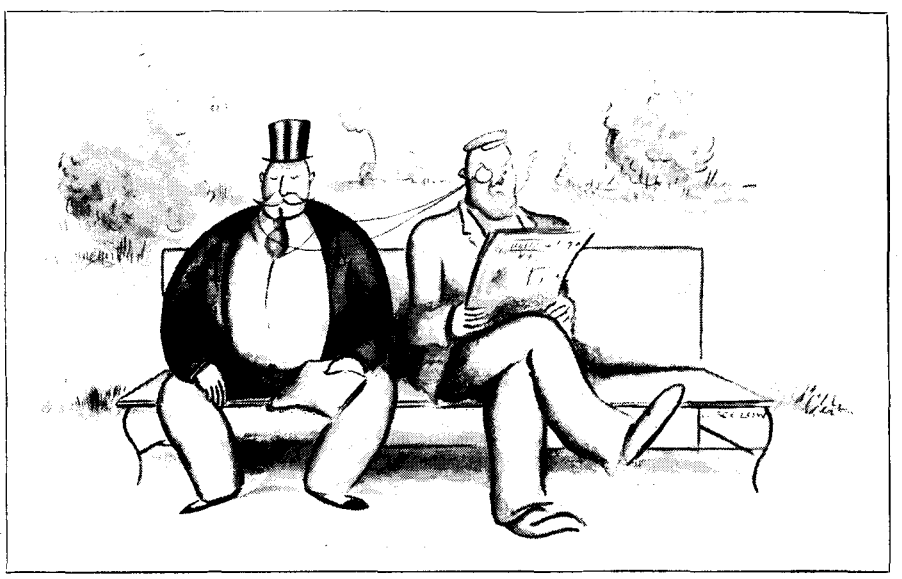
Mr. Hicks and the assistant manager were both smiling now, and looking at him with such concentrated kindness in their gaze that to cover his embarrassment he pointed to the spot on the wall just over the counter where he had hung the revolver.

"I put the gun up thar' so when I put my hands up I c'd reach it . . ." he explained, himself marveling at how simple a trick had resulted in success.

And then, abruptly, he completely forgot the other two men because he was thinking of Serena.

"Cities are kind to country boys," he said.

"That all depends," said Mr. Hicks, quietly.



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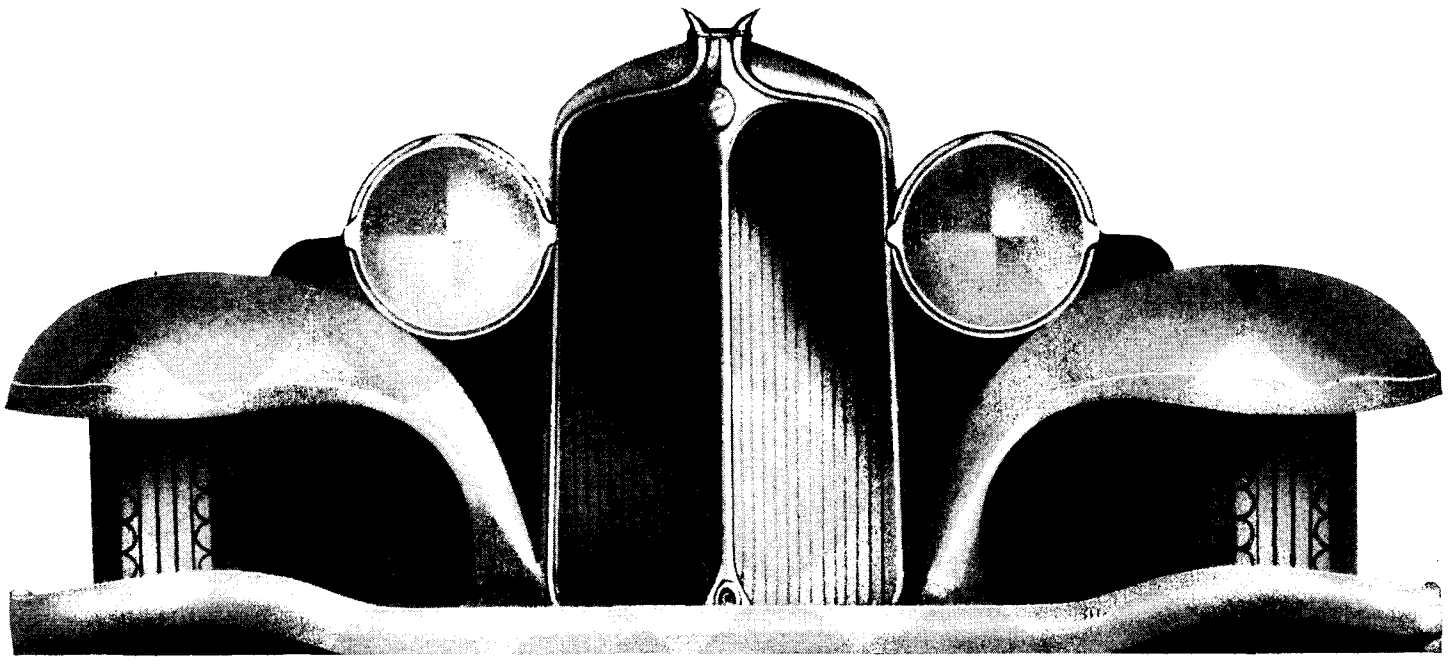

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"A. B. A. CHEQUES? . . . AYE, MADAM! They're a' a' richt . . . They've a natural appeal to a Scotsman, ye ken? . . . Ye're money's sae *safe* . . . Ye're frae Detroit, judgin' by the bank's name on the cheque . . . I've a motor car frae there mysel' . . . Aye! . . . I'm thinking the wee lad'll be likin' his kilt . . . Thank ye, madam . . . "

The safety of A. B. A. Cheques is only a part of their usefulness. They are convenient to buy and convenient to use. They are as acceptable as gold the world around, in payment for goods and services. The experienced traveler carries A. B. A. Cheques. Buy them at your own bank; spend them anywhere.

A·B·A CHEQUES

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OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

The Circuit Writer's Wife

Continued from page 18

That's what made Dink sore and give him a scheme. I heard him talking to Joe Nitchki and Rufe Smalling one evening in the hotel. We was playing bridge in one room and the door to Dink's adjoining room was open, so I couldn't help hearing.

Now, if it had of been anybody but Joe Nitchki that was in the plot, I would of tried to stop it, but there ain't such good feeling between me and Joe. It's this way: for five years I had been first-string catcher, then Joe had come along from the Mission club and edged me out. He deserved it, too. He was heaps younger than me, and a swell receiver. He could throw like a bullet and he hit better than .320—so I took my place as second-stringer.

Well, right away Joe figured I must be sore at him because he knew if the shoe had been on the other foot he would be sore at me. Matter of fact, I kind of liked the feller—only he wouldn't let us be friends, and if I had horned in and said him and Dink shouldn't play this joke on Sylvester. he would have figured I was a sorehead on account I wasn't the first-string catcher no more.

"It's this way," Dink was saying, with his voice like ice. "Everybody knows that this big sap, Morris, has been writing those letters to himself. Now I got a scheme which will knock him for a goal, and give us a big holler."

"What is it?" inquires Joe. "Something good?"

"It's perfect. Sylvester never got but one real fan letter in his life, and that didn't have no name or address. It drove him nuts. Now what I propose is that he should get a warm letter from a hot mamma which would give her name and address and arrange to meet Sylvester."

"Yeh," says Rufe Smalling: "That is a good hunch, but how are you gonna arrange it?"

"Easy enough," chuckles Dink. "I got a girl over in Brooklyn which I will get to write Sylvester and also meet him."

"Suppose she won't do it?"

"That is a laugh, Rufe. When I tell my women to do something—they do it, and like it. And this Loraine is a pip: easy on the eyes and plenty of sense, and she loves a good joke. I'm gonna make her frame to meet Sylvester and take him for a ride. And when she has him going around in circles, we will all get together and present Sylvester with the biggest razzberry that ever grew. We'll flatten that guy out so he'll wish Eve never had of been born."

THEY agree it is a fine scheme, and for a few hours I figure maybe I had better warn Sylvester what is coming. A joke is a joke, but when you are playing one on a big dumb ox who never did nobody any harm, then I think it is carrying things too far.

But I am afraid to start something. I have been with the club a long time and me and Lee Martin, the manager, are good friends. Lee is fighting hard for a pennant, and his club ain't so strong that it can stand any bad breaks. Now, I figure, if I tip Sylvester off—he is a big strong guy with a hot temper, once it's roused—he is liable to take a crack at Dink or Joe or Rufe . . . maybe not Dink, because he is little, but sure at one of the others and they'd be bound to find out where his info come from and first thing you know the club would be all tore up with trouble and we wouldn't have a burglar's chance to finish better than third.

I finally decided I had better let Sylvester take it. He's a husk, and can stand it. I'm gonna lay off, unless it seems as though the joke is getting too rough—but otherwise I owe it to Lee to avoid dissension on the club.

I'll hand Dink Jewell one thing: He didn't lose no time, and the letter that girl wrote was a darb. It got to Sylvester a couple days later and here is what it said:

"Dear Mr. Morris:

"I don't know just how to start this letter because when a young girl writes to a famous and handsome man like you, she runs the risk of being thought unmaidenly and lacking in those qualities of pure American womanhood which honest ball players like. But I have seen you play so often that I must let you know what a change you have made in my lonely life. I would love to meet you, but don't suppose you have time to waste on a poor little girl like me who isn't even a millionaire's daughter. Please either destroy this letter or telephone me at home for a date.

"Your fond admirer,
"LORAINE MARSHALL."

SYLVESTER like to et the lockers when he got that letter. It was real, you see, and it give an address on Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn; and a telephone number. Dink read the letter out loud (except for the name, which Sylvester had left on but asked him not to mention) and he pretended like he was very much impressed.

"Ain't you even gonna follow this one up, Sylvester?"

"Oh! I dunno. . . ."

"I think you ought to. Remember, this ain't no millionaire's daughter, so if you didn't give her a thrill, she would just think you was high-hat."

Sylvester thought that over. Then he got busy. And I'll say one thing for him: Once he got under way, he was a heavy swain. Every evening almost he was with that dame: Coney, the movies, harbor trips, dances and the theater. But as the days passed he was beginning to get a serious look and he sort of quit telling all the lads how he was making out.

I commence to get worried, because it is plain to me that this Loraine has got him hooked, and only for the fact that Dink seems kind of sickish himself I would have told Sylvester something.

I knew that things was all right between Sylvester and Loraine, because when a ball player is just mixed up with a skirt he talks about it. But when she is a nice girl and he is goofy about her—he don't talk so much. And Sylvester had plumb quit talking. Also, he looked awful contented.

Only once did I mention anything to anybody. I dropped in Lee Martin's room one night. Him and his wife was playing double Canfield.

"Lee," I says, "did you ever happen to meet a girl of Dink Jewell's in Brooklyn?"

The wife looks up.

"Loraine Marshall, you mean?"

"Uh-huh. That's the one."

"Sure I know her—and she's one dandy girl. The only thing I have against her is that she runs around with Dink."

"Is she all right for a dumb-bell like Sylvester?"

"She's fine," says Mrs. Martin heartily. "Of course I know all about this little joke of Dink's, but you can bet that Loraine isn't going to make him suffer.

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She's A-Number One. I've known her a long time and so have most of the players' wives. She's right."

"I hope so," I says, "but it just don't seem to gee: her being such a good scout and yet liking Dink."

"Who says she does? Dink?"

"Sure."

"Well, he's the sort of bird that thinks every woman who looks at him twice is wondering why he wasn't born twins so he could marry her twice. He only met her because she was friendly with some player's wife, and I guess she stands him because it makes her feel like one of the crowd, and also because Dink is kind of keen about her."

I see Loraine Marshall once a few days later. She is in the grandstand and Sylvester points her out to me. He does it kind of sheepish-like, but with pride.

She's right pretty, not too young, and has nice, honey-colored hair. Wholesome-looking girl, what I mean; and I felt better when I saw her. I got Sylester to talk about her a little, but it wasn't much. She was boarding in the same house where Chick Johnson and his frau was hanging out, and her and Mrs. Chick was good buddies. They was together that afternoon in fact.

One week later we start on our first Western trip. We are to swing around the circuit, playing four or five games in each of the Western towns, and when the train leaves Sylvester don't look no happier than a fish being introduced to the frying pan. I sit with him until turning-in time and try to cheer him up, because I and him are roomies and I don't want him to be gloomy all the time we are away.

I can see right away that this big bimbo has got it bad. Not that he says so, but where a dame is concerned you can tell almost as much by what a bird don't say as by what he does. I can see that she is his big affair, and he ain't got no interest in life excepting her. I hope that Mrs. Martin had the straight dope when she said that Loraine wasn't cut in the head over Dink.

We open in St. Louis, and win. That night there is a big party because two of the boys used to play on the St. Louis team and they have got lots of friends there.

Also the next night there is another party, and I might even say that there are lots of happy evenings during that series. I try to make Sylvester go along, but he will not do so. In fact, every night when I come home he is suffering from writer's cramp, having been decomposing love letters all night.

AND it is them letters which was important. Of course Sylvester didn't offer to show them to me, and I never would of asked him. But after all the trouble started, I got a slant at them missives he was indicting night after night through that whole Western trip and I tell you that some of them was lulus. I will quote just a few of them, which I have since seen, so that you can get a hunch what was brewing back East where the lonely wives was wondering how their poor husbands was getting along without them. Here is one letter I seen later, but which was written from St. Louis:

"Dear Girlie:

"I am sitting all alone in my room wishing that I was with you and you was with me. I do not care for nothing no more except aforesaid being together. And that is not no lie because last night there was a big party and I would not go on it. Chick Johnson come in the room with a large, handsome blonde, and with him was Dink Jewell with a brunet, and Joe Nitchki had him a girl that was halfway between the two others, and they said they had another girl which either I or Mac could have. Mac got her. I did not have no desire to go on no party because I was thinking only of you and was not interested in these other wimmin which looked cheap and toddry to me. So I am sitting here alone thinking about you and when I finish this letter I shall read some magazine stories to improve my mind because I think it is a waist of time for a man to run around with a girl he has no idea of marrying, to say nothing of expenses which are unessesery. I hope you are feeling well. I am too. I got two hits today but the empire robbed me of a homer which he said was foul when it wasent.

"Yrs. respectfully,
"SYLVESTER."

Just the outpouring of a dumb brute that letter and all them which follered. Even his reference to Dink didn't mean nothing because of course he did not know then that Loraine was a good friend of Dink's.

OF COURSE if I had of known what Sylvester was writing Loraine I would have stopped him, but nobody knew about it until long afterwards. I knew he was that way about her, and was staying in every night using up all the hotel letter paper, but it never occurred to me, or anybody else, that he was dishing the dirt.

As a matter of fact, I don't think Sylvester dreamed he was causing any trouble. All around the circuit he wrote them kind of letters. He wrote about the night Eddie Stevens lost a hundred and ninety bucks playing two-dollar stud; he wrote about the time Dink Jewell and Chick Johnson slugged a cop and had to pay a couple big fines. He wrote about parties and dances and all—and it's a thousand to one he never suspected he was starting anything.

Well, we finally got back East and that afternoon when we gathered in the locker-room mighty few of the married men looked very happy. In fact they was kind of sullen. The next day it was the same, only more so, and afterwards I found out what had been happening.

You see, according to Loraine's story, she had left one of her letters lying open and Mrs. Chick Johnson had happened to walk in the room and see her husband's name. Of course she didn't have no right reading Loraine's letter, but that don't alter the fact that she done so. It was the letter which announced that Chick had been in the company of a large and handsome blonde. That was an immediate pain in the neck to Mrs. Chick, who is a short and skinny brunet.

Well, Mrs. Chick was plenty sore and didn't mind talking. She made Loraine show her all the other letters, and she told all the wifes about what their husbands was doing on the road to keep from getting homesick. Also, she made them promise they would not write nothing and would not even tell where they got their dope because Loraine insisted that she did not want to get Sylvester in bad, and they all knew that the big goof did not realize he was setting a dynamite charge under one of the best ball clubs in the league.

So it seems that for several days the married men which had kept from being bored on the Western trip was catching plenty at home. Their wifes was riding them constant, but would not tell what it was they knew or where they found out, and I have got to admit that we was all shot. I ask you, how can a man lay awake half the night listening to a wife make comments which are not flattering—and him with a guilty conscience, too—and then go out on the field and play a swell game?

(Continued on page 50)

5
Remarkable Features

Here, in a nutshell, are the five things our 68-year-old laboratories succeeded in combining, all in one luxurious shaving cream.

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

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Mail this one, please. This remarkable 7-day test will revolutionize your ideas of shaving.

GENTLEMEN: Men have told us "Why, I never sent a coupon for a sample in my life." And it is true, many do not.

Yet men by the hundreds of thousands have broken that rule to try Palmolive Shaving Cream. For we confess that words are inadequate to describe its advantages and virtues.

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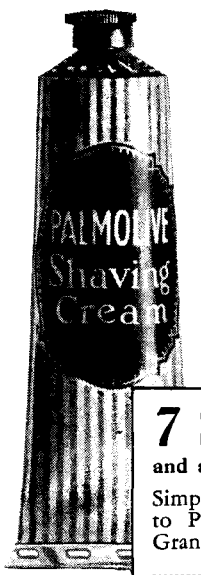
We feel that we should warn you of one thing, however. If you mail the coupon, the chances are strongly against you ever returning to old style shaving methods again. For our statistics show that 86% of the men who make our free 7-day test, become wedded to Palmolive Shaving Cream.



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You'd like to be in this man's shoes . . . *yet he has* "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

A YACHT, the graceful lines of which are as well known on Narragansett Bay as they are in the home port behind the Golden Gate—a half dozen town houses and country seats—a flock of gleaming motors and a railroad or two—this man has *everything* the world has to offer—*and* "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

And he doesn't know what it is!

A power among big men, he feels *furtive* about the dry, scaly condition between his little toes.* But he *will* know soon what worries him for *now* all medical authority knows that what he has is a form of ringworm infection caused by *tinea trichophyton* and commonly called "Athlete's Foot."

Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* The United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

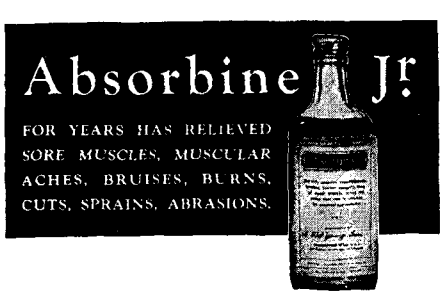
Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.



(*Continued from page 49*)

Especially when he knows that right after the game is over he will have to listen to more of the same.

We was home for a long stay, barring an occasional short series in the East, and things got real bad. Lee Martin knew something was wrong, but he didn't know what it was. The team was playing ragged, and there wasn't no harmony whatsoever on the club. Each player was looking cock-eyed at the other as though he was thinking the other bird had spilled the beans about them gay evenings in the West.

And then the truth come out, and once again Mrs. Chick Johnson could be thanked for it. It seems that she had been lighting into Chick awful strong and finally he bust out and told her where to go. He said he was tired of her insinuations—and didn't care anyway.

With that she hands him a mess of facts and figures. It kind of put him down for the count and he was crazy enough to deny everything. That sent her higher than a kite and she told him how she had found out—by the letters which Sylvester had been writing to Loraine.

THE next day in the clubhouse Chick called Sylvester a lot of mean names and explained to everybody why he was doing so. Funny enough, nobody took a crack at the big guy. They was sore, but they realized it wasn't really Sylvester's fault and so they laid off him. But the wifes learned that Mrs. Chick had let the cat out of the bag and right away all bets was off.

Family rows, and how! Every married man was taking it on the chin plenty. And that was when the wifes got together and decided that if things didn't improve they was going to travel with the team on its next Western trip.

That was a pretty how-dye-do, because if Lee Martin has got one ironclad rule, it is against wifes traveling with the team. He didn't know which way to turn, because he would not change his rule and the husbands was being drove nuts. It was a very sad situation—and the only people who was glad about it was the other seven clubs in the league.

Finally there was a big meeting of some of the ball players, some of their wifes and Manager Martin. As I am sort of Lee's assistant, I was there.

Well, the wifes laid down an ultimater that if they didn't go on the next long trip there wasn't gonna be no long trip. They said they would rather their husbands drove ice wagons or something than go away and run around with classy dames and also throw the family money away on poker. Lee listened, getting madder all the time. Finally he busted in:

"What do you think this is, anyway?" he demanded to know. "A bloomer girls' team?"

"We're going with our husbands," asserted Mrs. Chick.

"You ain't gonna do nothing of the kind. I got a rule on this club against wives traveling with the team, and that rule holds."

One of the ladies turns on the waterworks, and wants to know is the ball team more important than their happiness.

"I ain't runnin' no seminary," growls Lee. "There's one solution to this mess, and that has nothing to do with you girls. You have got your husbands licked and they have all told me that from now henceforward they are gonna be good boys."

"They say that," howls one, "but how do we know they will keep their words?"

"Because I say they will. And because you can easy enough find out if they don't."

"But we want to go with them."

"You ain't going. And in case you think I can be bluffed, I'll tell you now that each wife who shows up on the road automatically suspends her husband, without salary, from this club."

Well, they look at one another and realize that there ain't nothing doing. So they talk to Lee some more about keeping an eye on their husbands, and he promises that from then on his team could be called the Rover Boys, they will be so nice.

Then Lee starts in and tells them to lay off nagging their husbands, because otherwise the ball team ain't got a chance.

"They have been playing like a bunch of bushers," he says. "And just when we was started for a pennant and a slice of the world series dough! Now I'll make you girls a proposition: Leave these boys alone and if they pull us into the world series, I will give each player's wife a six-hundred-dollar fur coat by the end of October."

Thus it was that the meeting busted up in smiles, because most women are very fond of fur coats, even if they have got one already.

Except for Dink Jewell everybody was happy for the next week or so. Dink seemed kind of whipped. I got it from Joe Nitchki that Loraine was sore at Dink for starting something, and blamed everything on him. Also, Joe thinks that Dink had started to kid about Sylvester and Loraine had done everything short of tear him to pieces. I'll say one thing for the dame: she may not of had much sense being Dink's friend in the first place, but she was showing plenty of good judgment in falling for Sylvester.

I ain't changed nothing I said about Sylvester being awful dumb; but he was dumb in a nice way. He was one of these big-hearted guys that would always be good to his wife and mother, but wouldn't reckernize a joke if he was to pass it in the street. Just the sort of a gimmick a smart girl like Loraine could make into a good husband.

I think everything is fine until one day I have a chat with Lee Martin. He ain't satisfied, and says so:

"These women are all okay now," he says, "but that is because their husbands are still here where they can be watched. Once we get on the road for a long trip things will be different."

"Didn't you promise to see that the boys stayed sweet, Lee?"

"DON'T make me laugh. I got a swell chance of keeping a gang of hard-boiled ball players from having a good time if they want. I can stop the real rough stuff, of course; but playing nursemaid ain't up my alley at all."

"You told them. . . ."

"I'd of told them anything to make 'em quit yawping. But that don't mean I ain't worried. This Complete Letter Writer we carry with us has got me cuckoo."

"Tell him he mustn't do it no more."

"Sure. That would help. He'd try to do what I told him. But that guy has got the writing urge where Loraine is concerned and nothing ain't gonna stop him from putting in his letters some things which will cause trouble."

"Ain't there nothing we can do about it?" I inquire.

"Me and the Little Woman are thinking," he answers. "We're trying to cook up an idea."

The club starts winning again; maybe because them dames was thinking of the fur coats they would get out of the world series. And all this time Sylvester is giving Loraine a real rush. Seems like Dink Jewell has just been eliminated, which is what he deserved for starting the mixup in the first place.

Then one night about a week before we are to leave on that next Western

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trip, Lee Martin wants to know won't I join him in a little party. His wife is gonna be there and also Sylvester and Loraine. I say sure I will come because I never have had a chance really to talk with Loraine and am curious to meet her.

Lee rents an auto and we start toward Westchester. Mrs. Martin rides in front with Lee and I am parked in the back with Sylvester and Loraine.

I am telling you they are both ga-ga, and if they don't think I know they are squeezing hands on my off side, then they are just both dumb.

WE HAVE a cozy little booth at a Westchester inn, way off from the crowd. It might just as good have been a private dining-room. We drift through a swell dinner, and all the time Loraine and Sylvester are touching feet under the table and just looking at each other.

Along about ten o'clock I see a newspaper boy I know and he calls me over. At the same time Lee and his wife get up to step a few and this leaves Sylvester and Loraine alone in the booth.

The dance ends, and I join Lee and the wife as they starts for the booth. We circle a potted palm, and all of us commence blushing.

Finally Lee's voice booms out, in his usual tackful way: "If you two ain't engaged," he announces, "you ought to be."

They break the clinch. Loraine looks happy but calm. Sylvester appears like he wishes he could sink through the floor. He takes a glance at Loraine.

"Are we?" he asks.

"We are," she answers: "And we would have been long ago if you had asked me."

The ice is then completely broke.

"When are you gonna get married?" inquires Lee.

"I—I don't know," says Loraine, in a funny little voice.

"The sooner the better," proclaims Sylvester. "How about tomorrow?"

Lee Martin leans across the table. "Why not tonight?"

They look at each other—them two kids—and their eyes are most busting from their sockets. Sylvester is all for it, and Loraine ain't exactly opposed.

First thing you know we are in the car and off for the license at some place where the clerk happens to be a friend of Lee's. Inside of two hours we are saying nice things to Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Morris.

We are very happy after we leave the bride and groom, but Lee Martin seems a different kind of happy from the rest of us.

"Why the glee?" I ask him.

"Plenty reason," he answers. "My troubles are ended."

"How come?"

"Well," he says, "did you notice that this immediate marriage stuff was all my suggestion?"

"I sure did, Lee. I never before seen a couple get such a bums' rush to the altar."

"In ten days," says Mr. Martin, "we go on the road again for a long trip."

"But," I inquire, "how does that end the club's troubles?"

"It's a cinch," retorts Lee. "When we start on that trip Sylvester's honeymoon will have worn off. And, my friend, I know from experience that there ain't a married man in the world who would write the truth to his wife about what really happens when the team is out of town."

The Sparrow's Fall

Continued from page 19

passionately. "Oh, I don't believe you!" Then, ashamed of betraying such depth of feeling, she tried to dismiss the matter with a forced lightness. "But there—I mustn't get started on art criticism. Come—Phil is waiting downstairs."

Driving home with Phil, I gave him my conclusions.

"I'm sure you're wrong," he said, the blind young fool. "If she loved this artist fellow she would tell me so. I've seen that truck on the balcony. Some of it is at least ten years old. Mean to tell me she's been in love with a man that long?"

"She isn't sure," I said. "She's waiting. She's been trying to change his style—to change him."

"Rot!" said Phil. "She loves me. She's not the sort who would string a man along if she loved another chap."

"It's a choice with her," I admitted. "She's wavering about the artist chap. She may even be ready to chuck him. But if you want an old fool's advice, you'll press the issue once and for all."

Phil tried to laugh it off. But he aroused me from a sound sleep at four o'clock the next morning to say over the telephone: "I've decided to take your advice, Joe. I'm going to ask her this afternoon! She's got to promise to marry me at once or I'll never see her again." I said fine, gave him a cussing, and went back to bed. He called again at five-thirty. Said he wanted me to go with him. I gave him another cussing and refused.

But he drove by the office at noon, looking like a man at the end of a hard bat, and demanded that I go with him. He said he was afraid of what he'd do if she turned him down. I tried to jolly him out of such melodramatics. It ended with my promising to go along and wait in the car outside.

Phil was in the shop about ten minutes. I began to be hopeful. But just as I was planning a round of speakeasies to celebrate his success, he came stumbling out the door, white-faced, haggard, stricken. I loved him like a brother in that moment. It hurt me to see him so. I was filled with rage at Therese Millar.

"You wait in the car, Phil," I said. "I'm going to talk to her. I want to talk to that girl. You wait—" I shoved him into the car.

THE shop looked deserted when I stamped in. But I heard the sound of sobs on the balcony. I went up. My mouth was full of bitter reproaches and condemnations. Damn her, she'd never string another poor chap along.

But I didn't say anything when I saw her. She was on her knees before a painting which she had propped against one of the shelves. It was new. I hadn't seen it the day before.

Simple, that painting: A dead sparrow and a hand reaching from a cloud to take it up. The loveliest hand I ever saw on canvas; full of power and tenderness and pity.

The wrappings of the picture still lay on the floor. I started to say something which would tell the sobbing girl I understood why she had turned Phil down, and it was all right.

But I saw the rough jute sack in which the picture had been wrapped. Two words were stamped on the inner rim of the sack:

"Prison Made."

When I saw them, I turned and went back down the stairs. I felt sorry for someone, but it wasn't Phil.

"To hide me in some deep and woody glen
Far from unhealthy haunts of sordid men
—And smoke."
— Henry Lloyd

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

and smoke . . .

and smoke . . . and smoke!

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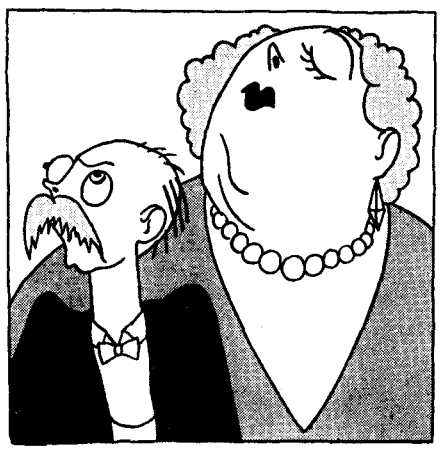


LADY
VERE DE VERE
DOES *NOT*
USE THE ENDERS

Neither, so far as we know, does Sir Ronald, and here we are sleeping soundly of nights just the same.

Matter of fact, whether or not the rotogravure section gentry shave with the Enders is only a polite yawn to us. Nobody we ever heard of likes parsnips any better because royalty eats them.

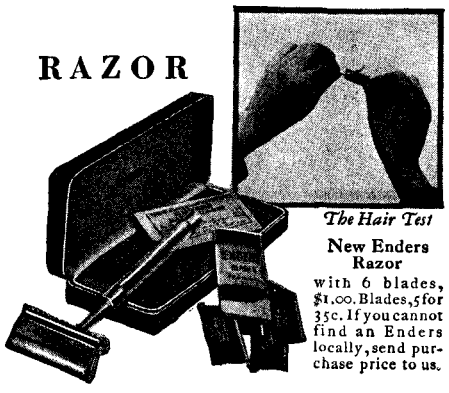
We are just bright enough to see that what really counts is whether plenty of plain John Browns and Frank Smiths like our razor. And we are just juvenile enough to be prouder every day because more and more of them *do*.

The Enders wears no monocle. It shaves just as pleasantly and slick for an onion-grower as it does for a bank president. The magic lies in the fact that, held lightly in your finger tips, it zips pleasantly through the whiskers. *Every* Enders blade is super-keen, and that *super* is not poetic license.

You probably have a dollar somewhere. We earnestly suggest that you swap it for an Enders and six blades. Almost any store that sells razors will accommodate you. Then (*even if you haven't a polo suit*) you'll get a little more fun out of shaving. Enders Razor Co., 105 West 40th St., New York City.

Enders

RAZOR



The Hair Test

New Enders Razor with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades, 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

They Wouldn't Fool You

Continued from page 11

be willing to concede that Dripping Dry Dallas is really dry; that Houston isn't literally foaming with beer and whisky flats conducted by girls, many of them just past the spanking age; that San Antonio has no password by the use of which strangers can get immediate service from municipal bootleggers, and that good liquor at two dollars a pint is not being sold within just a few blocks of Dan Moody's gubernatorial mansion in the holy city of Austin. These things, however, are all true.

In Dallas, for example, in spite of the fact that the mayor wired me less than a year ago that his citizens were one hundred per cent law-abiding, I saw a man in a business office, less than two weeks prior to this writing, pick up his desk phone, give an order and, five minutes later, in walked a messenger with two quarts of gin.

"How many of these quick-service stations are there in this neighborhood?" I inquired.

"Seventeen," was the answer. "There are seventeen of 'em right around here within a radius of four blocks of the Adolphus Hotel."

Look at Houston. In one hour, in the middle of one afternoon, a newspaper man took me to four nicely furnished apartments, presided over by four nice-looking girls who are making large profits selling beer and whisky. These girls represent prohibition's substitute for the old-time, white-coated bartender who paid for a license and supported a family.

A Delicate Sense of Balance

Texas has a dry law with teeth in it; it has a governor who boasts loudly of his ardent support of the prohibition cause; every official in the state and every representative, regardless of what he may have carried on his hip during the campaign, got his job by running on a dry ticket, and therefore if they mean dry when they say dry, if they are at all sincere in their prohibition sentiment, then why don't they attend to the enforcement of their own state law?

The answer is, they stand between the devil and the deep sea. I won't say on which side the devil stands but I will say this: The Texas office-holder knows that if he wants to stay with his job he must do two things: he must render a dry lip-service to the militant prohibitionists and a wet lip-service to the nullificationists.

Here is a practical illustration of how this can be done: If a Texas sheriff down in one of the border counties nabs a poor Mexican crossing the Rio Grande with a load of liquor, he has two sacred duties to perform. For the pacification of the rabidly dry element of his constituency he must incarcerate and prosecute the alien—thereby giving the taxpayers something to pay for—while for the alcoholic contentment of the other element he must distribute the confiscated liquor among the voters. Having been the recipient of gifts of this kind I speak with knowledge.

I also speak with knowledge when I recall the events in connection with a certain primary election. A dry governor had been nominated that day and yet, in one of our most up-and-coming Texas cities wherein the prohibitionists do a most vociferous business for twelve months every year, an auto loaded with liquor and chauffeured by a victorious politician, went the rounds of the voting precincts at eleven at night and distributed illegal refreshment to the judges and clerks who were busily tabulating the dry vote that had been cast for the dry governor.

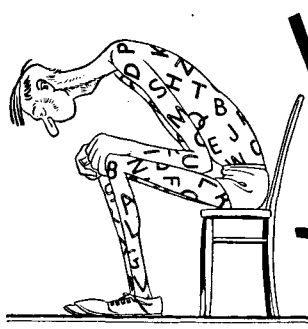
This all sounds ridiculous, and it is ridiculous, but it's all true. And when one considers that there are a lot of really good officers in Texas who would like to be on the square and not have to go through life carrying booze on one shoulder and water on the other, it is also actually pathetic. One instance of this kind came very forcibly to my notice only a few weeks ago. In central Texas I called on an old friend who was, I knew, anything but a teetotaler. This man is now running for Congress—on a dry ticket, of course. When I went into his office and before I could even open my mouth to speak, he held up his hand. "Don't do it," he said, "don't accuse me of it, because I'm going to admit it first. Yes, I've got a ring in my nose. I'm going to Congress wearing just that kind of a decoration. I'm no leader. I'm a tail-ender and when I get to Washington I'll be damned if I'll know any more about the real prohibition sentiment of the people who are sending me there than I know now. And that's nothing."

Now, coming from an intellectual man, isn't that pitiful? This man doesn't believe in Federal prohibition and he drinks hard liquor every time he gets a chance. According to all the evidence I've seen, and tasted, in his district, so do the great majority of his constituents.

Change Inevitable

Every time he or they take a snifter it is just one more gesture of nullification, and yet he goes to the national legislature wearing a long face, a white ribbon and deceit in his heart. But in so doing he is one hundred per cent typical of the actual, present-day prohibition sentiment of Texas.

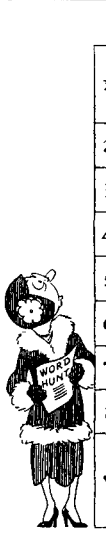
The situation, however, is not utterly hopeless. The nullificationists are gaining ground faster than the other side. Every week the state is wetter and wickeder than it was the week before and the result is inevitable. When conditions have become so bad that they can't get any worse—even as I have already predicted for Oklahoma—common sense and common decency, represented by the intelligent element of both the wets and drys, will arise and demand a change.



WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are just nine words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters W-A-I. One of them is WAITED. You supply the others.



1	W	A	I	T	E	D
2	W	A	I			
3	W	A	I			
4	W	A	I			
5	W	A	I			
6	W	A	I			
7	W	A	I			
8	W	A	I			
9	W	A	I			

1. Awaited. Remained or rested in expectation. Also, attended upon persons, as at table. (And other meanings.)
2. One who waits; an attendant. Also, a tray on which something is carried.
3. Relinquished; abandoned. Put away, or gave up a claim to.
4. Scottish and dialectal English variant of WAGGLE—to reel, sway.
5. Lamented; bewailed; grieved over.
6. (Law) Act of waiving something.
7. (Scot. and dial. Eng.) Weakly.
8. One who laments.
9. Variant of VAIVODE—Originally, the title of a military commander in various Slavonic countries; later, the title of governors of towns or provinces.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Dotage	4. Dottle	7. Dotate	10. Dotish
2. Doting	5. Dotted	8. Dottel	11. Dotkin
3. Dotard	6. Dother	9. Dotter	

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Lovers' Lane

Continued from page 9

brightness and sheltered comfort behind its great plate-glass panes, was the last. Girls, men, were laughing and talking and reading magazines, and on the back platform, under the awning, a few silent figures were enjoying the rush of air.

A siren whistle clove the night, warning Squidgett that the Sierra Limited was on time; the mountain of metal and glass swept by, dwindled, was gone. The bell stopped ringing, silence spread all about like spreading water, muffled moonlight once again possessed the world, and once again the odors of dew on dust, and tarweed, and thin, sharp pepper berries crept out upon the night.

DINA turned about, and came to face Mont again, planting herself in her favorite attitude, with her tumbled head tipped a little to one side.

"Have you ever been in the city, Mont?"

"San Francisco?"

"Or any city?"

"When I was a kid," he said, "we lived in Los Angeles—my father was a scene painter. He was good, too. But he died, and my mother worked awful hard. And then she married Chess and came to Gilroy, and I got out—he kicked me out. He said I took money from him.

"I wish he was in hell!"

Dina, accustomed to the conversation that went on in Robbins' boarding house, merely observed to this:

"If you're willin' anything, you haf to stop hatin' everyone."

"Well, I'll never stop hating him," Mont said.

"Then what'd you do, Mont?"

"Oh, I got up to Watsonville, and I worked there on a ranch for a while. He was an awful mean man—and they made me go to night school, too. I didn't have any time to draw pictures—

"And then I was sick, and the doctor told me to keep in the open air, and I started walking—and this was as far as I got."

Dina sat down on the steps, and clasped her hands, and let them dangle between her knees.

"My mother and I lived at Danville, over Contra Costa way," she said. "I went to school there. Then Mamma got sick, and Aunt Floss came.

"Since then I've been here, helpin' her. I ran away twice—he came after me once—Walt did.

"But now I *am* going away—" she added, after a period of brooding.

"You mean by just thinking about it?"

"Well—" she said defiantly.

"But that won't work!" he exclaimed, in genuine surprise at her simplicity.

"*You* don't know," she challenged.

"Has it ever?" he asked.

"I've only been tryin' it about three weeks."

"Takes time, hey?"

"Well, sure it does."

"But—isn't it God, or something?" he asked.

"Of course it's God!"

"Well, then, why does He have to have time?"

This silenced Dina, who breathed quite audibly as she pondered.

"Oh, gosh!" Mont said suddenly, with an ache in his voice, "wouldn't it be wonderful to get a break, to get away! If I could meet fellers who are making pictures—if I could go to places, nights, for dinner, and talk to them! If I had a studio—with an easel in it, and paints—if I had five hundred dollars—"

"We *could*—" Dina said steadily, as he fell silent.

"God could do it for us," Mont suggested bitterly, "but He'd have to have time!"

"No—it's not that," she said, still somewhat puzzled, "but it's that we haven't faith enough."

"If we had faith enough could we do it tomorrow?"

"Tonight," she persisted.

"Rot!" he said harshly, despairing.

When he spoke again it was very low, as if to himself:

"I know I couldn't. I know it isn't for me. Other fellers—well, they live in cities; they know how to dress, how to talk. You have to have a few friends—"

Dina also was deep in thought.

"Wouldn't it be strange, Mont," she said dreamily, "if you and me, that have no friends, and no money, and no chance—wouldn't it be strange if we tried it tonight—the will-to-believe, you know, and something—something happened?"

"Me to have five hundred dollars in my pocket, and you to be twenty-one, so's your aunt couldn't keep you here any longer?" he asked, in an incredulous, impatient voice.

She had suddenly caught at his hand; she held it tightly.

"Mont—will you do it?" she breathed.

For answer he turned, and brought his face down so that it was close to hers. The night was cooler now, and the moonlight stronger. He could see the fine rounded line of her cleft chin, and the sockets that framed her wide-open eyes, under the bushy tangle of hair.

"You're awful sweet!" he said unexpectedly.

Her breast moved; she did not speak, staring at him.

"I feel as if I never saw you before—" he said, with an awkward little laugh.

"Do you think—" she breathed back, close, confidential, trembling with youth and excitement and new, heady happiness, in the warm, green light, "do you think maybe it's workin'?"

"I don't know—" he muttered, confusedly.

"Could we git out—you and me, Mont?"

HE PUT his arm about her, her firmness, roundness, fullness, and the world shook beneath him. In all his lonely, bitter, frustrated boyhood he had never been so close to a girl before.

"Oh, Dina," he whispered, shaking, "how could we? I couldn't take care of you!"

"You wouldn't haf to," she breathed back. "I'd take care of myself and you too!"

"But we wouldn't have anything to live on, Dina!"

"We'd work."

"We work here, and it doesn't get us anywhere."

"But it'd be so much fun!" she said in a longing voice, and was still.

"We couldn't get away with it, Dina. People starve to death in a city."

"Not all of them don't."

"But without a cent—why, we couldn't even buy gas for the old bus!"

Their eyes moved together to the dim outline of an old open roadster that was collapsed rather than parked by the fence.

"The Swede gave you that, didn't he?"

"He said I could have it. He owes me ten dollars for some work I did for him."

(*Continued on page 54*)

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WHAT a professional shave you give yourself daily—once you start to use Colgate's. The reason is simple. You moisten your beard more completely because the small bubbles carry more water down to the base of the hairs. Utterly different from big, air-filled bubbles which can't get down between the hairs. Colgate lather permits close shaving—and, of course, the closer the shave, the longer it lasts.

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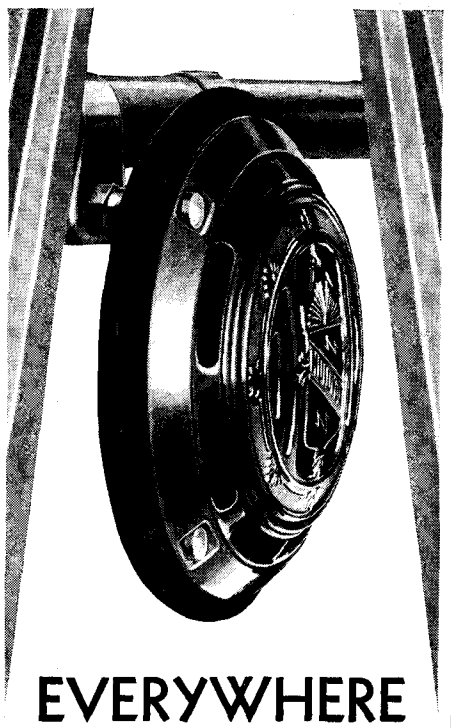

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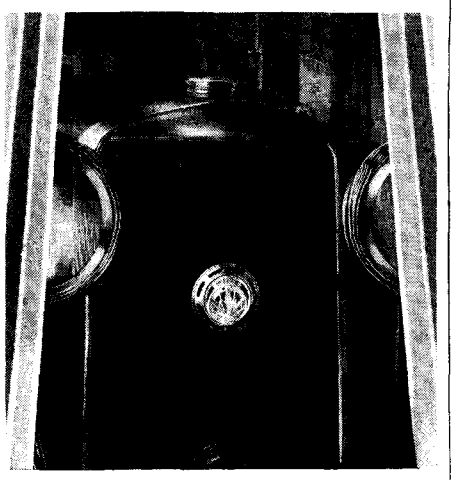

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(*Continued from page 53*)

"Will it move?"

"Oh, sure, I guess it will. It isn't any good, though. He tried to sell it to Tony for twenty dollars, and Tony wouldn't do it."

"If we had faith enough," Dina said, in a tone that was almost a prayer, "if we had faith enough, you and I could walk over to that, and start off."

"There may not be any gas in it," Mont interpolated. But his voice shook.

"It wouldn't matter!" she said, in a sleep-walker's voice. "We'd git into it," she resumed, "and we'd just drive along, and drive along, until we got somewheres. And then we'd come to San Francisco, and have breakfast."

"Listen, wouldn't we sleep at all?"

"We could sleep at an auto camp."

"I see," Mont commented, with a brief laugh.

"YOUR aunt could have me put into jail for that," he added, as she fell to thinking again, and did not speak.

"For what?" she asked quickly.

"For taking you off to an auto camp!"

"She wouldn't find us. Oh, Mont," she said fervently, "maybe this is our chance! Maybe if we started right off tonight, like the youngest prince in the fairy tales, without anything, without a cent, just you and me, maybe we'd find it all, friends and work and money."

Something of her glow, her youth and faith, infected him in the warm, sweet moonlight. Mont laughed shakily.

"And suppose it all went rotten?"

"It couldn't go any rottener than this!" she reminded him eagerly.

"But we don't love each other," he objected, with an awkward laugh.

"But we *would*."

"Oh, listen!" he said, rousing himself from the madness of the dream, after a minute's musing, "without a cent, and hardly knowing each other, and never having been in San Francisco before, and with your aunt able to drag you back here and put me in jail—and me having about four dollars in the world—"

"I have two!" she supplied optimistically, in the pause.

"Six dollars between us. We'd have to get married on six dollars."

"Get married!" she echoed, electrified.

"Well, sure we would. We couldn't go 'round together unless we did."

"But, Mont," she argued eagerly, "think how that gives us a chance, a chance with the will-to-believe, you know! We've *nothing* to start with, nothing! Most people," Dina said almost pityingly, "most people have *something!*"

Their hands were gripped, their faces close together.

"All right," he said, with a sort of desperate laughter; "we've found each other; it's worked, so far."

"It's jest the same world everyone else has had—had adventures in, has succeeded in," she answered simply.

"Just the same world that everyone else has conquered!" he agreed, and now there was a sort of sob in his laugh.

"It scares you, when it begins to work," Dina said, under her breath.

"When do we go?" Mont asked.

"Tonight," she answered rather than asked, in her sweet, hoarse, pathetic voice.

"Tomorrow—" he amended it.

"You don't think my aunt would let me!"

"Where is she now?" Mont asked, with a glance at the house.

"At the movies, with Walt. They won't be back until after eleven; that gives us till morning."

"You mean," he asked in a voice he held steady, "just go over and get into the car and drive away?"

"I don't think it would make any difference how we began, as long as we began, Mont," the girl said. "The longer we think about it and reason about it the scareder we'll git."

They were standing now, the thin, tall boy, with his tumble of dark hair, leaning down to bring his eyes close to hers in the dark.

"You go get on your hat!" he said.

She caught her breath childishly.

"I'll be right down!" she whispered.

"The old car may not move."

"It *will!*"

"Gosh, you're—well, all right!" the boy said, after a minute in which she had stood, arrested by one of his hands on her shoulder, her bright eyes glittering up at him.

Dina's only answer was an exultant laugh, as she turned and ran to the house.

In the darkness that was thick with the scent of sun-warmed rafters, she pulled off the limp apron, slipped her best gown over her head, took a hat from a box under the bed. Eventually, she took the box itself, a big flimsy cardboard container marked "Sweater, Size Forty, Black," and a trade number, and turned it into an improvised suitcase. There was not much to go into it, after all. Dina was but five minutes in the house, and was immediately running down through the empty halls again, her box under her arm. The close, carpety smell of the hall, the sick, soft kitchen smells of ashes and dishwater and mice and rot, came out like a group of familiar presences to meet her. She brushed them all aside.

Then she was out in the dimming moonlight, in the shadowy, shabby yard that ended with the cottonwoods and the railway embankment. Silhouetted in the driver's seat of the old car was Mont's tall, thin figure; Dina said nothing as she put her box in the compartment beneath a rusty lid in the rear and climbed in beside him.

The man was manipulating the throttle.

"How about a little will-to-believe?" he whispered. Dina gave a scandalized little spurt of laughter that was drowned out by the sudden convulsive plunging of the engine. Her feet went up, her head back against the cracked old leather of the seat.

"By gosh, she's going to move!" cried Mont.

"Can you drive?" Dina cried back.

"I guess so!" he answered. And suddenly they were both in helpless gales of laughter.

The car seemed to gather itself together, lurched, straightened, settled down to devouring the rough dirt road that ran parallel to the tracks.

MONT, who in truth was an inexperienced driver, devoted himself rigidly to guiding the rattling old vehicle, Dina jouncing companionably against his shoulder as the road swung up and down. The setting moon moved placidly down the western sky, and the motion of the car brought to them cooler airs, that were scented with ripening fruit, and with the sharp, sweet summer scent of burned fields. Mile after mile of orchard and field moved by.

"Where are we goin', Mont?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Do you sort of like that feelin' that we don't know, Mont?"

"We don't hardly even know what each other looks like," he reminded her. He heard her laugh.

"That makes it all the better!" she said.

They stopped at a gas station. One dollar for five gallons of gas. The nice, white-clad young man, his face dripping sweat, smiled at Dina in the hot night.

"Trying to make 'Frisco tonight?"

"How far is it?"

"Hundred and sixty."

"I guess we won't go so far," the girl said. Pushed to its limit, the Swede's old car would not move faster than twenty-five miles an hour.

But a few minutes later she told Mont that she could drive on this way forever, and he answered, "So could I." The night air flowed about them, the sky was still clear starry green, and the air sweet. But the moon was low now and the world darker; now and then a breath of cold wind made Dina shudder.

They reached villages, not knowing where to stop. The signs began to say nothing but "San Francisco"—San Francisco thirty-eight miles, San Francisco twenty-one miles—new bridge to San Francisco. Dina was silent and drowsy now, leaning against his arm, but the boy drove on with a sort of growing fever in his veins.

"Third Street," she said suddenly, awakening. "Third Street where?"

"San Francisco," he answered, in a voice that shook.

"Oh, Mont, no! Oh, Mont—what now?"

"I don't know. But it's morning anyway," he said. "Look!"

He stopped the car, and they both looked back over its lowered top. Away to the southeast the line of mountains had grown black, the stars were gone now, and a strange silver glow filled the low sky.

"Now what?" Dina asked expectantly.

"Wait a minute!" he said hoarsely. "Look there!"

"The sun's comin' up!" she said in a whisper.

There was a sort of park with a stone balustrade, trees and a statue or two on their hilltop; on every side the shabby, crowded streets fell sharply away into black shadow below. The east was all one rosy flush now, and the first light of the new day was touching the roofs of tall buildings and chimneys and the spars and masts of ships in the bay.

THE sun rose slowly, and the world changed and sparkled mysteriously in the strengthening bath of pure light. The red color of dawn died into clear daylight, the bay was blue, and the long line of the hills beyond was dotted by windows flashing in the sunrise. Tamalpais, its great luxurious sprawl of granite shoulder stretching down to the sea, took on shadow and perspective, ferry-boats cut white wakes on the bay, and through the Golden Gate a great ship, loaded in China or India or the Philippines, came slowly and majestically through the water, on the full morning tide.

"San Francisco!" the boy said, in a rapt voice.

"I love it!" Dina whispered, her face wet.

He looked down at her. He saw a shabby, ill-groomed girl, in a hideous green felt hat and thick coat; a girl with weary brown eyes in a white face, and with a sweep of disorderly mahogany hair on her neck.

Dina—she could not remember ever having looked at him at close range, or indeed having looked at him with any interest at all before—Dina saw a thin, tall, brown-faced eager boy, whose tumble of black hair shone in the sunlight, whose deep-set eyes were blue, and in whose smile there was something young, pathetic, appealing. She could not say why, nor even give names to the qualities she saw there, but whatever her ardent upward gaze found in his face, it found a trusting smile as he looked down at her.

"Now what?" he said.

"Now?"

"Yep. What are we willing-to-believe now?"

"Oh—" she said, on a long sigh. "Breakfast!"

(*To be continued next week*)

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"Do you think South should have announced an informatory double, Joe?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North S. K-J-3 H. 8-7-3 D. K-10-9-8-5 C. 9-2	
West S. A-7 H. 10-9-6-5-4-2 D. J-4-3 C. K-J		*East* S. 10-8-5-4 H. K-Q-J D. 6 C. 10-7-6-4-3
	South S. Q-9-6-2 H. A D. A-Q-7-2 C. A-Q-8-5	

THIS hand, given in last week's Collier's, would have required but little bidding skill if it had been played at Auction. South would have started with a bid of one No Trump and the other three would have passed.

The hand, however, was played at Duplicate Contract in a team-of-four match (both sides invulnerable, score 0-0).

In the play of the above deal, the dealers at both tables bid two No Trumps on the South hand, which had a count of eighteen and all four suits stopped. North in both cases jumped to three No Trumps, and that bid was passed by the others. North's jump from two to three No Trumps was amply justified because South's bid guaranteed a minimum seventeen-count with four suits stopped, or a nineteen-count with three suits stopped and no worthless singleton or doubleton.

The Play

The opening lead at both tables was the fourth best Heart—the Five—and East's Jack was won by the singleton Ace in the closed hand. At this stage seven adverse Hearts were unplayed, so South knew that there must be at least four in one adverse hand, and the enemy of course had the Ace of Spades as an entry. With that dangerous situation confronting the two Declarers, they both led the Ace, followed by the Queen, of Diamonds.

At one table East discarded the Queen of Hearts on the Queen of Diamonds and when a third round of Diamonds was led to trick 4, East parted with the King of Hearts on North's King of Diamonds. This East had figured with the aid of the Rule of Eleven that outside of West's hand there originally were 11 minus five equals six Hearts higher than the Five which West led. These six Hearts were shown to East by the first trick to be the Eight and Seven in dummy, King-Queen-Jack in East's hand, and the Ace played by South.

Since South had bid two No Trumps and not three, West probably had the Ace of Spades, the Ace of Clubs or the King of Clubs; otherwise South's hand almost surely would have counted well over the twenty-one required for a three No Trump declaration. Consequently East discarded the Queen and King of Hearts to unblock the suit of a partner who could be expected to produce an entry, and this move ended Declarer's chance of making his contract. After running his Diamonds Declarer led a Spade, hoping to find the Ace with East; but West won and at once cashed four Heart tricks (he had been obliged to discard a Heart), defeating the contract.

At the other table East discarded the King of Hearts on South's Queen of Diamonds at trick 3; and this play proved to be costly indeed. South knew by the Rule of Eleven that East, after playing the Jack on the first trick, had two Hearts left which were higher than the Five; but he could not tell their size. However, when East discarded the King, he marked him as also holding the Queen because he would not have finessed King-Jack of his partner's suit with the Eight as Dummy's highest card.

South studied the situation and saw that if West had led from six Hearts, the Queen, which East had so kindly shown to be in his hand, still blocked the suit. So South switched from Diamonds to Spades at trick 4 and forced West to part with his Ace of Spades on the second round of that suit. West then cleared his Hearts in one lead; but Declarer killed West's reëntry by refusing to finesse South's Ace-Queen of Clubs when East led through them, and ran off game with his good Spade and Diamonds, taking, in all, nine tricks—two Spades, one Heart, five Diamonds and one Club.

Declarer did not risk a third-round finesse in Spades as nine tricks (his game contract) were assured without it.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

	North S. J-6 H. 8-5-3 D. 3-2 C. A-10-9-6-5-3	
West S. Q-9-5 H. A-10-7-6-4 D. K-6-5 C. 4-2		*East* S. 8-7-4-3-2 H. Q-2 D. 10-9-8-4 C. K-7
	South S. A-K-10 H. K-J-9 D. A-Q-J-7 C. Q-J-8	

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A Touch of Romance

Continued from page 27

shook them vigorously at his admirers. He was a professional, all right.

When Perley Ball entered the ring he was greeted with shouts of derision. I didn't blame the crowd. Perley wore, in lieu of fighting trunks, a pair of faded blue bathing pants much too large for him. His thin legs stuck out of them like broomsticks, and his body looked grotesquely stringy and frail. I began to be really afraid for him.

He caught my eye and grinned. It was, I thought, a worried grin. But his nerve was all right. He paid no attention whatever to the jeers of the crowd.

The bell rang for the first round. Perley came out of his corner like a flash, caught Hawkins with a clean right to the jaw and knocked him flat. Hawkins was up in a moment. So were the spectators. There was a roar that shook the building.

A moment later the roar became a shriek of frenzy. For Perley, his pipe-stem arms going like flails, had knocked Hawkins down again. This time the favorite got up in a fury, rushed at the human windmill before him, and shot a hard left to Perley's mouth. My neighbor went back on his heels, shook his head, spat out a tooth ("He hasn't many to lose," I thought) and returned to his pugilistic threshing. Just as the bell sounded he floored Hawkins for the third time. The crowd went wild.

Young Mr. Hawkins sat in his corner looking grim. He looked very grim. His second whispered something into his cauliflower ear. The fighter nodded, scowling.

AS THEY came out for the second round I noticed that Perley was breathing hard. I regretted the cigarette I had given him. But he started off again at his killing pace, evidently trying to score a knock-out before he caved in.

Hawkins was boxing now. He stood off and let Perley swing at him. He clinched and wrestled with the smaller man. Then suddenly, in a neutral corner, directly above where I was sitting, he drove a terrific right into the pit of Perley's stomach.

It was a fair blow. There was no doubt of that. But it was cruel; and utterly paralyzing. Perley went back against the ropes. His gloved hands groped for their support. He hung there, his head rolling, completely defenseless, while Hawkins pounded his stomach with both hands.

I could see the look of agony on Perley's face. I jumped to my feet and yelled: "Stop it!" The crowd took up the cry, and an instant later the referee stepped in and shoved Hawkins aside.

Perley's limp body slipped gently to the floor. He rolled over and lay unconscious at the edge of the ring. There was no use counting him out. Hawkins unquestionably had won.

Two men carried Perley to the dressing-room. I followed them. They put him on a cot, and one of them poured water on his head out of a bucket. I wet my handkerchief in the bucket and wiped the blood from his lips. "I'm a friend of his," I said. "I'll see that he gets home."

Perley opened his eyes and looked up. "How a' ye," he murmured weakly. Then a sudden fear showed in his glazed and staring eyes.

"Gimme my pants!" he said.

"You can't get dressed yet, Perley."

"Gimme my pants! I put that twenty-five dollars in my pocket, and I want to see if it's still there!"

I drove him home at midnight. He sat beside me in the car bent over, suffering, his left arm hugging his belly. But his right hand, thrust into his trousers pocket, clutched the meager fortune he had fought and bled for that night.

SOME days later, walking along the village street at dusk, I met Perley coming out of Dr. Wynne's house. It was a cold autumn evening, with more than a threat of winter in the air.

"Hello," I said. "How are you, Perley?"

"My stomick," he said, "still pains me some. Didn't want to go to the doctor, but the woman, she made me. Doc says I got to have treatment." He looked up at me with his twisted, toothless grin. "Odd thing," he said. "I cal'late the doctor's bill 'll come to just twenty-five dollars."

"So you're going to spend what you earned by fighting," I said, "on getting over the effects of the fight?"

"No, I ain't," he answered. "I already spent the money on what I wanted it for. Come along with me, and I'll show you what 'tis."

I walked home with him, to his crazy old house in the meadow at the foot of my hill. We did not go into the house. We stood at one of the living-room windows and looked in.

There, in a shabby, barren room that once had been the pioneer Balls' best parlor, Perley's wife sat in a chair before a table on which was a small radio receiving set. She sat bolt upright, her eyes closed, a faint smile on her thin lips, listening to a voice that came softly crooning out of space:

"As in the days of chivalry,
I swear by heaven about you,
Your brave and faithful knight I'll be,
Because I love you."

The voice came out to us standing in the chill twilight with a golden, mournful clarity. Its sentimentality was lost in the bleak dignity of the earth already congealing under the high frosty stars; it became a note of tenderness brooding over that lovely meadow.

"Second-hand machine," said Perley, "but it works good. Belonged to Jim Horton, the 'lectrician. Jim wanted twenty-five dollars for it, so I set out to get the money. Cal'lated the woman'd enjoy it, 'specially now that winter's comin' on."

I DIDN'T say anything. I was thinking of the night of the fight, and the look on Perley's face as he hung limp on the ropes with Hawkins pounding him in the belly.

"Your brave and faithful knight I'll be,
Because I love you-u-u."

Perley pressed closer to the window. His eyes shone suddenly in the light.

"There!" he said. "Ain't that beautiful?"

"I think it is, Perley."

"It's a good machine."

"But look here," I said to him. "You've still got to pay the doctor twenty-five dollars for mending your guts."

He stared for a moment longer at his wife sitting in the house listening to the song. Then he looked around at me and grinned.

"Got that all fixed," he said. "Made a trade with Doc Wynne tonight. I'm goin' to pay him by diggin' him a nice, new sewer."

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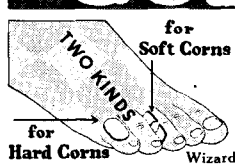

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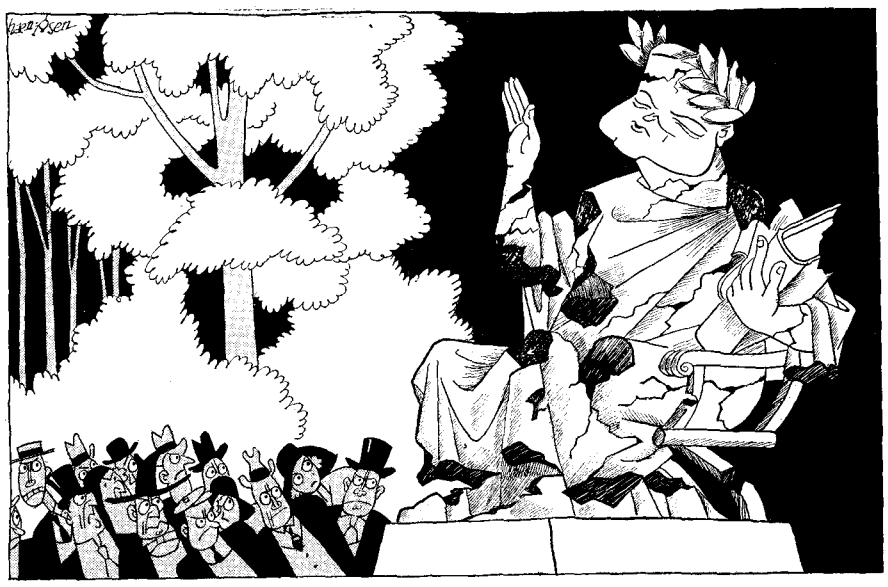

"Uneasy Lies the Head-"

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

HARSH things are said about President Hoover in Washington and reports reaching here from the various states indicate that criticizing the President is one of the favorite indoor sports. The millionaires of Wall Street blame all their troubles on him and if you call in a workman to do some job around the place the chances are he will say to you, "What's the matter with Hoover? He doesn't seem to know what to do."

The idea that all is not well with the administration seems to have penetrated every rank of society. The fall of the President from his eminence of a year and a half ago to his present state is only to be compared to the fall of Wilson from his greatness of the war days to the pitiable unpopularity of his last few months in the White House. The detraction to which he is subjected is only comparable to that which was visited upon Cleveland when the panic of 1893 descended upon the country in the midst of his second administration.

There is no justice in it at all. The country insisted upon overestimating him. It built up its idol of huge proportions and now it will see nothing but the feet of clay. No one could be quite the superman it made Mr. Hoover out to be. And no one who has done all the things that Mr. Hoover has done could be quite so incompetent as it now believes him to be.

The people, in their estimate of Presidents, always go to extremes. Few Presidents who are overpraised escape the inevitable dispraise that follows. Circumstances have made the reaction quicker and more violent with Mr. Hoover. A depression is, of course, the great destroyer of Presidential popularity.

Man vs. Superman

I suppose the best protection against excessive adulation and its inevitable penalty, excessive contempt, is the possession of certain human qualities which remind the public that its great man is after all only another such as the rest of us.

A sense of humor, including the ability to laugh at himself, is helpful too. Doing things the way other people do them makes people realize that a President is like the rest of us. Mr. Coolidge was "ornery," everybody knew his like. It was not he that was great; it was the things that he did that were great, and it was just a run-of-the-mine man like ourselves that did them. Al Smith, if he had been President, would still say "raddio," reminding us that, like the rest of us, he hadn't had too much schooling.

But Mr. Hoover has too many virtues. There isn't anything that you can whisper about him to remind yourself and your neighbor that he too is flesh and blood. He is stiff, self-conscious, remote, without warmth. He is a personification rather than a person. Then, too, he makes mistakes. He started out with the reputation of being a "superman." And the specifications of his administration were those of a super-administration.

Steam-Shovel Politics

Why must he have three secretaries instead of the usual one, except that his was to be no ordinary administration? Why did he appoint so many commissions except that all the mistakes of the past were to be corrected in short order?

So the fall was very great.

A friend of mine, who used to be one of Hoover's trusted advisers, said to me, "I see him every few days. We talk to each other on the most confidential terms. Yet I never have ventured to call him Herbert and he never has called me Bill." What hold in a dire moment has such a man upon the public?

Envy is at the bottom of a good deal of the present detraction. The equalitarian spirit of a democracy resents the greatness of the man that it makes great. Envy hides itself when the ballyhoo is working. But it is on the watch for its opportunity to destroy.

Business conditions are the chief occasion for the decline and fall. But there is a weakness in the man himself. He is a great man with a steam shovel set to dealing with human wills and emotions. No one makes an entirely successful President who isn't an expert politician, as, for instance, Coolidge or Roosevelt. Mr. Hoover is working in a medium which he does not understand. He is vitally interested in the political consequences of whatever he does and he is not qualified to judge those political consequences. This makes him uncertain and indecisive. All kinds of men have got by in the Presidency—with good luck. But Mr. Hoover has had bad luck.

He may come back, as his friends say. Mr. Cleveland came back, after he retired from office. Mr. Taft came back, after he too had retired. Mr. Hoover has a year and a half in which to come back before the next election will be coming on us.

Cork is a product vital to industry. AT LEFT—*harvesting cork in Spain.* BELOW—*S. E. Conybeare, Asst. General Manager, Armstrong Cork Co.*

THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY

ARE THE I. C. S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY

MANY of the biggest names in the alumni roster of the International Correspondence Schools belong to men who enrolled in their teens—who supplemented a scanty elementary education by means of home study.

The career of Samuel E. Conybeare offers a contrast to this type of training.

Here is a man who not only held a college degree but had spent years in graduate work and teaching before he ever thought of a correspondence course, and who, at thirty, made his I. C. S. study a stepping-stone to a brilliant business success.

S. E. Conybeare was the son of a country minister. He helped pay his way through Coe College, in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, by campus news reporting. He taught three years in Cedar Rapids High School and then received an appointment as principal of the Boon Itt Memorial Institute, in Bangkok, Siam. After two years in the Orient he returned to Iowa State College, and became Assistant Professor of Journalism.

It was several years later, while he was editing farm papers for a publisher in Springfield, Massachusetts, that Mr. Conybeare determined to break into the field of advertising. One momentous day he clipped an I. C. S. coupon and mailed it to Scranton.

The course was just what he knew he was after, and his trained mind rapidly assimilated the details of advertising procedure. Setting what may well be a record, he went through the Complete Advertising Course of the International Correspondence Schools in less than five months.

As he himself says, "What that course gave me was a familiarity with the *tools* of advertising without which I might never have had a chance to enter the business."

He answered an advertisement, giving his I. C. S. training as a part of his qualifications for an advertising position, and within a few months he had joined the Armstrong Cork Company, of Lancaster, Pa.

Three years later, in 1920, Mr. Conybeare was made Advertising Manager of that great company, one of the largest advertisers in America. He has built up, in the last decade, an advertising department that is regarded as a model for large manufacturing organizations, covering as it does not only periodical advertising but direct-by-mail advertising, radio programs and all forms of sales promotion.

Early in 1930 he relinquished his advertising duties to become Assistant General Manager, in charge of the Cork Division, and a part of his work today is the development in national industry of new uses for cork as a great basic product.

For years the name of S. E. Conybeare has been prominent in advertising circles. He has served as President of the Association of National Advertisers. He has been a director of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and of the national Direct Mail Association, as well as a member of the Jury of the Harvard Advertising Awards.

And when young men without experience ask him how they can get into advertising, he tells them a little of his own story and suggests first of all a course of home study.

No matter how complete a man's education may be, there come times in his career when the lack of some specialized form of knowledge may block his path to success. The hundreds of business and technical courses of the I. C. S. offer a quick and sure means of acquiring this knowledge. At home, in spare hours, every ambitious man can prepare himself for the big opportunity ahead, through this "Universal University."

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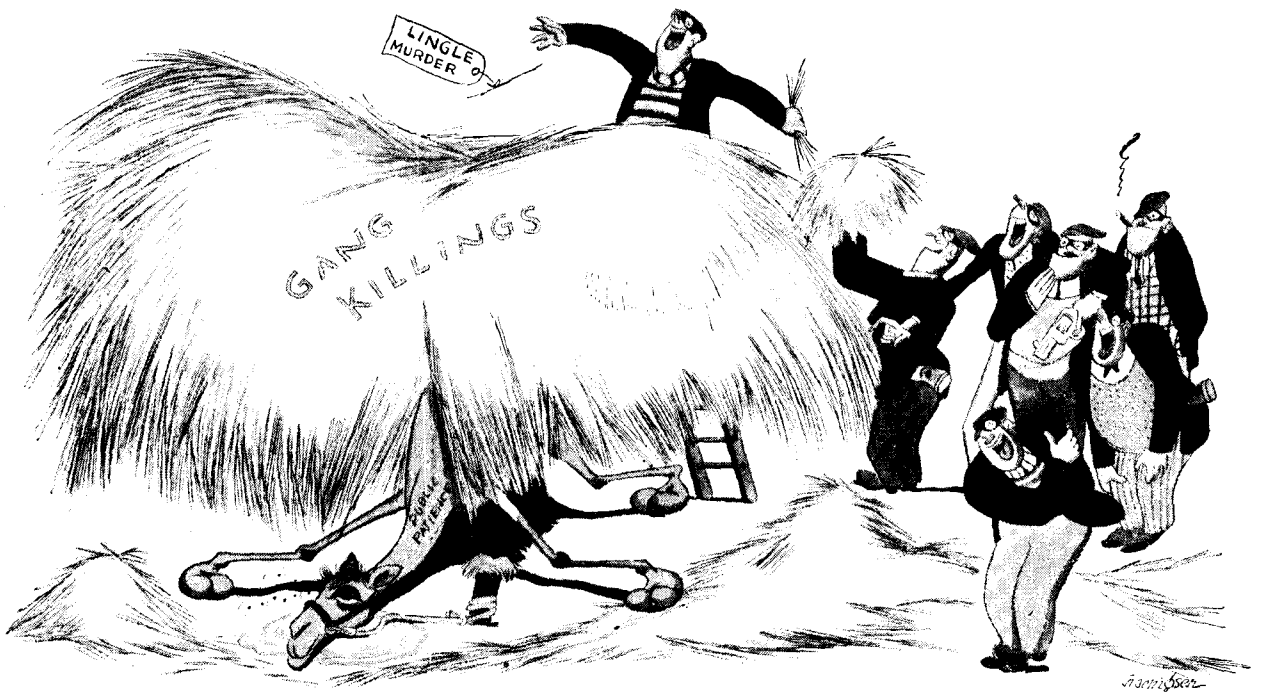

Why we have Gangs

JUST as the assassination of a not especially admirable Austrian archduke was the spark which set off the World War, so the murder of a tarnished newspaper reporter seems to be the final irritation needed to arouse Chicago against its gangs of killers.

Shocking as was the murder, just off Chicago's magnificent Michigan Avenue, of Alfred Lingle, the Tribune police reporter, it was just another episode in the long warfare of rival gangs. His newspaper employers thought Lingle was a faithful reporter. Actually he was a "fixer" for criminals and a collector of graft. He proved to be merely a gangster killed by other gangsters.

Chicago, however, can't laugh off the Lingle murder. Another world's fair is in the offing and cold-blooded murder is poor publicity for a community about to invite the world to accept its hospitality and admire its honest achievements. The Lingle murder must be avenged.

This isn't proving to be an easy task.

Gangs are too deeply intrenched in Chicago's political life. They have served highly respectable people. Their connections are far-reaching.

Long before prohibition fighting bands were well established. In some cases they grew out of boyhood gangs. Young toughs grew up and were employed as hoodlums by politicians for many years. The stakes were not rich and the gangsters were poorly paid for their violence. So they escaped too much attention.

Later these same gangs were used by business men. They appeared in the newspaper circulation wars of a quarter of a century ago. Most of the publishers explained, and rightly enough, that they were merely defending themselves against unprovoked attack. Criminals were hired to fight other criminals because police protection failed.

Gradually these groups of hoodlums found larger opportunities. They appeared in labor union struggles and in campaigns directed against labor unions. They did damage to buildings being constructed by contractors who had enemies.

During all those years their activities were tolerated because they had so many friends at court. Good citizens would be *against* crime but *for* particular criminals. This is human nature the world over. The thing which distinguished the Chicago gangsters was the scope allowed them.

The Law of the Jungle

Finally prohibition gave them an imperial opportunity. When the decent, generally law-abiding citizens decided to go on drinking despite the law, the golden day dawned for the gangsters.

An illegal traffic running into hundreds of millions of dollars had to be controlled in some fashion.

The business was secret and illegal.

Quarrels between bootleggers can't be referred to the police or to the courts for settlement. An outlaw industry represents true anarchy. Having no government to which to appeal, the bootleggers hired the same gangster gunmen to protect them.

The flood of gold let loose by the liquor traffic spread in many directions. Police and many others were corrupted. The police could not stop the liquor traffic because a sufficient number of voters demanded its continuance. What the police and other officials could do was to insist on sharing its profits. That was done.

The policeman who divides bootleg money with criminals doesn't find it convenient to arrest his partners in bribery. The judge chosen by the wet political boss inclines to be merciful to his boss's henchmen even though they are gangsters and killers.

The good citizen who votes for an administration which tacitly promises not to interfere with the liquor trade, even though it is forbidden by Federal law, supplies the money which makes millionaires of the most successful gangsters.

The gangster exists because respectable people have use for him.

Yet he will have to be suppressed. Murder cannot be tolerated and it will not be tolerated in Chicago or in any other self-respecting community. Milwaukee, not far from Chicago, has its liquor but it is not cursed with murder gangs. The difference lies in the city government.

Over a long period of years Milwaukee has been well administered. Police efficiency has been kept at a high level. Milwaukee is wet but its city government is honest and intelligent.

Chicago can have an honest and intelligent government whenever the decent citizens decide to merge their differences and to elect a competent, honorable administration.

Before the real murderers of Lingle and the host of others slaughtered in this bandit warfare can be indicted the decent citizens will have to clean house. A corrupt, stupid government is incompetent to punish crime.

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